

THE New Movie

JUNE, 1933

MAGAZINE

10¢

15¢ in Canada

Jean Harlow

A TOWER
MAGAZINE

**"I'll pay a
MILLION DOLLARS
for a NEW STAR!"**

says Carl Laemmle, Jr.

McClelland Barclay

The STRANGE MAGIC that rules Hollywood



Romance Days are Here Again!

JOHN HELD, Jr. reminds you
of the part your Summer-
Wardrobe must play.



John Held Jr.

"OF COURSE you know I write novels about the American girl as well as sketch her. If that qualifies me as an expert, in your opinion, then believe me when I tell you that Romance and smart, colorful apparel are natural allies. There is another ally, too. Tintex! These world-famous Tints and Dyes make it so easy—so inexpensive—to give your summer dresses, sportswear, etc., the gay, flattering colors that attract admiring eyes. And then—Romance starts!"



"I'm not surprised that Tintex Tints and Dyes are the largest selling in the world. First—Tintex gives you a choice of 35 fashionable, long-lasting, brilliant colors. Then—Tintex is about as *easy* to use as you could imagine. And the cost? Absolutely insignificant! Think, too, of the *dollars* it saves in restoring faded colors—or giving new colors—to everything in your wardrobe and home decorations. Oh, yes—you can buy Tintex most everywhere."



WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!



**Worries over a Gray Hair
But She Neglects Her Teeth and Gums
and she has "pink tooth brush"!**

SHE gets panic-stricken about a gray hair—and yet nobody else would ever know she had one! Scarcely anyone, however, can glance at her without noticing how gray her teeth look—how dingy and dull.

If your teeth are dull-looking—if your gums are sensitive—they need *Ipana* and massage.

"Pink" upon your tooth brush is an indication of too-tender gums.

And this bleeding of the gums threatens the sparkle and soundness of your teeth—the charm of your smile!

For "pink tooth brush" may not only lead to serious troubles of the gums—gingivitis, Vincent's disease, and pyorrhea—it may even endanger sound teeth.

Keep your gums firm and healthy—and your teeth clean and bright with *Ipana* and massage.

Restore to your gums the stimula-

tion they need, and of which they are robbed by the soft modern food that gives them so little natural work. Each time you clean your teeth with *Ipana*, rub a little more *Ipana* directly on your gums, massaging gently with your finger or the tooth brush.

Start it tomorrow. Buy a full-size tube. Follow the *Ipana* treatment regularly and faithfully and you need have little concern about "pink tooth brush." You'll be rid of it!

IPANA



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. Y-63
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a three-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....

A Good Tooth Paste, Like a Good Dentist, Is Never a Luxury

On Sale the 10th of Each Month

THE New Movie MAGAZINE

One of the TOWER MAGAZINES

CATHERINE McNELIS, Publisher

HUGH WEIR, Editorial Director

VOL. VII. No. 6

JUNE 1933

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VERNE PORTER, Executive Editor



Lionel Barrymore, acclaimed by the Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Science as having given the best performance of any actor during the year 1932. Whom do you pick for 1933?

The NEW MOVIE Magazine Will Give Twelve Gold Medals

This magazine will award gold medals for the greatest contributions to American movie entertainment for 1933, determined for the first time by the votes of the people.

This is to be the People's Academy—your academy. You are to be the judges. Your letters, addressed to the People's Academy, in care of this magazine, will decide.

You pick the pictures. You pick the stars. Your letters of comment, carefully read and tabulated, will pick the winners. Be sure to write.

The following will be the basis of the medal awards:

- 1—Best all-round feature picture
- 2—Best performance (actress)
- 3—Best performance (actor)
- 4—Best musical picture
- 5—Best human interest picture
- 6—Best mystery picture
- 7—Best romance
- 8—Best comedy
- 9—Best short reel picture
- 10—Best news reel picture
- 11—Best direction
- 12—Best story

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"What if he should tire of me?"—



From
Aileen
Pringle's
Fan Mail



...away. Yesterday
was our second wedding anni-
versary. We're happily married
—but what if he should tire of
me? If I could keep always
youthfully lovely like you—

Aileen
Pringle's
Answer:

"And yet, you know, I'm over thirty. Youthfulness is partly a matter of keeping young in spirit, but it's very much a matter of keeping your *skin* young. We Hollywood stars, almost without exception, use Lux Toilet Soap, because it's marvelous for giving your skin a perfectly morning-glory freshness and youth."

OF the 694 important Hollywood actresses, including all stars, 686 use Lux Toilet Soap. Because of this overwhelming preference, it has been made the official soap in all the great film studios.

Since the loveliest stars of Hollywood trust their priceless complexions to this fine, fra-

grant white soap—why not begin today to use it for *your* skin? Why not make *your* skin as smooth and radiantly lovely as a movie star's?

Get two or three cakes today! Use it regularly for a month. Learn how wonderful it is for giving you a smooth, youthful complexion.

Use the Beauty Soap of the Stars

LUX Toilet Soap

All of the latest, freshest and most intimate gossip

of the movie colony, written by a famous author.

HOLLYWOOD DAY *by* DAY

We will pay \$100 for the pen-name selected for the anonymous author of this department. Write your suggestions. For full details turn to page 85.

HELLO Hollywood! Hello everybody!

The blimp season is on. The blimp, as you ought to know, is a big fat balloon for big boys to play with—and how!—until they go boom.

Which is another way of saying that just about all of the pretty girls in Hollywood are up on the roofs these warm days—sun-tanning along with their beauty, their natural complexions—and a lot of it—and their innate modesty.

At least, they thought they were alone. Until a lot of the Hollywood boys heard about the idea



Sari Maritza and Randolph Scott tête-a-tête. She's been working in "International House" and he's recently been doing a part in Paramount's "Supernatural."



Photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine by Irving Lippman

Gertrude Michael, Adrienne Ames and Leah Ray on their way to luncheon at the Paramount studios. Three more of the beauties bidding for starring honors.

and went air-minded—in blimps, dirigibles, zeppelins, hydroplanes, aeroyachts and what have you. This roof craze is the biggest boost for aviation since Lindbergh stepped off with a sandwich for Europe, and the sale of beach umbrellas and tents and other roof hideouts has gone leaping up, too.

BY now, you know all about that all-star, super-star cast for M-G-M's "Dinner at Eight." Well, it is David Selznick's first picture under the banner of his father-in-law, Louis B. Mayer, and if the folks around the lot can make it click, it is going to be a knockout.

David, you see, has been production head of RKO, but now he's gone over to M-G-M as a vice-president and producer, since Irving Thalberg, Norma Shearer's husband, and big production boss of Metro for years, has gone off on sick-leave. They gave David, Jean Harlow, and Dressler, Beery and Tracy, and an odd lot of Barrymores. If that picture isn't a hit it won't be the fault of the cast, and it won't be the fault of the story. The story, by the way, is from Elmer Rice's big New York stage hit. And this boy Davy has a lot of stuff on the ball. In spite of all of which, Irving Thalberg emphatically denies that he has resigned from Metro—and he and Norma and Charlie MacArthur are having a swell time abroad.

While I'm on the subject, Hollywood is having its little chuckle over the smart that Walter Wanger pulled. Walter, for many years was with Paramount, constantly being reported in and then reported out, but always staying in, until—Then, while his contract was being adjusted and readjusted by an army of lawyers, Walter went with Columbia, and then moved over to M-G-M. When Irving Thalberg was taken ill, Walter was more or less moved in to carry along. When it was announced that David Selznick was to go in as vice-president, Walter—so the story goes—dropped the business of general supervision and grabbed for himself the special
(Please turn to page 8)

NO WASHDAY PROBLEM HERE! — by D'ALTON VALENTINE



"Rinso for whiter clothes — safely,"
say makers of these 40 famous washers

ABC	Cinderella	Haag	"1900"	Sunnysuds
American Beauty	Conlon	Horton	One Minute	Thor
Apex	Decker	Laundryette	Prima	Universal
Automatic	Dexter	Laundry Queen	Princess	Voss
Barton	Fairday	Magnetic	Rotarex	Westinghouse
Bee-Vac	Faultless	Meadows	Roto-Verso	Whirldry
Blackstone	Fedelco	Mengel	Savage	Woodrow
Boss	Gainaday	National	Speed Queen	Zenith

And for tub-washing — like magic!

Throw out your washboard. Say goodbye to scrubbing. Rinso's lively suds soak out dirt — clothes last 2 or 3 times longer. Think how much money that saves!

Cup for cup, Rinso gives twice as much suds as lightweight, puffed-up soaps. Rich, creamy suds — marvelous for dishes, too. Ask your grocer for Rinso — try it next washday.



The biggest-selling package soap in America

★ Hollywood DAY by DAY ★

(Continued from page 6)

job of making the one picture in which he had unbounded faith.

This picture was "Gabriel Over the White House." Walter got Gregory La Cava, the ace director, and made the film in all-time record-time—something like four weeks from the time the book was bought to the time the finished print of the picture was shipped to New York.

I can't tell from where I sit whether the picture will be the smash hit I expect it to be. But I'm betting on it. When it got to the New York office it caused a furore. Executives there were at first afraid to release it for fear it would offend President Roosevelt and the country at large, especially because of the fact that it was well known that Louis B. Mayer was a close personal friend of Herbert Hoover.

Someone suggested showing it to President Roosevelt. This was done. Instead of being offended or thinking that the picture would do harm, the President thought it was simply swell. So that's that.

And Walter Wanger gets a hit to his personal credit.

I WANT to tell you about this Ruby Keeler girl. She's a honey. Husband Al Jolson helped the Warner Brothers once when he helped to put them on their feet with the first talkie, then invested his winnings in Warner stocks, and now it looks as if he has presented a real star to them in the person of his wife.

Probably the Warners would do almost anything if Al asked them to. Certainly they would have tried to put Ruby over even if she had been the worst of the worst . . . I might as well tell you that I was offered a new spring benny every

Buddy Rogers, Mary Brian, Dick Powell, Boots Mallory and Jimmy Dunn skylarking in Hollywood's Club New Yorker. They say it was Dick who escorted Mary home.



Photo by Wide World

Alice Brady, the actress, daughter of William A. Brady, the producer, once one of the great luminaries of the silent screen, at last succumbs to the talkies. For years Miss Brady has stuck staunchly by her first love, the theater.

time I mentioned Ruby's name, and you know I'm poor and need a new one . . . But since it is no longer Spring it wouldn't do me any good anyway. . . . But what I want to say, and if you'll just stand by for a minute I'll say it—I think Ruby is swell!

And, as the man who persists in telling you stale stories, always starts out, "Stop me if you've heard this one,"—but try to stop me—I think Ruby Keeler has the same quality as Helen Hayes.

And did you hear the one that Helen pulled about her visit in Havana with Norma Shearer? But it will bear repeating, and it reflects so well Hollywood's condition at the moment.

"The people," said Helen, who knows all the time what she's saying, "mobbed Norma for autographs and me for money."

And Norma a stockholder in the movie business and Helen just a salaried employe.

YOU'LL be wanting to know, of course, all about the Joan-Crawford-Doug, Jr., mix-up. Whatever

I say may be used against me, because no telling what will happen before day after tomorrow or when this gets into print.

Hollywood says this and that and the other thing, but it all simmers down to the fact that Hollywood certainly does not think that a divorce was ever intended. And now look at the darned thing—everything so mixed up that poor Joan and poor Doug hardly know what to do about it. They are both such nice kids that it all seems a shame. I could tell you a thousand stories I've heard, none of which is probably true.

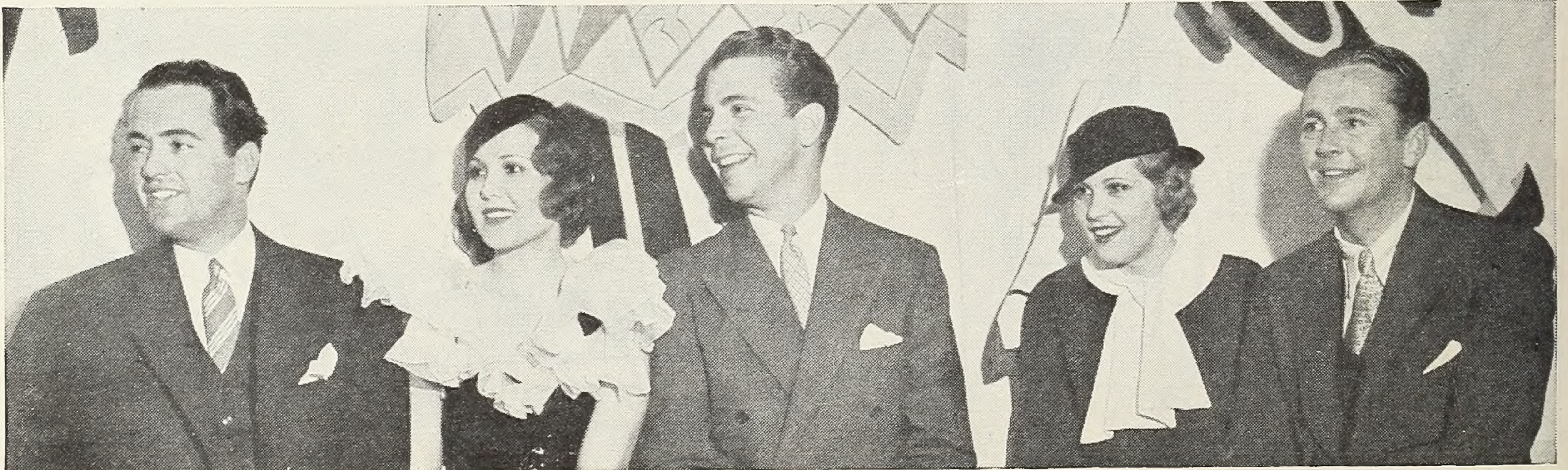
There's one story that seems to fit into the jig-saw. Right now the movies need every bit of publicity and advertising they can get. It might be that the two kids planned a big publicity stunt and thought it would all blow over and everything would be okay. But right in the middle of everything that alienation suit was brought against Doug, Jr., and that complicated everything.

BUT one thing I do know, and that is, that the James Cagneys deliberated long and solemnly as to whether they would invest their rumored \$1750.00 weekly income in a trip to Europe or in a swimming pool. The pool won out. Culture, as I have often observed, is the dominant note in dear old Hollywood!

I could tell you many other things about Hollywood. In fact, I am busting with them. But I suppose the funniest is that I saw Jack Oakie and Mary Brian dining together on the balcony at Sardi's. Neither Alex, the regular head-waiter nor Mario, the imported head-waiter from Sardi's in New York, could believe their eyes. But it was true: Jack was coming up for air after his hot-house session with that world tourist, Peggy Hopkins Joyce. That's what they all do with Mary. For she is that Hollywood symbol, Our Pal Mary.

(Please turn to page 10)

Photo by Wide World





LEO: "I'm glad you made 'REUNION IN VIENNA', John. When I saw it on Broadway as a great Theatre Guild hit I knew you were the man for the part."

JOHN: "Thanks, Leo. It's an added pleasure to play opposite Diana Wynyard in such an exciting story."

LEO: "I'm sure it'll be a pleasure to the public to see it too, John!"



One night of reckless romance, risking capture to recapture the love of his mad days in the Imperial Court... Gayest of this year's Broadway romantic hits "REUNION IN VIENNA" becomes another Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer screen delight...

with John Barrymore, Diana Wynyard, Frank Morgan.
Screen play by Ernest Vajda and Claudine West.
From the play by Robert E. Sherwood.
Directed by Sidney Franklin.

★ Hollywood DAY by DAY ★

(Continued from page 8)

Did I tell you last month how Mary went down to the jolly little cupolaed Sante Fe station and dropped an unphotographed tear over the arrival of a well known star of the motion pictures, who, at the height of his glory, wished to be known as Charles, not Buddy, Rogers. Well, Buddy, the ancient flame and Dick Powell, the current glow, coagulated to take Mary the Brian to a recent premiere. There was nothing notable about that incident. Hasn't Ruth (ex-\$7,500 a-week-contract) Chatterton set the example with her assorted husbands, Ralph Forbes and the present one—as a matter of record, George Brent? But, here is the point: Buddy helped Dick take her to the show, but Dick didn't need any help taking her home.

NOTE of the recent Spring: for the first time since Gretchen, now Loretta, Young broke into pictures there has been no rumor of her impending engagement or marriage, which leads me to believe—old-dried-up cynic that I am, and how I glory in my shame!—that there's something serious doing among those Young folks.

I don't know how I got into that, because, after all, it has nothing to do with Mary Brian or the crooning Dick; but I had to get to Mallorca someday, and why not over Loretta's young body?

My friend Percy Waxman is just back from those Balaeric Islands, where one lives more or less on a dime a day, and he tells me that my old friend of the Parisian dine-and-dance, Natacha Rambova—once the wife of the never-to-be-forgotten Valentino—is operating a tiny restaurant in the noble city of Palma de Mallorca, where she serves dainty food and daintier drinks in a little house totally surrounded by trees and dogs. (It's a grand book, Percy Waxman's "What Price Mallorca?")

NOW that I'm on the subject of books, I see that Gertrude Vanderbilt (Gertie, to me), who was associated in the public prints with the late Bill Fallon—and New York never had a more brilliant lawyer—is writing her memoirs. And Ben Turpin is writing his; and the only problem to me is whether he will be able to dot his eyes. Now that you have forgiven me for that one, I'll merely add that Roy Del Ruth is also writing his, from the director's angle—and, Heaven forbid, I'd hate to think how many more are on their way.

WHICH brings us back, as almost everything in Hollywood does, to the Brown Derby, which has been, as you know, more or less recently more or less decorated by caricatures of famous film folk. I was masticating one of the famous



Photo by Wide World

Raquel Torres, Mexican screen star, and her attractive sister, Renee, playing the old Down East game of pitching horse shoes.

Derby hamburgers in an obscure corner the other night when Ben Lyon—I know it is customary to say "and Bebe Daniels, Hollywood's happiest couple," but Ben was alone—came in and asked, as all do, "Where am I?" The captain led him to the spot.

"There you are, Mr. Lyon," he said, pointing to a caricature.

"Gosh," exclaimed Ben. "I'll have to speak to them about this. It looks like Winnie Sheehan."

They're good friends, so it's O.K.

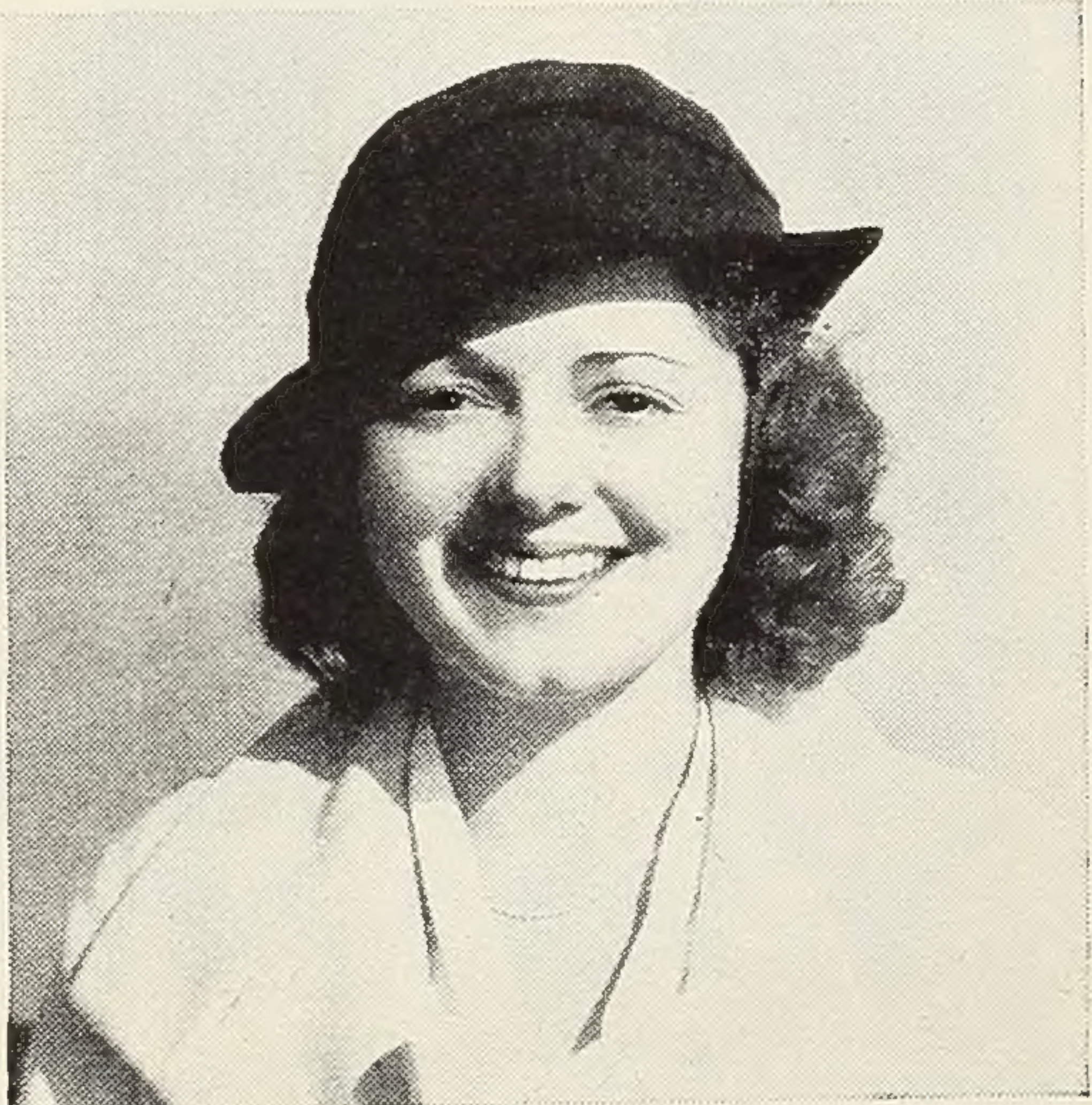


Photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine by Don English

(Above) George Raft, Vina Delmar, the author, and Sylvia Sidney lunching together in the commissary at the Paramount studios.

(Right) The latest off-stage picture of Janet Gaynor, taken just after her return from Hawaii. Much of Janet's youthfulness and sparkle seems to have returned with the straightening out of her marital affairs.

Photo by Wide World



NOW let's get down to the dirt. You want to know who wears what, and why, and with whom, and when. And so do I when it's the real thing. It was a jolt to me, for instance, to hear that Anna Q. Nilsson, my favorite, who bisected her pelvic or neighboring bone in a Prince-of-Wales fall from a Hollywood horse, was about to make a talkie come-back, by appearing in the flesh on a Hollywood stage, supported on the sturdy shoulders of the Players' Club's best Kelly pool comedian, Joe Kerrigan, and on the ancient shoulders of Mr. Henrik Ibsen. It is still a jolt! But it was a joy to see Anna emerging from the breakfast room, in a white satin evening gown. Anna should never wear anything else.

You should have seen her in the second act!

Modestly, I went out before the third act.

(And, before I forget it, I must revert to the fact that the Beverly Hills Chief of Police has just issued an order that those who *will* use blimps during this open season must not fly too low—under penalty of official displeasure. So, if you must go Piccard, go ten miles up in the stratosphere and don't let

(Please turn to page 12)

"THE SONG OF SONGS!"

"I SLEEP, BUT MY HEART AWAKETH
IT IS THE VOICE OF MY BELOVED SAYING
'OPEN TO ME, MY LOVE, MY UNDEFILED' "



HER SONG OF LOVE . . . the lyric innocence of
her loveliness turned into a melody in marble
by the hands of the man who took her heart.

MARLENE DIETRICH

in
"THE SONG OF SONGS"

BRIAN AHERNE LIONEL ATWILL
ALISON SKIPWORTH RICHARD BENNETT

from the story by Hermann Sudermann and play by Edward Sheldon

A ROUBEN MAMOULIAN PRODUCTION

a Paramount  *Picture-*

PARAMOUNT PICTURES DISTRIBUTING CORPORATION, N. Y. C.

★ Hollywood DAY by DAY ★

(Continued from page 10)
your opera glasses drop on the roof!)

I HAVE been getting about lately, going places and seeing things—and here are some of the things I saw:

ZaSu Pitts, nothing but a comic, and Eleanor Boardman, prize beauty trying 'em on in Hollywood's swaggest swag shop—and you have no idea how beautiful ZaSu was!

Karen Morley trying—not too hard—on her new gray double-breasted coat fastened down the front with good old-fashioned frogs—with hat, shoes, stockings, gloves and fox fur to match the frogs. Lucky frogs!

Karen, by the way, has taken to an apple a day. The crowd of doctors around the studio entrance has been appreciably diminished.

Myrna Loy has gone to live at Ramon Novarro's house. The announcement may seem premature but, believe it or not, she is there—but Ramon isn't. He's gone to Europe.

Jean Harlow has changed her hair, not from white to red this time, and not even to blue—though Miss Harlow is very patriotic; her press agent told me so—but to curls all over her head, which—this is from Jean, not from the press agent—she puts up every night in kid curlers.

How one would love to be a kid curler these Hollywood nights—"Hollywood Nights" being the name of my favorite blonde's favorite brand of cosmetics.

Tom Brown and Anita Louise arriving at a Hollywood premiere. Mr. Brown stoutly denies any interest in any particular young lady. He says he likes them all—they're just his pals.

Photo by Wide World



IT'S a long way from Jean Harlow's kid curlers to Noah Beery's trout-farm beard; but you must expect the worst. Noah, as you probably know, was a big shot in the movies, when brother Wally was a slight explosion; and still he's good. He plays a part now and then, and plays it like nobody knows.

We were speaking of beards weren't we? Well, independent production companies have formed the pleasant habit of hiring an expensive actor—for advertising purposes only—to do his stuff for one day in one picture. Noah—having sold trout short—signed such a contract. The script called for a heavy beard, which must be removed in full view of the audience in the final reel of the cinema masterpiece. Beery, remote on his trout farm, complied. It took him



Photo by Wide World

This is Guy Kibbe in one of his most serious moments—and does he look it! He's a contestant in the Motion Picture Golf tournament at Agua Caliente.

three weeks. But, arriving on the lot, he was surprised to see a five-dollar-a-day actor, made up like him in every detail, who had played the part throughout the picture up to the time when the beard was to be removed.

Noah is still providing fresh-grown trout to the discriminating patrons of the restaurants to which my blonde most loves to go.

I THINK I was telling you what I had learned, or maybe seen, while pussyfooting—really, you know, I couldn't pussyfoot. (With my feet, if I had pussyfooted, I



Photo by Wide World

Jobyna Ralston, wife of Richard Arlen, dancing with Andy Devine at the Club New Yorker. Ho-hum, Andy's got a hair cut.

would be in jail before now for violation of the speed ordinances. Don't give him that much credit, you say; and you're right.) Which reminds me that Fuzzy Knight is a whale of a hit out here. I don't know how he will score in the country—and I don't mean suburbs. But I'll tell you this: he can double for Roscoe Ates, and he doesn't have to stutter.

AND speaking of synthetic substitutes, we have Mr. W. S. Van Dyke's synthetic Garbo. She comes from Alaska; and she has coal black hair and enormous eyes; and she is twenty-one years old (which is something on La Garbo); and you mustn't be snooty; and her name is Dortif, and her address is—at least, until she became Van Dyke conscious, was Teller, Alaska.

The only thing that is likely to interfere with her success is that she has a family: a sister, five years old; a brother, two years old; and a something, Uprk, three and a half years old, who never saw an automobile before. My own idea is that she will never get along in Hollywood.

MAE CLARKE is interesting for an extraordinary reason—I can hardly believe it myself!—because—I don't believe it—she has two grandfathers, both white, whose first two names—you'll never believe it; I don't either—are George Washington. And this is where the fun comes in: one of them is George Washington Schaffer, and the other is George Washington Klotz.

(Please turn to page 15)

Adrienne Ames, Texas-born, wealthy, healthy and wise, ambitious for a screen career all of her lucky life. Mistress of two New York houses, a Connecticut estate and a home in Beverly Hills, her salary won't even pay her income tax. Happily married, but too active to waste her life on society. You see her next in Paramount's "A Bed-Time Story," with Maurice Chevalier.



Exclusive New Movie Magazine photo by Otto Dyar



Will Madge Evans and Robert Montgomery become a film team? "Made in America" is the third picture in which she's played opposite Bob. And to the delight of a legion of Madge fans. No skyrocket rise for her, but a gradually increasing army of admirers.

★ Hollywood DAY by DAY ★



Gr-r-r-r! Tarzan Weissmuller in training. Just note the size of that steak! . . . He's just been re-signed by M-G-M which means that he's rated as a full-fledged star.

(Continued from page 12)

I'M still telling about things I see around in Hollywood. You may not find any connection between Mae Clarke and Betty Blythe, and don't ask me to explain; but I'm telling you that Betty, Theda Bara's only rival for the siren crown in the gay early 1900's, was the girl who played the charity worker in I. A. R. Wylie's "Pilgrimage," which you may or may not have seen by this time—depending on Roosevelt and the late depression.

But I have almost forgotten what I started to tell you about Ruby Keeler and Mervyn LeRoy, and that is that Mervyn injected Ruby, as a little excess sex appeal, into a picture which he was making with Ginger Rogers and other excess sex appeals, only to find that she was burdened with one of those inseparable wedding rings which insisted on being photographed even though Ruby's part was a cinematographically virginal. But Mervyn is no studio fool. He covered the golden badge of service with flesh-colored adhesive tape.

Don't believe what you hear about Marlene Dietrich and Brian Aherne. It is regular Hollywood stuff to link the names of leading men and leading women.

But I'm telling you that Marlene sitting with Brian under my own revealing caricature on the Derby wall, was that thing which she has never been in the American cinema, but which I believe she will still be: a regular girl.

She may have had pants on. Far

be it from me to look beneath the table. As I said once before, I am always the little gentleman! But she was femininity incarnate.

GOING back to Ruby Keeler and her wedding ring for just a moment, let me tell you about Karen Morley and hers. She takes it off all right, for film purposes, but she wears it suspended from a chain strung around her neck. Karen is another fine girl—and what a walker! I drove up into one of the canyons behind Beverly Hills the other day to have dinner with Junior Laemmle and saw Karen hiking along. I stopped and asked her if she wanted a lift. She said she was so tired she could faint, but that she always did her walking just that way.

I WENT over to Culver City to see Clark Gable the other day and ran into the news that they'd just signed a new contract with Johnny Weissmuller. This means that Johnny is past the experimental stage and is definitely set. I haven't seen his latest one, "Tarzan, the Ape Man," but some of the folks who've seen the rushes tell me it looks like another hit. Muriel

Evans has a new contract, too. And here's a funny one that Howard Strickling told me: You know Margaret McConnell, the Chicago art-student whose face appeared on so many cigarette advertisements? And was signed by Metro? Well, she has never smoked. . . . And the latest news is that Jack Pearl's M-G-M contract runs up to some three quarters of a million dollars.

IT looks to me as if Ronald Colman is definitely off the screen for a while. He's in England now, and the talk here is that he won't return to Hollywood for a long time.

And if you know Ronald, you know that this isn't publicity talk. Ronald isn't that way. I wouldn't be surprised if Ronald had saved a lot of money, and simply decided he'd do what he wanted to do; and that is to take another whirl at the stage, either in London or New York. He's that way—quiet, unassuming, friendly, no flourishes, and I think his own personal happiness means more to him than all of the adulation that goes with screen success.

Well, I'll be off on another stroll around. Good-bye Hollywood. Good-bye everybody.



These are four of the girls with whom Paramount is gambling on making box-office millions—Gail Patrick, Lona Andre, Verna Hillie and Kathleen Burke.

THE STAR WHO WON'T GROW UP



Photograph exclusively for The New Movie Magazine by Carl DeVoy

This little Spanish blonde from Long Island, born Anita Pomares, and now known to us as Anita Page, is still going strong during all this time she's growing up. Her next picture will be "Soldiers of the Storm." She's still the little home girl who's rarely seen in public, and even then always chaperoned.

MRS. R. is a perfect wife!

She...

**IS A WONDERFUL COOK
HAS A CHARMING HOME
AND GROWS LOVELIER
EVERYDAY**

Best of all you don't have to envy these things . . . you can BE them yourself!

● COOKING WITHOUT FAILURES

No woman ever cooked successfully without learning how . . . some by extravagant experimenting. Failure in cooking is throwing away good food and money. But you can learn to cook . . . surely and economically . . . because the Tower Home Service Bureau is offering a series on the fundamentals of cooking, successful recipes, new ways with food, how to buy . . . a complete series with special instructions in your weak points.

● LEARN TO BE LOVELY

In the same way most women have to learn to be beautiful. It's safe to say 90% of all women do not make the most of the good looks Nature gave them . . . because they don't know how!

To help you learn how, the Beauty Editor of Tower Magazines offers a series on personal loveliness. What are your best points . . . which features don't you like? Do you know enough about make-up and color, hair arrangement and skin care to make all your features seem attractive? You'll want to talk it over with the Beauty Editor.



● BEAUTIFY YOUR HOME

Some women are the same about their homes . . . unattractive rooms because they don't know the simple facts about harmony in color and arrangement, proper draperies and accessories. Experts in home beautifying tell how to make your home the lovely place you've always wanted . . . at little cost.

These three series are given at low cost to help you enjoy a fuller, happier life. Send today for information about them.

TOWER MAGAZINES, INC.
55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me *information*, without cost, about the instruction series I have checked.

- How to Cook With Skill and Economy ☐
How to be Lovely ☐
How to Beautify My Home ☐

Name
Address
City..... State.....

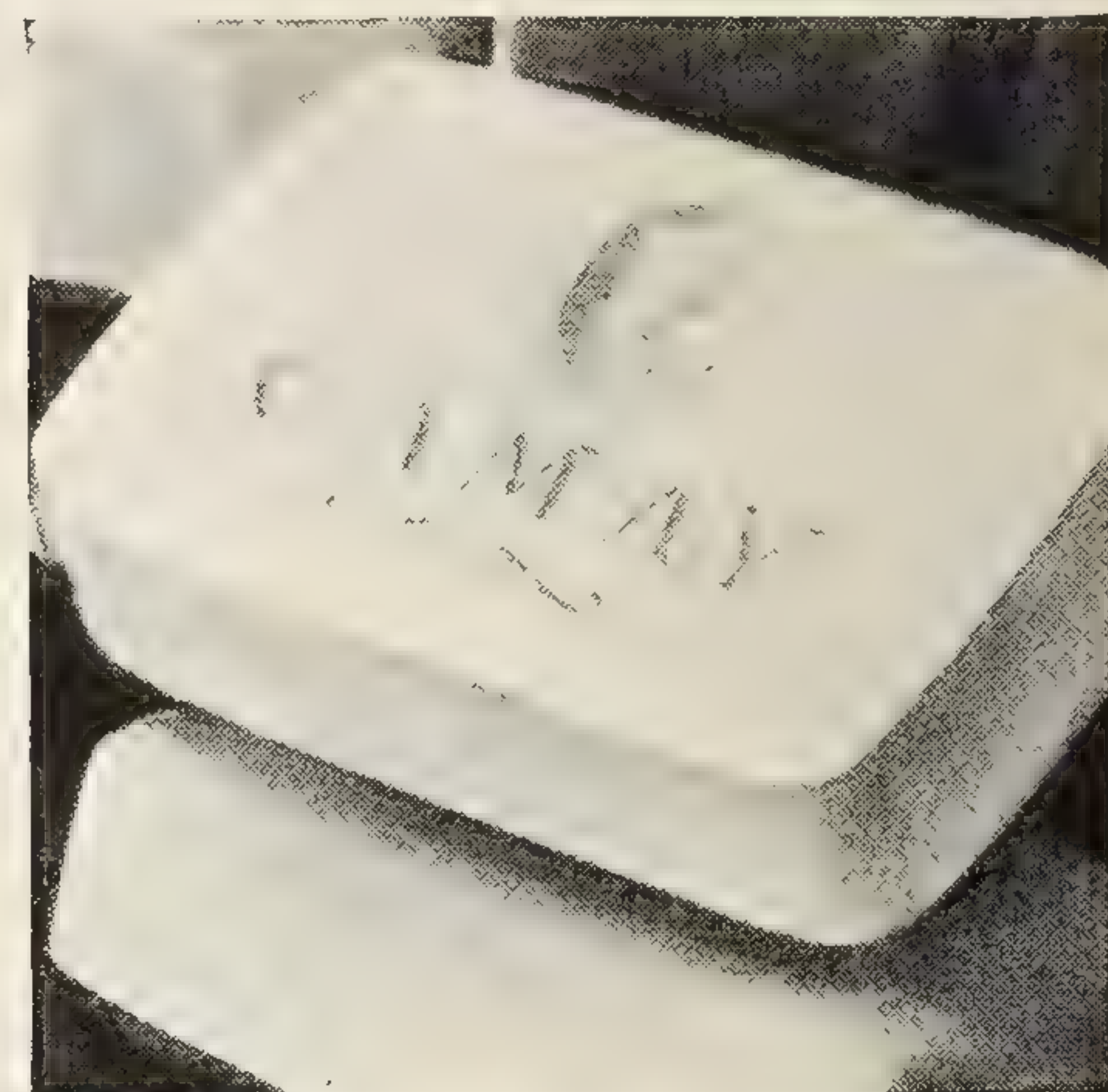
Are Men's glances Keen...Women's Friendly ...Do they Admire your Skin?



Face to face with one friend, or surrounded by people—wherever you are, someone's eyes are searching you—scrutinizing your skin. For you, like every other woman, are in a Beauty Contest every day—ever the object of critical eyes that find you beautiful or consider you plain.



• *Exquisite cleanliness is Beauty's first law. With a soft cloth, apply a rich lather of Camay and warm water to your skin. Rinse well with cold water.*



• *Camay is pure—made of delicate oils. Its luxuriant lather is as gentle and refreshing in your bath as on your face and hands! Try it today!*

Copr. 1933, Procter & Gamble Co.

You may live grandly in a mansion, or modestly in a cottage. Yet you cannot escape the Beauty Contest of life... the rivalry of woman against woman. Wealth and social position cannot help you. But a fresh, radiant skin is a glorious weapon.

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

To have a skin that is soft and velvety, use Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women. Camay is creamy-white—pure—delicate

as dew upon your cheek. The quick, luxuriant lather it yields, in hard water, as in soft, cleanses the pores deeply and gently and brings out the fresh, natural loveliness of your skin. A finer beauty soap has never been made!

The cost of keeping your skin lovely is amazingly low! Never in your lifetime have you known a soap so fine, so delicately perfumed, so beautifully wrapped to cost so little! Get a supply of Camay today.

CAMAY

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN



STARLING

After two years experience, Mary Carlisle is being featured. You saw her first in "The Devil's Cabaret"—doing only a "bit"—and last in "Men Must Fight." Watch for her and write us if you believe she's worthy of stardom.

Photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine by Clarence Sinclair Bull

The New Movie Magazine, June, 1933



WINNER

Verna Hillie, born in Hancock, Michigan, of Finnish descent, educated in Detroit, blonde with gray-green eyes, got into films through a contest, and now one of Paramount's runners-up for stardom. Watch for her in the near future!



Photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine by Eugene Robert Richee

Capable Jack LaRue, the priest in "Farewell to Arms," then the tough in "The Story of Temple Drake." Young, but an experienced actor. Born in New York, of English and Italian antecedents. Unspoiled, unimpressed by success. And stardom for him if you say the word.

VERSATILE



Max Munn Autrey

GAY

Cute? Europe thinks so, and now we are to see for ourselves. Her first picture is "My Lips Betray." And the movie world is agog to know if she will click. Her producers expect her to be the smash hit of the year. . . . Why, it's Lilian Harvey, from Berlin, of course.



Here's a face you've seen hundreds of times—but never on the screen. Where? . . . She's Margaret McConnell, the Oxford, Indiana, art student whose features a cigarette company blazoned over America. You'll be seeing her in M-G-M pictures.

FAMILIAR?



BRIAN AHERNE



CLARA BOW



BETTY FURNESS



NORMAN FOSTER



ONSLOW STEVENS

What Will Happen in

BRIAN AHERNE, the young Irishman from the Broadway stage, playing opposite Marlene Dietrich in "Song of Songs." He is already regarded as almost certain to be starred.

Photo by Eugene Robert Kichee

CLARA BOW, hasn't lost her grip on the public, not in the least. The more-or-less experimental "Call Her Savage" proved Clara's pulling power.

BETTY FURNESS, is up for ballyhoo. She hasn't had the experience of some of the others, but her prospects are most promising.

NORMAN FOSTER's rise has been gradual but certain. The movie industry, using the box-office as a yardstick, expects stardom for him, if not during this year, at least next year.

ONSLOW STEVENS, a brilliant actor whose star is rising. Universal regards him so highly that he will get a lion's share of advertising and publicity during the next six months.

The Producers, for the first time, reveal their secrets

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Who will the new stars be? What will the new pictures be? What will be the trends? . . . These are only a few of the questions that we put to the heads of the movie industry. We queried producers, directors, scenario editors, advertising and publicity chiefs—everyone in the business who should know. We believe that you will find this article to be one of the most important and accurate forecasts of production activities ever published, coming as it does after an almost complete reorganization within the industry.*

Compiled by HESTER ROBISON

THEIR income sharply decreased, in some cases as great as seventy-five per cent., receiverships pending or threatened, salaries of everyone cut at least fifty per cent., some of them for a time getting no salaries at all, pictures that would have been tremendous money-makers in normal times, losing—yet the motion picture business has never faltered.

Now comes the dawn of a new deal. Attendance figures are rising, confidence in the producers is being restored, and the movie folk are going ahead with their shoulders squared, their heads back, and a smile on their lips. The race is on! They're off!

What will come of it all? Must new stars be created? Who will they be? What sort of pictures shall we see?



Hal Phylfe

"Anyone hurt Lupe's friend," explains the Mexican cyclone, "Lupe hurts heem. That horse bite my pal, so I bite that horse" And that's the way of tell-them-where-to-get-off Lupe Velez, the hot-pepper girl.

against my eager and accustomed ear, followed by a husky laugh and a super-seductively murmured, "Darleeng."

"Come and meet Lupe," Doug said. "She's a riot!"

"Riot" was adequate, but revolution was and still is, despite all rumors to the contrary, a perfect one-word description of Lupe.

THERE were lots of Mexicans in "The Gaucho," though it had a South American setting—Spanish is Spanish no matter how you mispronounce it! As we approached the Tantalizing Tornado she was explaining something to a group of her compatriots, eyes flashing, perfect teeth clicking like castanets, and arms waving in semiphorian fashion. "Darleeng" and Army phrases, being about all the English she knew at the time, were used as high-lights for the benefit of those who didn't understand Spanish.

Doug introduced us. Lupe extended a slim brown

paw. I fully expected to be scratched, but one of her great charms is that you never get what you expect. The paw was soft and smooth, the grip firm. "Allo!" she said, and then like a child repeating a lesson, "Please-to-meet-you!"

Having said her piece she turned swiftly. "Hey! Dooglas." She hurled her small self at him. A catch-as-catch-can wrestling match ensued. Only the call of the director saved Doug's hair—for in wrestling, as in everything else, Lupe knows no rules.

I learned later what she had been explaining in Spanish. Some one that Lupe liked was talking to her when one of the horses, no doubt tired of standing around on fake cobble stones or perhaps just weary of waiting for his supper, reached over and nipped the shoulder of Lupe's friend. Proving that vendetta is not entirely Italian, Lupe walked over and bit the horse.

Not returning nip for (Please turn to page 80)



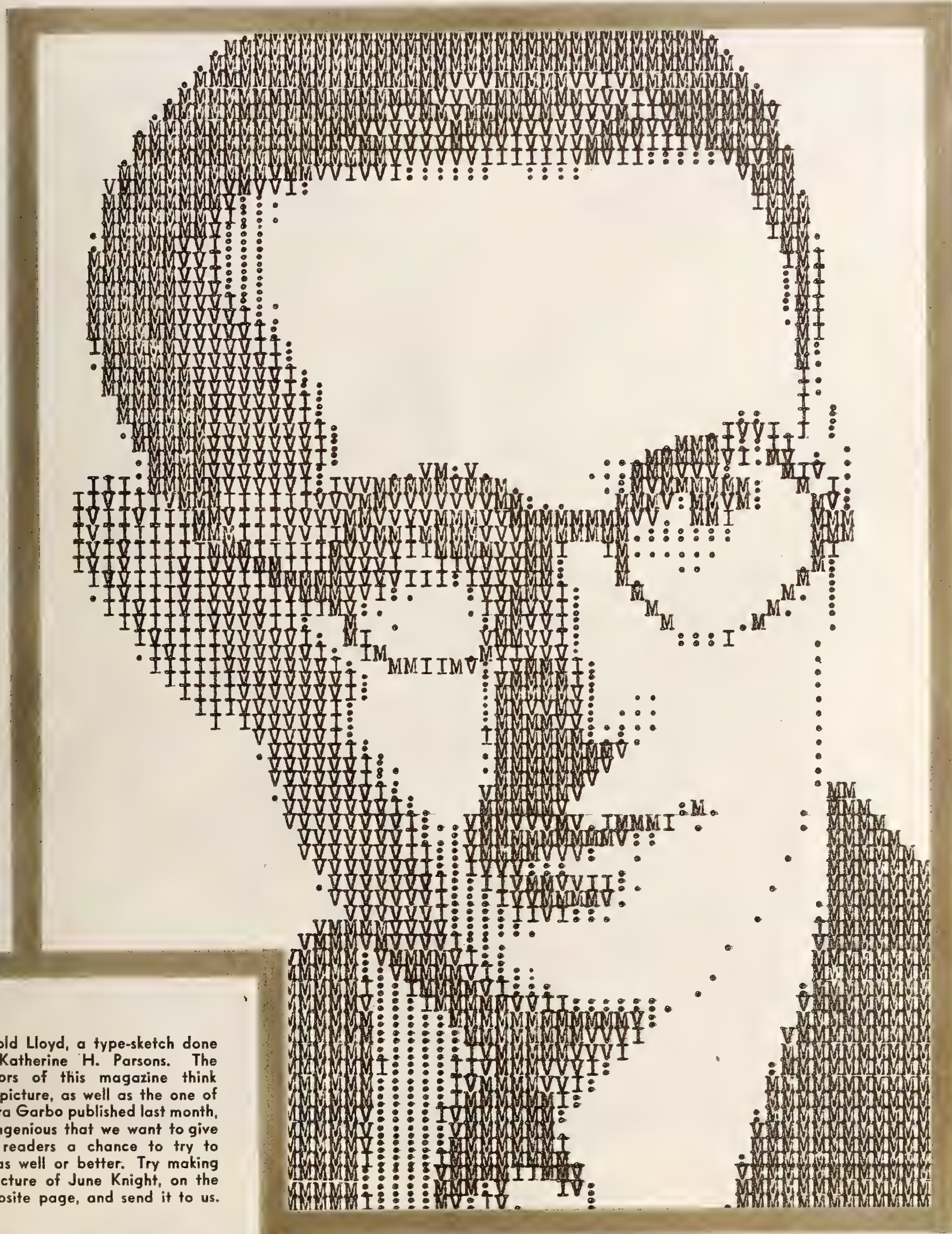
JUNE KNIGHT, photographed for The New Movie Magazine by Tower Studios

See if You Can TYPE-SKETCH the STARS

Here's a new way to make likenesses of your favorites

This month see if you can make a picture of June Knight, Universal's new star, on the typewriter. All entries this month should be copied from Miss Knight's picture on page 30. For details see page 82

. . . Remember, The New Movie Magazine, will pay



Harold Lloyd, a type-sketch done by Katherine H. Parsons. The editors of this magazine think this picture, as well as the one of Greta Garbo published last month, so ingenious that we want to give our readers a chance to try to do as well or better. Try making a picture of June Knight, on the opposite page, and send it to us.

Type-sketched by KATHERINE H. PARSONS



Exclusive New Movie Magazine photo by Eugene Robert Richee

SPRING

Sari Maritza, one of the loveliest of the starlets, and called photographically perfect. Has she that screen quality that draws? Will you and the Great God Box-office demand her? See her in "International House." Give us your verdict.



Photo by Irving Lippman

A Director's BIRD'S-EYE VIEW of the STARS

As Given by MERVYN LEROY to FREDERIC LEWIS

COME up to the house tonight," said Mervyn LeRoy, "and we'll have a few laughs."

I had just seen the boy-director's latest picture, "I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang," with Paul (Scarface) Muni, and I wasn't so sure about those laughs. But we had them—all through dinner. And some good straight talk, too—for the Miracle Boy of Hollywood knows his stuff.

After dinner, we looked at a print of his "Three on a Match," in which, as you may remember, Warren William—"that nice actor" my host called him—is totally surrounded by Joan Blondell, Bette Davis and Ann Dvorak.

"Joan is a swell girl to direct," said my host, "a swell girl anyhow! And you ought to see her garden. Everything in it from petunias to poinsettias. Joan does all the work herself. You know; rolls up the sleeves, tucks the undies into the overalls, and digs right down into the gumbo. That's the kind of girl Joan is, on or off.

"Bette's a peach, too. She isn't the actress Joan is; not yet. She'll take a lot of directing. But she *can* take it. That kind usually goes a long way. And what a figure! Did you notice those beach scenes?"

I had noticed the beach scenes.

AS for Ann Dvorak, who stole the picture in an unsympathetic rôle, by her projectile leap through a closed window—well, there wasn't enough her director could say about her.

"She *ought* to be good," he said. "Her mother was a fine actress. She was that girl with the black eyes and high cheek bones that always used to play the Indian in Griffith's 'westerns.' Her name was Anna Lehr."

LeRoy's own life, romantically speaking, has been one of those "Three on a Match" affairs. First, there was Edna Murphy, whom he married. Then, there was Ona Munson, whom he didn't. Now, there is—or was—Ginger Rogers.

THE next morning Mervyn was late for breakfast. I had already achieved a sausage when he came out of his bedroom, a gold-brown lounging robe pulled tight around his slight form. He looked younger than ever with his hair all rumpled up—no wonder they call him the boy director.

"Glenda Farrell just telephoned," he said, "to say she hadn't slept a wink all night. A woman who lives on the seventh floor of her apartment house jumped out of the window about ten o'clock last evening. Glenda lives on the sixth floor. She saw her go by."

It was a short story—but, as he told it,

it had all the speed and completeness of a typical LeRoy scene. If you saw "Fugitive" or "Little Caesar" or "Five Star Final," you know what I mean.

"That Farrell girl's a great actress," he said. "Watch her!"

I knew that this was genuine enthusiasm, untinged by the personal equasion, which so often influences Hollywood opinions of beautiful young women.

"I take some credit for Miss Farrell, and for Aline McMahon, too," the Miracle Boy continued, "because I brought them out here to play in my pictures. You remember Aline in 'Five (Please turn to page 94)

INTIMATE REVELATIONS from behind the megaphone



"Paul Muni's just like a boy. But that's the way it always is—with genius."



"I first brought Aline McMahon out here to play in some of my pictures."



"Take Gloria Swanson, for instance. Now there's a girl for you—a real trooper!"



"Joan Blondell is a swell girl to direct, and she's a pretty swell girl anyhow!"



Carl Laemmle, Jr., and Carl Laemmle, Sr., whose worship of each other is one of the idylls of filmdom.

"I'll Give a MILLION DOLLARS for a NEW STAR"

CARL LAEMMLE, the elder, has a favorite story which concerns Napoleon. The great soldier tried to reach a book in his library. A servant, seeing his effort, said, "I will get it, Sire, . . . I am bigger."

"Not bigger," said Napoleon, "taller."

Neither of the Laemmles is very tall. Uncle Carl, as the elder is affectionately known in the film industry, is hardly of medium height. Carl Laemmle, Jr., is no larger than a school boy. He has his father's warm smile and the genial friendliness of his famous elder. The cares of a vast business settling too early upon him have still left him cheerful.

Young Laemmle's mother died early. His father did all he could to take her place. For many years the son slept in the same room with the father. They made journeys to Europe together.

At a family gathering when Junior was about fourteen, he definitely decided to forego a college education and enter films as soon as possible.

This decision came after his father had offered to send him to any college he might select.

The elder Laemmle had wisely refrained from trying to influence the son he had watched literally grow up on the motion picture sets at Universal City.

More pleased than astonished when he immediately made the firm decision to follow in his footsteps, the father

BOX OFFICE VALUES

I could afford to spend a million dollars for a new top-notch, first-rank star. This sounds foolhardy, at this time. But our revenue is derived from the box-office, and any star whose popularity would sweep the world like a storm, whose personality was startling enough, even sensational enough, to crowd the theaters again, would be worth a million of any studio's money.

This industry, as a matter of fact, could use dozens of new stars—if they had the pull. The public is all set and ready for new excitement and new thrills. If we can develop personalities to give them those qualities, the public will swamp the box-offices.

—Carl Laemmle, Jr.

caressed the son proudly.

It was long known in Hollywood, and by no one better than the young boy, that the elder Laemmle's word was considered equal to a contract.

Junior's sister, Rosabelle, in a half humorous tone, said to him, "So it's your ambition to become a great producer."

"It's indeed much bigger than that," returned the boy quickly and earnestly.

"What, I'd like to know, could that mean?"

"To be an honorable man like my father."

With this attitude, the boy began his career.

The spirit of the gentle man who left a little Wisconsin clothing

store to become one of the great pioneers of films still pervades the vast organization which he founded. "Be careful of giving your word," he often told his son, "but once you give it, protect it with all you have."

It is doubtful if any son of a successful father has ever been given a more rigid training.

At nineteen years of age, after mastering many devious details of films, he (*Please turn to page 76*)

JIM TULLY'S story of the boy whose greatest ambition was "to be an honorable man like my father"



Photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine

Jackie Cooper was induced, with great effort, to sit for some new pictures the other day. This is the result. When the finished prints were shown to him, he remarked,

solemnly, "Gee, I'm a funny looking guy." Then he took the picture over to Wallace Beery for his official okay. "Looks all right to me," said Wally. "Is your neck cold?"

What Happened

TOO bad, isn't it," a Hollywood wise man said to me the other day, "about our old friend, Lillian Gish?" We were chatting casually after dinner.

"What's the matter? Is she dead?"

"Might just as well be," was the laconic reply, "so far as pictures are concerned."

I admit I was shocked. I had been brought up in the Gish tradition. I had been taught that if anyone jumped on my bed in the middle of the night, grabbed me roughly by the Adam's apple, shook me blankly back from bye-bye land, and asked me who was the greatest actress of the screen, I was to sit up politely, and answer:

"Lillian Gish."

And why not?

Didn't Max Reinhardt, creator of "The Miracle,"

By **FREDERICK L. COLLINS**

hail her as "the supreme emotional actress of the screen?"

Didn't Maurice Maeterlinck, author of "The Blue Bird," say

that "no other has so much talent"?

Didn't Joseph Hergesheimer choose her as his model for *Cytherea* because she was "like an April moon, a thing for all young men to dream about forever"?

Didn't John Barrymore call her "the most superlatively exquisite and poignantly enchanting thing that I have ever seen in my life"?

And her pictures!

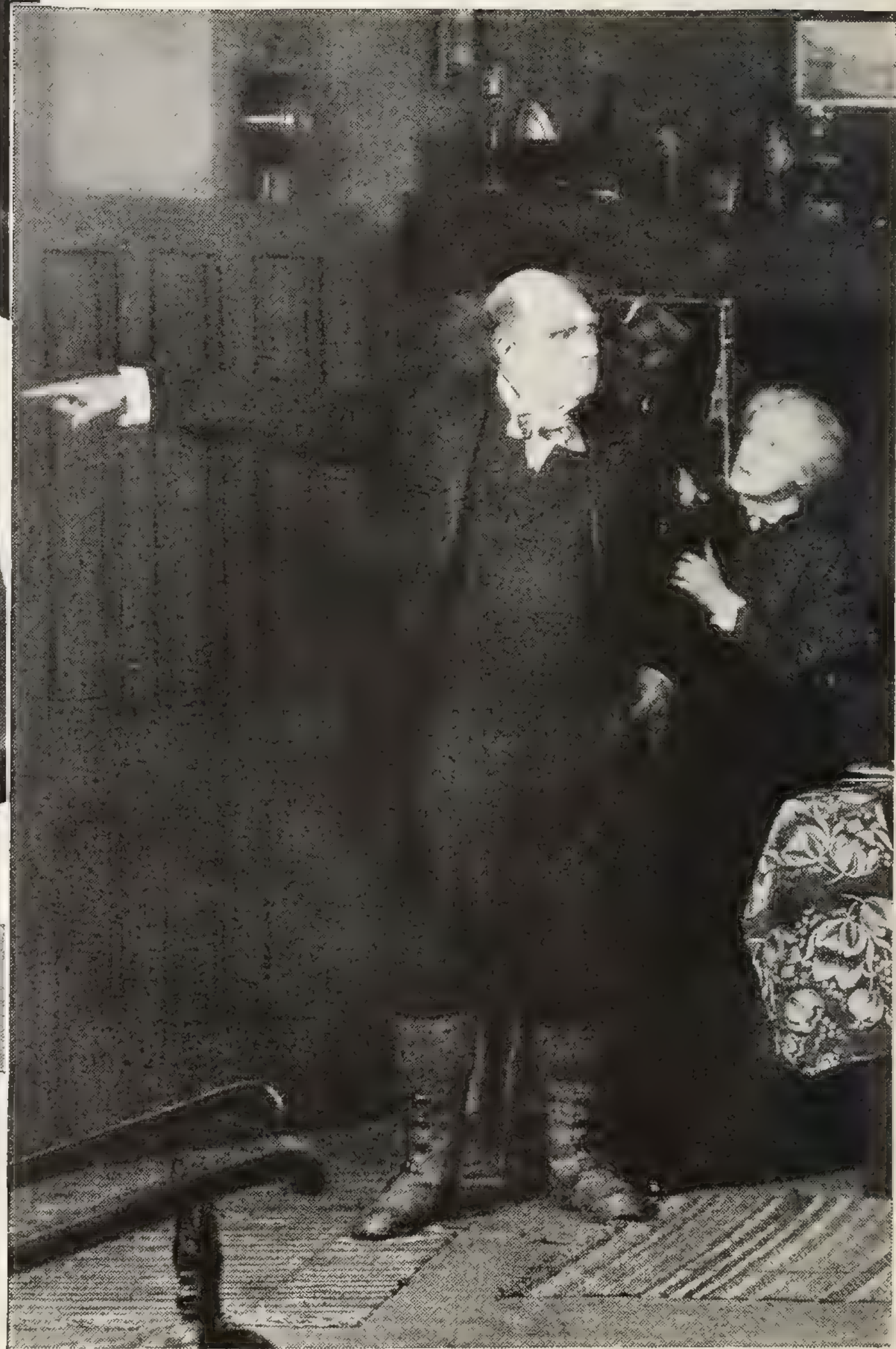
Who doesn't remember the moment in "Hearts of the World" when she began to go insane? In "Orphans of the Storm," when she heard her blind sister singing in the street, and could not get to her? In "The White Sister," when her cheek twitched as she heard the false news of *Giovanni's* death?

Continuing The New Movie Magazine's

Revealing Series on Tricks that

Fate Has Played on the Famous

Lillian Gish and David Wark Griffith, the director, when they were making "Way Down East."



to LILLIAN GISH?

Of course, we remember! How could we forget?

WAS there ever a moment of utter terror equal to her closet scene in "Broken Blossoms"? Was there ever a vision of despairing young motherhood equal to her bathing of the baby in "Way Down East"? Was there ever a death scene equal to her *Mimi's* in "La Boheme"?

And yet, here was a man whose opinion I was bound to respect—who knows more about Hollywood than Helen knew about Troy!—sitting calmly over an after-dinner cigar and telling me that "Lillian the Incomparable," "Cinema Bernhardt," "Duse in Celluloid," "First Lady of the Screen," was "all washed up" in pictures.

"Ask anybody," he said.

And I did. Everybody. In studios, in executive offices, at luncheons, dinners, teas, cocktail parties—yes, they still follow that quaint custom in Hollywood!—in box-offices, in theater lobbies, all along the boulevard.

"Would any producer take a chance on Lillian Gish today?"

I can't say that the answer was a unanimous one. The most favorable ran something like this:

"Sure! He'd be a fool not to—for one picture."

"Why one?" I asked.

"Because that would be (*Please turn to page 97*)

GREAT MYSTERIES OF THE MOVIES



Photo by Wide World

Lillian Gish as she appears today—an informal photograph of her.



A scene from "Way Down East," one of the greatest box office successes of the silent screen. Among those shown here are Lillian Gish, Mary Hay, Lowell Sherman and Richard Barthelmess. This was one of the greatest dramatic triumphs in human emotions that D. W. Griffith ever made.

Photo from Culver Service

THE NEW FILMS SHOW THE

Hollywood sponsors feminine frocks for afternoon and



Travis Banton designed this flowered organdie dance frock with its metal cloth jacket, shown above, for Miriam Hopkins in Paramount's "The Story of Temple Drake." The photograph at the right, from a still, shows the interesting detail in the finished frock.



This gown of black crepe with its little jacket of faille was designed by Travis Banton for Carole Lombard to wear in "Supernatural." The plain neckline is broken by a huge bow at the side. The small view shows Miss Lombard wearing the costume in the film.

SMART NEW FASHIONS

evening and mannish effects for street and sports

Hollywood, California.

THIS movie town is finding out that the position of stylist to America carries with it some strenuous responsibilities. But it's taking them in high and the result will be all to the good for you and me.

For instance, you'll see more and more clothes on the screen, designed for everyday wear. Not that luxurious evening clothes and lounging outfits will be banned. We want to see them and we're adapting them to our own uses, but we are clamoring, also, for more movie views of clothes that we can wear to work, or for afternoon tea, in the simple style as well as the grand scale, for informal dining and parties, and for sports.

YOU'LL be interested, too, to learn that movie fashions are planned, whenever the script will allow it, so that they will be seasonally correct at the time of their release. Summer clothes are featured in most of the movies now released or to be shown in the near future. About August fall fashions will be featured, and so on into the Winter.

Puffed sleeves are held in high favor by Hollywood designers. But they are not the same puffed sleeves that first hit the fashion wave last year. These are much more involved, with flutings and ruchings topping them, cordings breaking the line, or cut in leg-o'mutton fashion.

The dance frock designed by Travis Banton for Miriam Hopkins in "The Story of Temple Drake" is an example. Pink organdie, embroidered with silver thread flower designs is used for the dress.



Two views of the same costume:—(above) Travis Banton's sketch; at right, Shirley Grey wearing the outfit in "Terror Aboard." (Photo by Otto Dyar)



At left, William Lambert's design for a pale blue chiffon evening gown edged in willow ostrich for Janet Gaynor in her new film, "Adorable."

FASHION PREVIEWS



Pleated pajamas of jade green satin trimmed with lace designed for Janet Gaynor in Fox's "Adorable" (left). Myrna Loy in a scene from M-G-M's "Man on the Nile"—now called "The Barbarian"—wears a white linen riding suit with a divided skirt, a white pongee hat and brown scarf, gloves and boots (above).

Its jacket is silver cloth and silver cordings are attached in three tiers to the skirts and at the center of the puffed sleeves. The jacket sleeves are circular gathered capelets that stand up over the puffs. In interesting contrast is the tailored high neckline with flat bows down the closing.

A DISTINCTLY different jacket costume is the one Banton designed for Carole Lombard in "Supernatural." All black with the jacket of heavy faille, the costume is severe but not plain. The sleeves are modified leg-o-mutton set in with cartridge pleats at the shoulders and a large flat bow is placed at the side of the plain neck.

Shirley Grey wears several smart outfits in "Terror Aboard," the deck costume illustrated, included among them. She has another smart sports or ship-board costume in this picture—white angora with sleeves and tie-ends of red, white and blue stripes. And her bisque satin negligée is one of the smartest and simplest we've seen for a long time.

Shirley's laced-up-the-front middy blouse illustrates two new fashion points—lacings and middy collars.

Jean Harlow uses a laced closing on a white silk sports frock with a red jacket included in her personal wardrobe. And Adrian, M-G-M designer, puts his O. K. on them, so you'll be seeing more of them.

Middy collars are in line with the mannish trends and in their exaggerated form give the new squared-out shoulder-line.

JANET GAYNOR'S femininity is stressed by ruffles made of willow ostrich, on a pale blue chiffon evening gown designed by William Lambert for "Adorable."

Adrian, too, goes in for ruffles at odd moments. You recall the *Letty Lynton* frock and Joan Crawford's new ruffled organdie shown here last month. Now he has designed an evening gown for Jean Harlow with a cascade of tiered ruffles at the back.

Peggy Joyce will have a whole flock of fascinating gowns in "International House," Paramount's new movie. One that Travis Banton designed for her features a beige wool coat over a heavy brown silk skirt with a blouse, beret and handkerchief of brown and white polka dots.

OF THE NEW FILMS



Polka dots are featured in the suit shown above designed by Travis Banton for Peggy Joyce to wear in "International House." Joan Crawford (left) sets her wool beret at a new slant in "Today We Live."



NEW FASHION HIGHLIGHTS

- Laced closings have the Hollywood stamp of approval.
- Ruffles are used here, there and everywhere.
- Shoulders are emphasized by feminine ruchings and new puff effects.
- Or exaggerated by mannish padding, square seamings and broad collars.
- Light coats are worn over dark skirts or dresses.

(Left) Shirred sleeves form ruchings at the shoulders of the bisque satin lounging robe worn by Shirley Grey in "Terror Aboard." (Photo by Eugene Richee.)

WUXTRY!

BIG BABY SHOW!

Our Hollywood Boulevardier Regenerated by Child, Sheds Sophistication

Stages Big Show and Picks His "Gang"

Selects Spanky Cagney, Mazie West, Angel Child Lupe, Tongue-tied Tracy, Panties Dietrich, Peggy-Weddy Joyce, Screamy Weissmuller, Don't-Care Heppy and China Baby Wong

By HERB HOWE

AMONG my fan letters this month I was surprised to find one from our editor. That's the thrill of this work—you never know who's reading your stuff. Describing himself as a simple soul he says tactfully I'm pretty good but a trifle sophisticated. It's that Mae West influence. What an advance course that girl gives!

IN the same mail I am consoled by a letter from a nineteen-year-old gentleman named William C. Floyd, Rock, Mass., who says:

"So far you and I are alike, ol' pal, as far as our likes go. . . . Civilization is a bore to me. Too artificial. Men are not men any more and women are not women. I think I could have more respect for the natives of Africa than for Us, The White Men. . . ."

THERE you have the difficulty confronting Me, the White Man—trying on one hand to please sophisticated world-weary youth and on the other the simple-souled intelligentsia. I seem to be succeeding better with the sophisticated set. In fact I've just received a handsome offer to write for BABIES—JUST BABIES. That gave me an idea for a Babes in Hollywood number. So this month I'm staging a Prize Baby Show and

picking Our Gang. If some one will give me little Mazie West to hold I'll start the show. No? The editor objects. Wants to hold her himself, the simple soul.

Very well, I'll lead off with a genuine infant prodigy, Master Leroy Weinbrener. Arrived in this depressed world eight months ago. Landed a job at a hundred a week with a thousand-dollar bonus. Is rumored engaged to Peggy Joyce.

I WAS presented to M. Weinbrener by Maurice Chevalier who was holding the prodigy in his arms on the set of "A Bed-Time Story." Those who think the Boulevardier sophisticated should have seen him gurgling, "Iss ittle





Illustrations by Ken Chamberlain

pig went to market, iss little pig stayed at home . . ." while Weinbrener regarded him with ill-disguised amusement. It was a picture of regeneration: Hard-boiled Boulevardier shedding sophistication like a serpent's skin at the touch of a baby toe. Is that a sob or *is* that a sob?

LAST month I wrote about ol' pal Gable, the Pet of M-G-M. This month I planned to speak a piece about the Pet of Paramount—Miss Carole Lombard. Ordinarily Miss Lombard's dressing-room is the salon of the lot. Everyone with moments to spare goes to the club Lombard where wit and fellowship flow. This is not personal bias. I was introduced but recently to Carole-la-la by Miss Peggy Joyce. The pet title results from a poll of the Paramount villagers. But this month Lombard was socially eclipsed by Weinbrener, who is billed simply as Baby Leroy, which strikes him as pretty funny.

EVERYONE was trailing Leroy around the lot. Ladies couldn't keep hands off him and so a large sign was fixed to his cab: DO NOT TOUCH! When I tell you that Peggy Joyce got her hands spanked for disobeying you'll get an idea of What-A-Babe-Weinbrener. Peggy wailed she wanted to adopt him. "I know they will say it's for publicity. But I don't care. I'm mad about him!"

Another sophisticate gone soulful. I don't know what Mae West will do when she returns. Probably get religion and take over Angelus Temple now Aimee's gone.

PARAMOUNT intended to engage an orphan to appear with Chevalier but when Leroy appeared in the arms of his sixteen-year-old mother the executives got down on their hands and knees and cooed.

The mother lives on money supplied by poor relatives. Paramount agreed to give her one hundred a week for the baby. In addition a trust fund of a thousand dollars which will amount to *(Please turn to page 102)*



LOST Treasure

Diane Sinclair's great ambition—and the tragedies of her early life

By HENRY M. FINE

SHE seeks screen success so that she might make money to re-locate a gold mine buried in the dense growth of the Dutch Guiana jungles—a gold mine once owned by her father and lost with his body.

This, in brief, is the story of Diane Sinclair.

Many screen personalities claim romantic backgrounds. Diane's is the real thing. As a youngster she rubbed elbows with escaped convicts from the most notorious prison colony in the world—Devil's Island. The early years of her life were packed with the stuff that makes screen play material.

Twenty-one years ago in February, 1912, Diane's father and his aristocratic Spanish wife arrived in Paramaribo, Surinam, better known as Dutch Guiana. They were from France, her father's birthplace.

Paramaribo, in case you don't know it, is on the other side of the jungles from Cayenne, the hamlet on Devil's Island.

It is at Paramaribo that escaped convicts from this satanic place of incarceration, so aptly named, either settle or take the first available boat for more civilized parts where the long arm of French authority can not reach them.

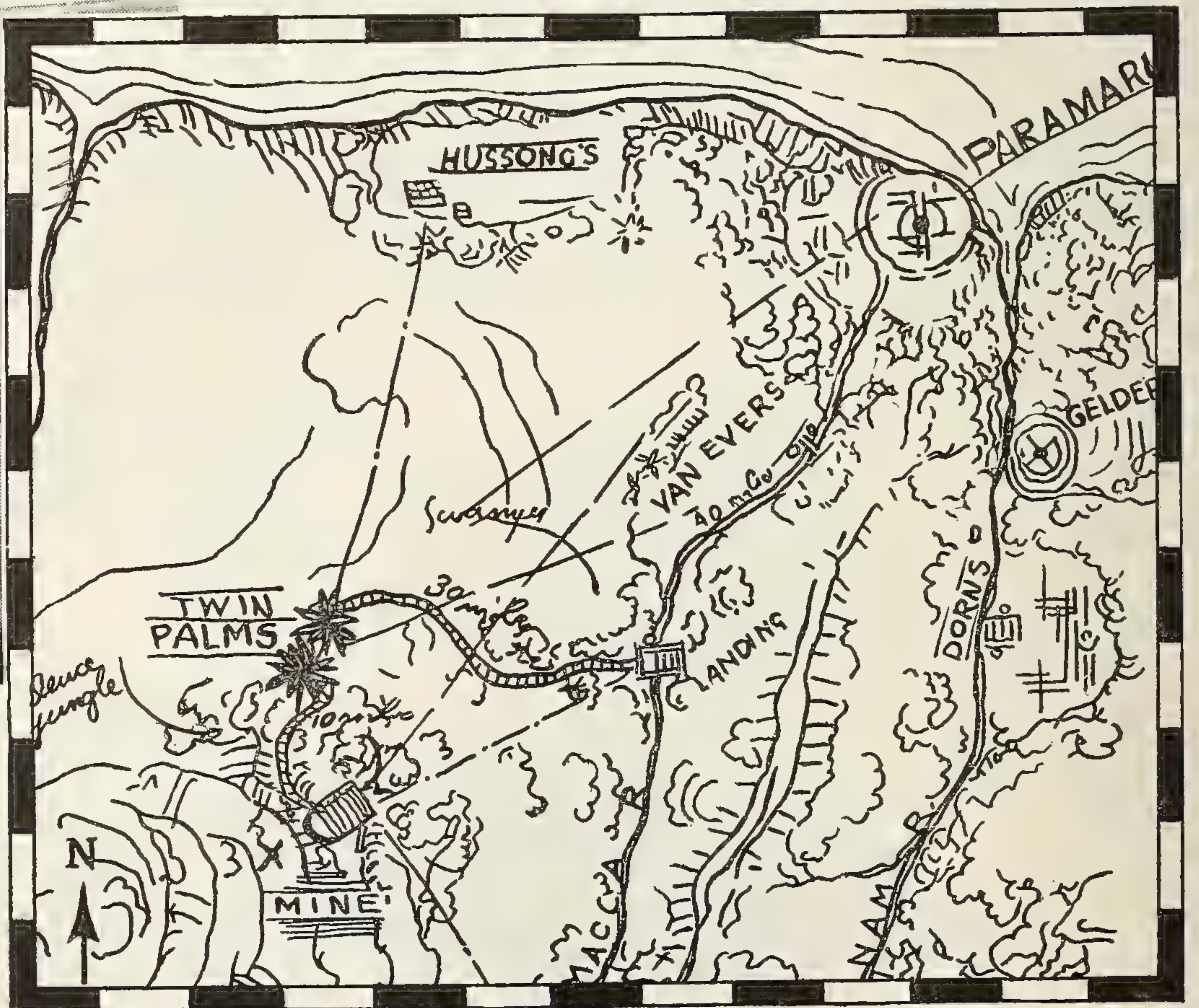
They remain in Paramaribo, usually, only if they lack funds to get out. The Dutch authorities are particularly lenient to those who manage to survive the many ghastly hardships that mark an escape from the penal colony.

As a result, many of today's important inhabitants are former inmates of the prison colony. Paramaribo is an oasis in one of the wildest spots in the world. Its cleanliness and beautiful white buildings offer a marked contrast to the broken-down tin and thatch-covered structures of other colonies.

Here Diane's father went to develop a newly discovered gold mine. Shortly after landing and making his wife comfortable, Diane's father started work on the property. Thatch-covered huts were erected for the workers, Indians and native-born negroes. More elaborate structures were built for the white overseers, among them many escaped (*Please turn to page 111*)



Above: Diane Sinclair as she is today—an informal photo made exclusively for The New Movie Magazine. At right: A tracing made from the map found among the effects of Diane's dead father.



Secrets of a Siren

By MAUDE CHEATHAM

Myrna Loy gives her ideas on the capture of the male.

"Mystery is the greatest weapon of them all," says the sorceress.



WHAT spells feminine allure?

Will the same Lorelei song win the male heart in America, on the Continent and in the Orient?

Are all men alike under the skin? Or do different nations have secrets of sorcery all their own?

What is this fatal enchantment that has created havoc throughout human history—and given it color? And often lasting glamour?

THESE are some of the questions I asked Myrna Loy, creator of screen siren rôles that have spanned the world in devastating conquest.

Myrna laughed. She shied a little from the subject, saying it was dangerous ground, for in the realm of human emotions there are no set rules, no definite guide posts. Every situation has its special theme, its own emotional reaction.

Emphasizing that her obser-

Myrna is quiet, has red hair, a scattering of little brown freckles, wears simple clothes and seldom goes out in public.

vations were strictly from the screen's standpoint, Miss Loy declares that a woman's *femininity* is her greatest appeal!

"Men have not changed much through the ages; they are attracted by qualities opposite their own—delicacy, frills, fragrances, curves," she explained. "Of course, sex enters in, it comes into every human relationship. But sex appeal should never shriek, no alarm must be sounded; it should be persuasive, silent, invisible. A vamp must always play upon the imagination, suggest through illusion.

"Mystery in a woman is a potent weapon. Man's curiosity will lead him anywhere. A challenge, the dare to play the game of love, suggests the thrill of conquest, perhaps danger, and if it stirs the imagination too, he is lost. Few men can resist such a combination.

"It is not so much nationality as social stratum that influences the siren's methods," continued Myrna. "The cultured, high-class American woman and one from the Continent use practically the same technique. So do the other classes.

"The French woman is, per-
(Please turn to page 77)

BEN BERNIE Speaking. My Broadcast today is—

Radio Rambles

This is the old maestro perpetrating a bit of thought at you. Here's a story about someone you know.

UP at the Boston Public Library they still remember John Florence Sullivan—a thickset young man who, in a nasal voice, said a lot of funny, very funny, things. Mr. Sullivan had charge of the Library's catalog of humor but was never known to smile. He often used to stay after hours reading and making notes. His fellow librarians were still more baffled when one day Mr. Sullivan resigned his job and went into vaudeville doing a "single-in-one" as a juggler.

Briefly that is the early history of John Florence Sullivan before he changed his name to Fred Allen and made good in vaudeville, on Broadway, and now on radio with the Linit Bath Club Revue. That early Boston Library experience also explains why my friend

Fred Allen has gained his reputation as one of America's most original jokesmiths. It all dates back to that early training in the shade of the spreading chestnut trees of Copley Square.

BECAUSE of this thorough foundation, with the Boston Library Collection of humor Fred Allen has become an unofficial court of final appeal in controversies between comedians over which one stole whose gags. In some cases Fred shows us that our jokes originated with Mark Twain, in others that they date back to the Greeks, but more often that the theft was at best only petit larceny.

* * *

100,000 JOKES: The lure of Spring proved too much the other day so, slipping on my Benny and Skimmer, I went in search of Fred. I got hold of the Bath

Here's where the movie stars pick their radio favorites

Lilian Harvey and Adrienne Ames are enthusiastic about—
KATE SMITH



Wynne Gibson sends in her choice as—
DONALD NOVIS

Photo by Oggiano-Mitchell



Irene Ware is 100 per cent for—
THE MILLS BROTHERS



Photo by Wide World

The author of this program, Mr. Bernie himself.

The "old maestro" takes you out among the great and near-great of the air

By

Ben Bernie

The New Movie Magazine's Guest Critic

Club's little poker-face at his hotel, wheedled an invitation to come up to his office—a "back-to-fundamentals" work

room, no rug on the floor and a desk just big enough for his portable typewriter. Piled high on a couple of steamer trunks are a lot of old humorous magazines. But Fred never looks at them. Just has them around for the moral support they give.

THE most recent addition to his gag collection is the biggest. A scrap book that must be four feet by three. It probably weighs forty-five pounds.

"That, Ben," sighed Fred Allen, "is the Theodore J. Rosenberg collection of jokes, containing more than 100,000 battle-scarred pleasantries."

He hefted the ponderous tome.

"Mr. Rosenberg staggered over from Brooklyn to see me with this stuff. He's been collecting it for over twenty-five years."

So rather than see him struggle back to Brooklyn under the weight of all this humor, Fred bought the collection. Rough estimates show that there are 17,000 or so tired out mother-in-law jokes, 22,000 on marriage, 5,300 on traveling salesmen, and 563 separate and not-so-good versions of the ancient

"who was that lady I seen you with last night?"

All in all a little depressing but as Fred Allen remarked: "If you were buying humor by weight that would be the best collection in the world."

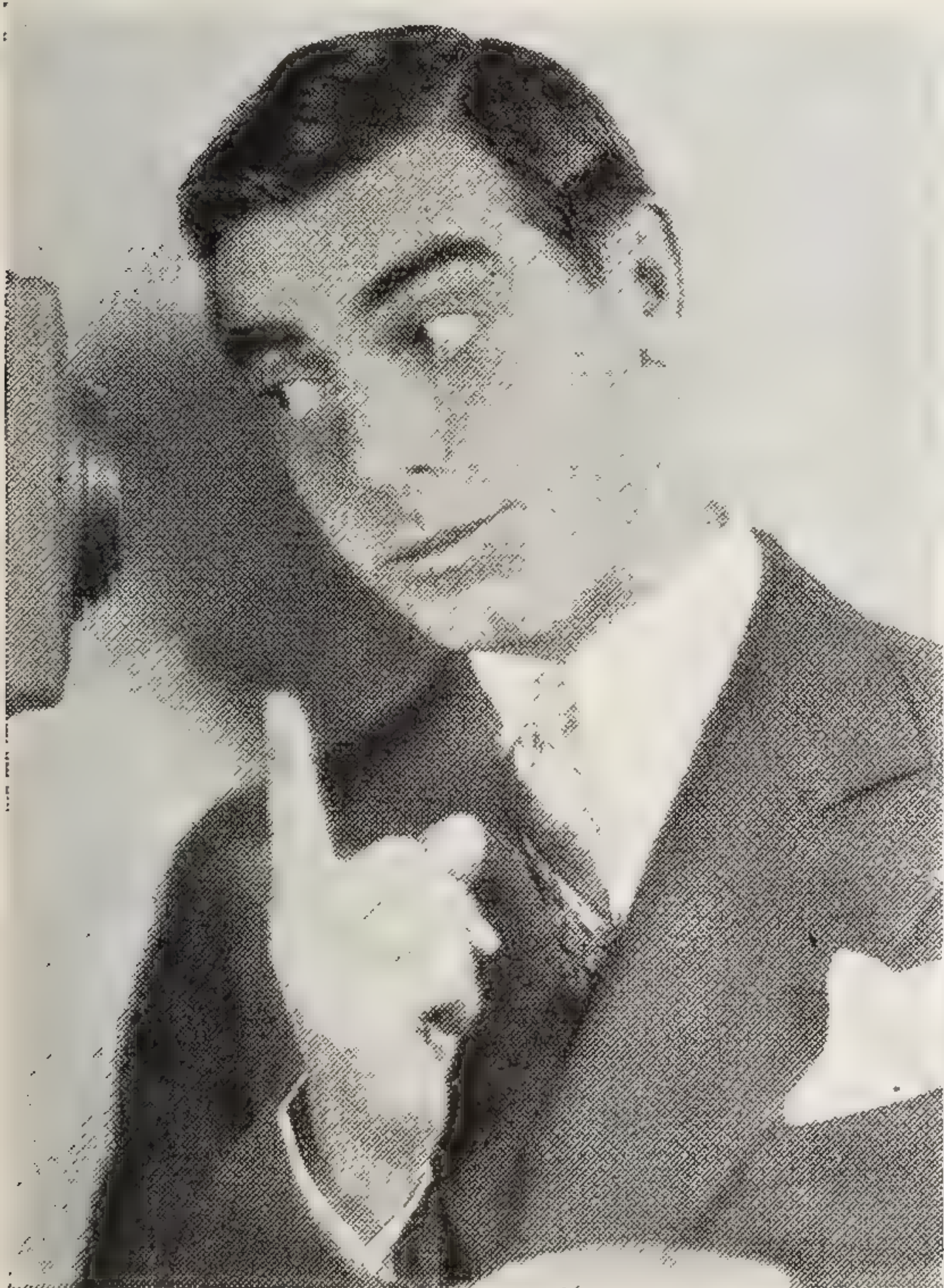
* * *

NEW BUSINESS: On the Friday, just before the banking crisis, Fred took his customary weekly walk to the Savings Bank in order to get the payroll for the actors in the Linit Bath Club cast. Up to the moment when he entered the bank, he hadn't heard that there were any runs on banks. But as soon as he'd pushed through the swinging door he found himself in the midst of a mob clamoring for dough. Allen looked over the situation for a moment—just long enough to spot an old friend milling about in the center of the mob. Unobserved, Fred walked cautiously up behind him.

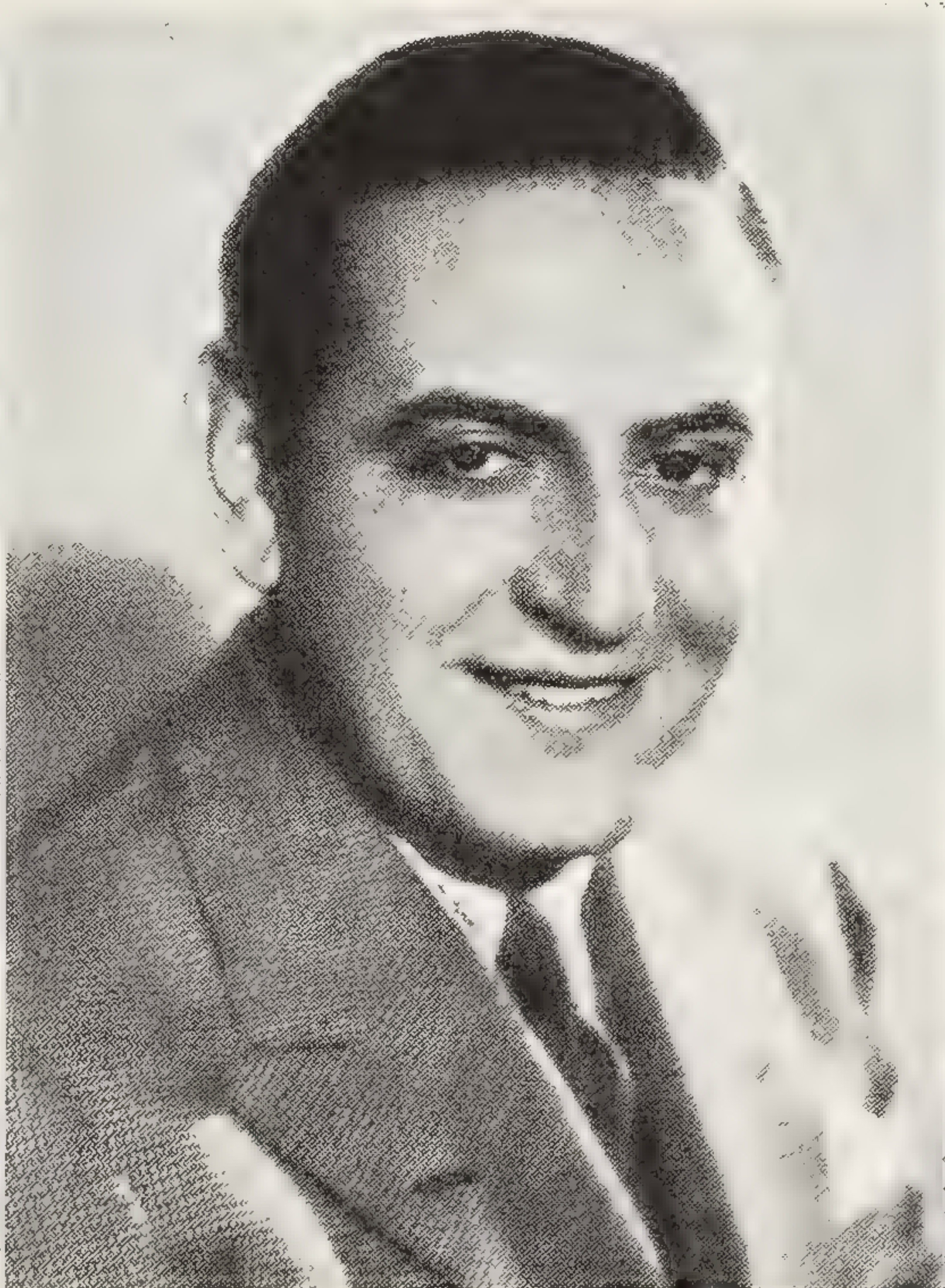
"Pardon me, sir," drawled Allen, "but would you mind telling me where to go to open an account?"

* * *

LIGHTNING STRIKES FAN MAIL: All us radio boys get a chuckle out of our fan mail now and then. This time Roy Atwell the tongue twister has a man fail, I mean a fan mail laugh on Fred. Mr. E. L. Diddee, Lightning Rod manufacturer of Marsheld, Wisconsin, recently wrote: (Please turn to page 109)



Barbara Weeks and Henry Garat pick as their radio favorite—
EDDIE CANTOR



Sally Blane selects—
GUY LOMBARDO



Claudette Colbert says her favorites are—
BURNS AND ALLEN

Photos by Wide World

Illustration by
the author



TED COOK'S

Movie Wisecracks



Observers of the Hollywood scene have decided that rival producers just can't co-operate on anything—except the same idea—and, of course, that's plagiarism.

Snappy Cook-Cooks from the pen of America's most popular humorist

"MARRIAGE among picture people," says Peggy Joyce, "should be a matter of give and take."
Give it a trial and take it to court.

IN this period of general unrest, nervous prostration and financial worry, one needs something sure and definite to hold to one's bosom—something to cling to within while the storm rages without.

Here are a few precious thoughts. You can put them away in your memory books:

The company that makes good pictures consistently is the company that will succeed.—
Hack L. Warner.

"The play that will most likely succeed in the next few years will be the one written by the expert dramatist."—George Arliss.

"The French and Germans are practically civilized, so it is not much fun traveling there."—
Clara Bow.

"You'll never catch me in pants."—Mae West.

WHETHER or not to give screen credit to all the writers who work on a picture is a problem that is worrying the Academy of Motion Picture Arts & Sciences.

They might at least threaten to do it.

And then build up a pension fund with the hush money to collect.
(Please turn to page 108)

NYMPHS

1933

Hollywood experiments with swim novelties

(Left) Verna Hillie in her two-in-one suit. It is ribbed, blue and white, but the real trick is the unique tie-on skirt.

(Below, left) Anita Page in her brilliant blue one-piece outfit which features the single shoulder strap.

(Below, center) Colleen Moore, in the private swimming pool on her Bel Air estate, wearing her favorite swimming shorts.

(Below) Peggy Hopkins Joyce's suit has an entirely new brassiere and separate skirt effect.



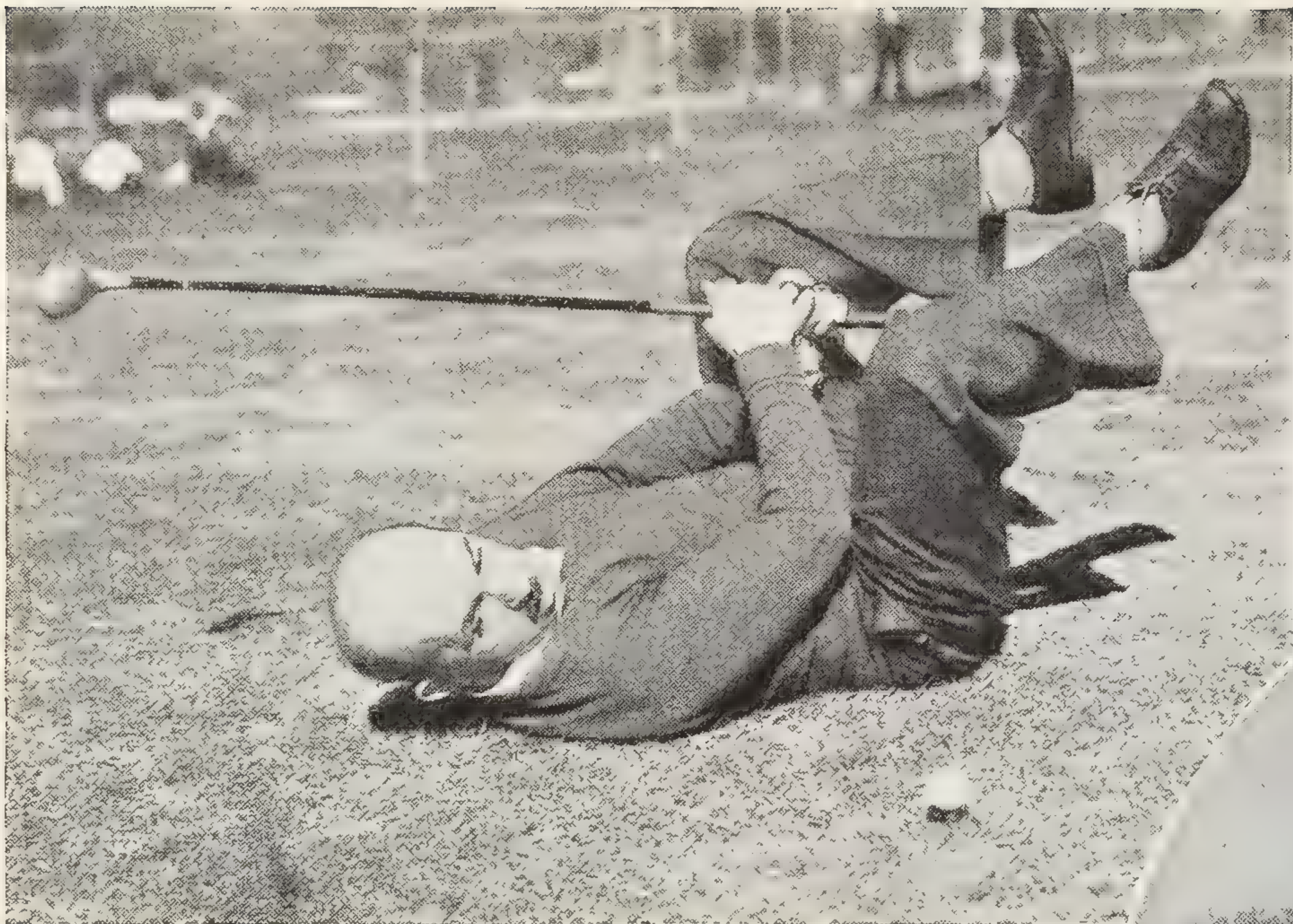
Irving Lippmann

Clarence Sinclair Bull



Otto Dyer

Carl DeVoy



Wide World

Vince Barnett, Hollywood's favorite life-of-the-party professional, comedian and what have you, doing his stuff at the Motion Picture Golf Tournament at Agua Caliente.



Patricia Ellis showing her idea of a compromise between attire of the mannish-fad type and that of the before-beer womanly type. The point of the story, however, is that she borrowed some of Jack Oakie's clothes for the demonstration—and was he worried!

Irene Ware (right), stenographer, beauty-contest winner, now Fox starlet, demonstrating her kiddie-car auto, and how she turns studio traffic signals to suit her route. You'll see her in "Pleasure Cruise."



Wide World



Diana Wynyard relaxes on a standing-sitting board between scenes in "Reunion in Vienna." The publicity department soberly insists that this is a new invention to rest too-tightly-dressed stars, afraid to sit down. Attention, Mr. Ripley.

Photograph by Wide World

SPORTS IN SHORTS

(Left) Sally Eilers in her backless outfit, playing on the court at her home.

(Right) Claudette Colbert has been quickly acclimated to California weather and Hollywood ways.

(Below) Even at play, Miriam Hopkins keeps that devilish gleam in her eye. Will she win the next set? We'll wager she's saying privately to herself, "Just yo' all watch me!"



Don English Photo



The Hollywood stars at last completely succumb to the abbreviated costumes

CHAMPS

**Concerning the two
players who hold
Hollywood records for
the number of parts
they played**



ZaSu Pitts was the year's busiest actress in Hollywood. She took part in seventeen feature pictures and a number of "shorts." She played three maid parts, a radio announcer, a school-teacher, a telephone operator, a stenographer, a homely sister, a Good Samaritan and others too numerous to mention. During this period she worked at all of the bigger studios. They don't seem to be able to tire this girl out.

Berton Churchill holds the record for the number of rôles played by a man in one year. He appeared in thirty-three pictures. Making his biggest stage success as creator of the title rôle in "Alias the Deacon," he is comparatively new to pictures. He has seen himself only once or twice on the screen. During the last year he appeared as a southern planter, a whimsical doctor, a mayor, a prison warden, a police commissioner, a circus barker, a senator, a financier; several times as a judge, a political boss, a bookie, a sheriff, and an American consul, not to mention others.

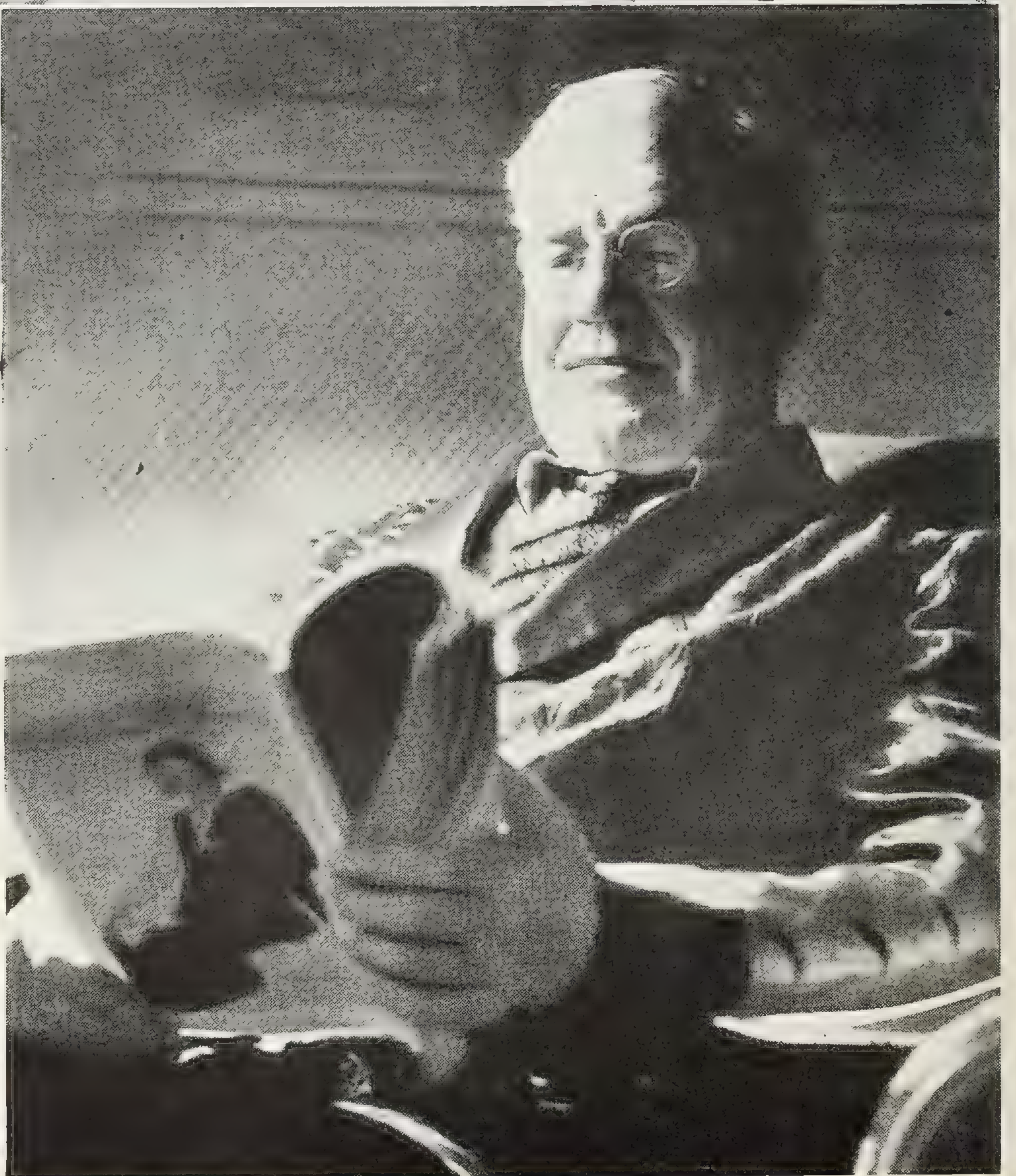


Photo by Wide World

Hashimura Togo writes a skenario with—

Sexy Peel



WALLACE IRWIN'S Japanese schoolboy plots an Oriental epic for Hollywood's sweetheart and loses some teeth

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Hon. Chas. Ruggles Mamie Yuma
Hon. Sari Maritza Japanese Policewoman
Hon. Dug Fairbanks [Obe
Hon. Marie Dressler Queen of Geishas
Hon. Walli Beer O-no-Yay, Infant Daughter
Miss Caramel Sweet Sen-Sen

To Editor Tower Pubs, who I admire because he are such a talented printer.

DEAREST SIR:

I GET quite a lot of nice delight from working in households where I can enjoy family fights without getting hurt, axept when dishes hit me axidentually. Sometime Miss Caramel Sweet emerge into Thinking Studio of Hon. Geo F. Ogre and behave just like an exploded wife. "Dolling," he corrode when she gets very extravaganza, "if you would act like that in front of Camera you would be worth 9\$ pr week, which are 8\$ more than you can get."

A few days of yore she blouned into that sacred office in a pink bathing suit and no more.

"Why you wear those ocean clothes when you come see me?" he ask to know.

"Because you are all wet," she dib franickly. "I tell you something, you species of boiled geese. If you do not give me an immense star part I shall retire like Clara Bow say she would."

"You can retire like Clara Bow," he narrate, "because you ain't got nothing to retire from."

Hot chaw! What a frenzy came out of her then! She picked up the carpet and broke it in 2.

"HOLLYWOOD," she holla, "are simply full of fame like lice. Then why don't I obtain some of it? You all time so busy making Ethel Barrymoor famus that you forget you got a treasure in yr home."

"Sweet hot," he manipulate, "I try you in all kinda parts. Swedish, Irish, Eskewmo, So. See Island—and what you do? You just flop like a fish."

"O!!!!!" she narrate. "I observe now your mean characteristick. With such a husband I have not got a Chinaman's chance."

At those loud words it was me that step (*Please turn to page 105*)

Illustrations by Herb Roth



herb
roth

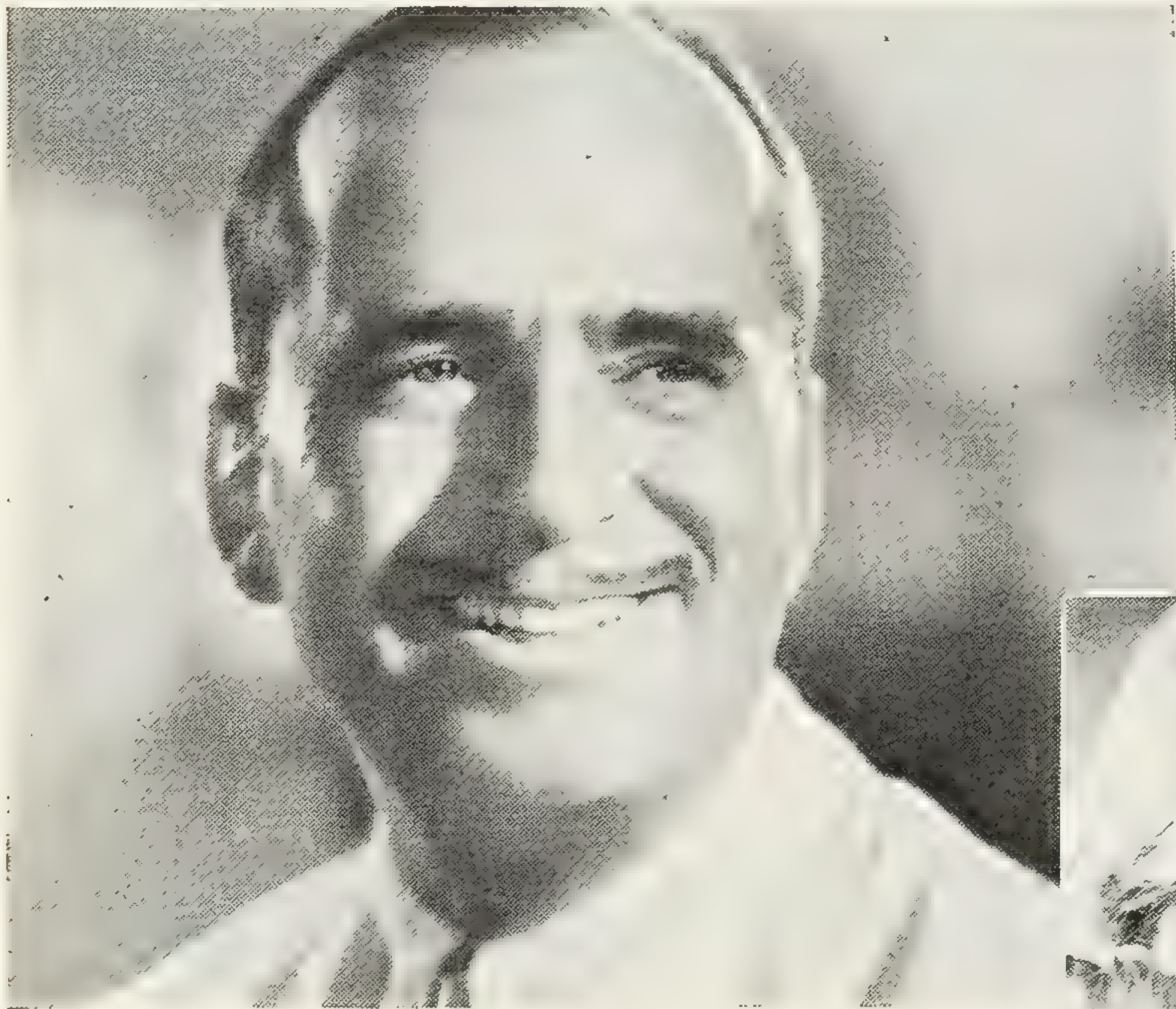




Photo by Robert Coburn

Constance Bennett (above) is an O type—a good worker and can concentrate, comfort and even dominate.

Douglas Fairbanks has the letter O as the first vowel in his name, the letter that means love, money and power.



Ruth Chatterton (right) is of the U-type, which is intuitive and usually artistic.

Buster Keaton (extreme right), another of the U-type. When this type sticks to its own decisions, it rises to splendid heights.



Photo by Otto Dyar

THE Strange

By EDNA PURDY WALSH

LOVE! Money! Fortune! Romance! The biggest words in Hollywood all have the letter O as the first vowel.

What is the reason why the greatest number of motion picture stars have leaped to fame with the letter O at the beginning of their first names—Joan Crawford, Norma Shearer, Douglas Fairbanks, Gloria Swanson, John Barrymore?

Like a special dispensation, the letter O in these names—and several hundred others in the star light—carries with it something of magic. It attracts success. Call it what you may—sound, number, numerology, or Kabbalism—it is, nevertheless, a fact that anyone can prove just by tabulating the names of the greatest number of screen successes.

Other big words in the motion picture field carry the magic O. Hollywood itself, Los Angeles, money, fortune, movies, romance, love, photoplay, gold and power. It is true, there are other great stars and other great words that do *not* contain the letter as the first vowel, but by far the greater number of outstanding, lasting, and well-loved stars are blessed with it.

See how prominent is the letter O even in such names as Clara Gordon Bow, Antonio Moreno, Ramon Novarro, Al Jolson. Though the first vowel is not the magic O, nevertheless it is prominent elsewhere.

THE science of name analysis claims that the first vowel of a person's name is an open door to his or her psychological type—the way he or she thinks and acts, the way he or she meets life and love.

If the first vowel of your name, for instance, is an A, you are known as an A-type. You want your own way. You are independent, active, positive, inspirational, inventive, ambitious, and often possessing courage of the pioneering sort. You like to take a new idea and get it over to others. If you are not living up to your talents, then you may become

MAGIC

of A NAME

arrogant or narrow in your ambitions. But the majority of *A* people are generous, with wonderful motives for the things they do.

IF the first vowel of your name is an *E*, you like new experiences, novelty, experiment, and your personality interests others because you do things your own way, never copying anyone else. You love travel and you like to get to the bottom of a mystery, whether it burns your fingers or not. Such screen personalities as Lewis Stone, Reginald Denny, Edna May Oliver, Edward Everett Horton, Helen Kane, Ernest Torrence, Eric von Stroheim, Fredric March, Thelma Todd, show this tendency towards original personality.

E-types are critical, and they change their opinions rapidly because they see so many sides. They have a broad-mindedness and freedom of expression that intrigues their friends. They never bore. They are not easily influenced. There is a strange peculiarity about an *E* person. If he likes a person whose first name begins with *A*, then the *A* person can almost hypnotize the *E* person into doing whatever the *A* person wishes.

E people are ready and capable in emergencies, but often fretful over smaller things. They are much interested in human nature, and they like to experiment with it.

IF your first vowel is *O*, you have also many good qualities whose words themselves also begin with *O* as the first vowel. For instance, you are usually a *good worker*. You have *noble, strong* characteristics, with *home-making* interests. You can *concentrate, comfort* and also *dominate*. At times you are interested in *gossip*. You can also be *obstinate*. You can shoulder responsibility, and for this reason you can go far. You have *power to hold* to what you gain, and an ability to absorb *knowledge*, and to use it later in assembled form.

People with many *O*'s in their name often rise to wonderful heights—Thomas Woodrow Wilson, Thomas Jefferson, Theodore Roosevelt, Herbert Hoover, and George Washington, for example.

IF your first vowel is *U*, you are intuitive and usually artistic, but you have the misfortune of having things slip away from you unless you put aside the things of your own interests only. The *U*-type has a difficult time in making decisions, and in their anxiety to jump down only on the winning side he often loses. When the *U*-type comes out of himself, and sticks to his own decisions, he can rise to splendid heights, as witnessed by such people as Ruth Chatterton, Tully Marshall, Rudy Vallee, Buster Keaton, and Lupe Velez.

When the first vowel is the letter *I*, its owner is sensitive, often proud, and (*Please turn to page 84*)



Photo by Ernest A. Bachrach

If you believe in the mysterious effect of letters upon your personality, don't fail to read this



Edna May Oliver (at the top) classified as an *E*-type. These people are critical, like novelty, experiment, and are never boring.

Fredric March (above) is of the *E*-type, broad-minded, free of expression, democratic.

HER IDEAL



WHAT DO YOU THINK?

By **FRANCES DEE**

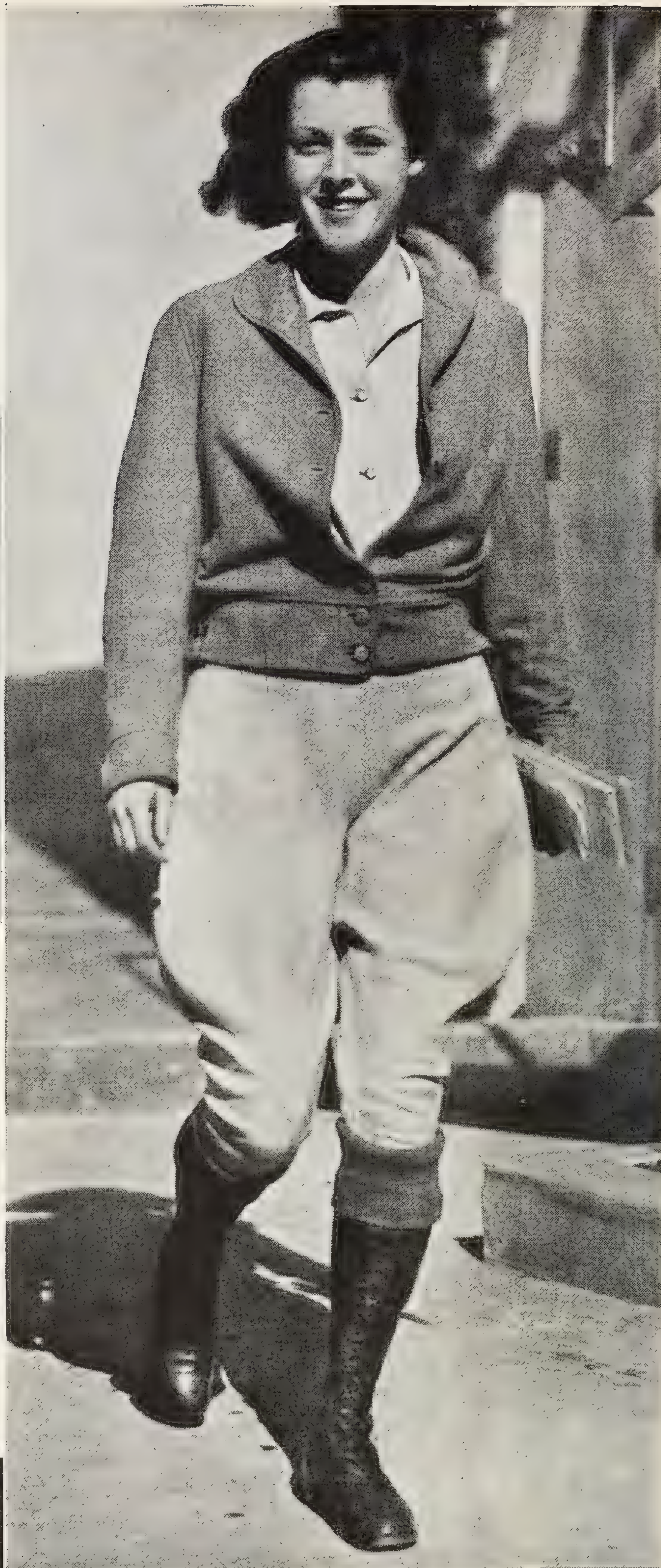
My ideal is a contradiction. He is a keen reader, an athlete, an energetic, successful business man—and a dreamer. Is there such a person? So far I've not found him.

He must be a business man, but he must also be interested in writing, music or art. And be sympathetic with my work. And one who will take me to a concert or the opera, gladly.

Perhaps, in the flesh, Noel Coward and Alfred Lunt come nearer to my ideal than any persons I have ever seen. But I have never met either one of them.

He should be dark—though what has physical appearance to do with love? I like dark blue eyes better than brown eyes.

He's spiritual, and at the same time worldly, courteous and with a sense of humor.



Photos by Wide World

(Above) Frances Dee, photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine. And Noel Coward, actor, playwright, producer (above, left) and (left) Alfred Lunt, the actor, who represent the two types Miss Dee says come closest to her ideal.

HIS IDEAL

★

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

By **DAVID MANNERS**

I know exactly the kind of girl I want to marry. She must have the heart of a pioneer, must be willing to go places and do things, must not be bound down by a sense of clothes and conventions. Willing to go to any corner of the earth. . . . Because that part of the marriage ceremony that says "For better or for worse," means that.

I want a girl strong both mentally and physically, but still feminine, interested in sports but not an athlete. . . . As to type, I want a blonde with a brunette personality! Blondes aren't necessarily flighty, but the brunette type is—or so I think—more loyal and deeper thinking. I like a girl with dark eyes, almost black.

I met My Ideal once at a party at Pickfair. I was so frightened—I felt so humble—that I couldn't speak to her. I avoided her all evening. I should like to marry a girl just like her. . . . She was Amelia Earhart.



Photos by Wide World

(Above) Adrienne Ames and David Manners on their way to the games at Hollywood Bowl, and (at the left) David's ideal girl, Amelia Earhart. He tells frankly just why he thinks so, and what made him form this opinion.

New Pictures

YOU SHOULD SEE—AND WHY



THE CRISIS IS PAST AND THE PATIENT'S FEELING SWELL!

MOTION pictures had to grow up. At times they had to grow three or four years in a year.

And so, with things happening recently that wouldn't be believable in a dime novel, the motion picture business sat right down and thought. Then it got right up again, threw off its cut-away coat and gardenia, slipped on some overalls and went to work on the biggest job that show business ever tackled.

It—the job—is only a few weeks' old and the result is still some time away, but there isn't one of us interested in the problem that doesn't know, from the tip of his head to the soles of his feet, that the motion picture business has done heroic work; that at a time when entertainment was needed as it may never be needed again, the movie industry gave it; that when retrenchment was the theme song of the nation it had the courage to place its few remaining dollars on the line and gamble that the American public might laugh while the worst was happening.

You and I—you because the job's being done for you, I, because I'm just remotely connected with the business—can sit back and be proud of ourselves. The movies have crawled out of their miasma of in-

Doris Lloyd, Viva Tattersall, Lionel Barrymore and Douglas Walton in M-G-M's "Looking Forward."

decision, distrust, prejudice and scandal and have won for themselves justification and achievement that should be excuse enough for the next ten boners they pull.

They go to the four corners of the world, these black and white strips of celluloid we make, and it must be good to feel that when the rest of the world thought it was laughing at us, we still manufactured their laughs for them, and gave them better than we'd made before—and the laughs weren't on us.

And so, when I try to pick the best shows for you this month, I'm tempted to say, "See them all. They've got it coming to them!"

LOOKING FORWARD—(M-G-M.)
—You may have your "Grand Hotels," "State Fairs" and "42nd Streets," but for sheer, unadulterated dramatic talent, for rare brilliancy of acting and for cumulative dramatic effect, you can give me "Looking Forward." While lacking some of the obvious attention-getting publicity value of the "Grand Hotel" cast, this one has it over "Grand Hotel" like a tent.

And this is in no way disparaging to the stars of "Grand Hotel." This was a collection of stars in a story and "Looking Forward" is the reverse.

Lionel Barrymore is superb. There is nothing more to say. Of the rest it is only fair to explain that one is as good as another. They play their rôles as if inspired and the result is something that will haunt your memory for months to come. For this is a picture to be seen and remembered.

Lewis Stone, Colin Clive, of "Journey's End" and "Christopher Strong," Benita Hume, Phillips Holmes, Doris Lloyd, C. Aubrey Smith, Halliwell Hobbes, Alec B. Francis and Elizabeth Allen worked for director Clarence Brown as few casts have ever worked. In their hands what could have been a dull, heavy story becomes, to your reviewer at least, a thing of inspiration and wonder.

There will be dissenting notes. Any show that tells (possibly it should be "dares to tell") any kind of story that goes a little off the beaten track will find enemies as well as friends. But if there is any justice in the movie theaters, there should be applause and appreciation for "Looking Forward" and a softer, warmer spot in your hearts for those who made it.

I COVER THE WATERFRONT—
(United Artists)—Max Miller, a San Francisco newspaperman, wrote

THIS MONTH

The Best Bets Seem To Be

LOOKING FORWARD

—because an inspired cast set out to make history with a good story. And this they succeeded in doing.

I COVER THE WATERFRONT

—rip-snorting melodrama . . . good cast . . . and good show.

AND THESE ARE ALL WORTH SEEING:

OLIVER TWIST

—an excellent version of the Dickens masterpiece.

PEG O' MY HEART

—a well-produced copy of an old favorite.

THE BEER BARON

—a tough story with a new slant on things.

THE SILVER CORD

—Irene Dunne and Joel McCrea in a powerful story by Sidney Howard.

I LOVED YOU WEDNESDAY

—a snappy semi-musical.

MAIDEN CRUISE

—another of the same brand. The story here is genuinely funny.

INDIA SPEAKS

—an inspired adventure through the byways of India.

VOLTAIRE

—a treat for everyone, especially the George Arliss fans.

ADORABLE

—a snappy show with Janet Gaynor looking just as she used to.

FELLOW PRISONERS

—Leslie Howard and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in a story by Philip Gibbs.



Jean Hersholt, Charles Bickford, George Meeker, Richard Arlen and Louise Dresser in "The Beer Baron."

a story a year ago that proved to be a best-seller. United Artists purchased the picture rights and this time a good picture has been made from a good story. There is one little thing you should know, however, and that is it isn't the same story. Your reviewer begins to wonder why picture companies buy stories, though, to be truthful, this one isn't changed as badly as most.

Those who read the story will be surprised to note that a prison ship has been added to the already remarkable list of effects but, in the eyes of this onlooker, Claudette Colbert is worth more than all the rest.

James ("Covered Wagon") Cruze directed and David Torrence, one of his old pals from "The Covered Wagon" does himself proud in one of the leading rôles. Ben Lyon "Covers the Waterfront" and is like-

able and believable, which is more than most movie newspaper men seem to be. Purnell Pratt and Maurice Black shine in smaller spots.

While "I Cover the Waterfront" comes a little too late to be as effective as it might have been, it is still powerful drama, interesting from beginning to end and suitable to any and all who like a fast-moving movie.

OLIVER TWIST — (Monogram) — One of the lesser-known movie companies has done something it can be proud of in "Oliver Twist." Several major companies have been considering the production of this greatest of the Dickens' stories but it was left undone until Monogram gave it to Herbert Brenon.

Mr. Brenon, who among all directors is second to none in a story that calls for simple understanding and rich, almost hokey romance, cast little Dickie Moore in the rôle that Jackie Coogan made famous. And do you remember Jackie Searle as the "Artful Dodger"?

The story was left pretty much as you remember it. Fagin is still Fagin, Bill Sykes is still the Bill of old, Nancy and the Artful Dodger have not changed through the years. Those who have read "Oliver Twist" will need no more encouragement. So, too, will those enjoy it who meet these life-like characters of Charles Dickens for the first time. Kid pictures came this year and silently stole away again. They would not

ALL THE LATEST NEWS AND VIEWS OF FORTHCOMING FILMS

News and Views of the Forthcoming films



Claudette Colbert and Ben Lyon in "I Cover the Waterfront." This scene takes place in the torture chamber of the old prison ship.

have done so poorly had there been a few more stories like "Oliver Twist."

THE BEER BARON—(Paramount)

—Charles Rogers, one of Hollywood's sharpshooters, looks as if he'll have the distinction of producing the first of the beer cycle pictures. Though there are several similar shows in work and M-G-M has already released the comedy "What, No Beer?" this will probably be the first serious picture touching on the beer question. As usual, Mr. Rogers has a good story.

Charles Bickford is the Beer Baron and is slightly remindful of several well-known gentlemen who make the headlines regularly. Richard Arlen and Mary Brian share the love interest with Jean Hersholt and George E. Stone grabbing a large share of the applause.

The story is brisk and snappy, with a couple of surprises that add plenty. The theme is up-to-the-minute and you will see what may turn out to be the beginning of a new Hollywood slant on the underworld. Bickford is his usual self but the story gives him a better break than he has had of late. You'll like him better than in his last rôle or so.

Don't let the fact that this picture has a gangster angle scare you away. It's similar perhaps, but there is plenty of new stuff in "The Beer Baron" to satisfy anyone who isn't asking too much.

They used two directors on this show in order to get it finished quickly but if you can see where one started and the other finished, you're smarter than your reviewer.

PEG O' MY HEART—(M-G-M)—

Another remake of a grand old show—and your reviewer's personal attitude toward remakes remains unchanged. In 1923, I think it was, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer made "Peg O'

My Heart" and though your reviewer did not see the picture, it was a success both from the public's point of view and from that of the producer. It was probably a swell story then, as indeed it still is, but something has gone from it. Perhaps it's that we know what's going to happen. And in this day and age we want to be surprised.

M-G-M have given "Peg O' My Heart" everything in the line of production that could possibly be given. And Marion Davies looks younger and lovelier than she did in "When Knighthood was in Flower." That, in itself, makes the picture worth going to see.

J. Farrell MacDonald is gruff and lovable and deserves a bouquet; Onslow Stevens is your reviewer's favorite heavy; and Juliette Compton deserves notice.

THE SILVER CORD—(Radio)—

Radio Pictures seem to be doing right by Irene Dunne at last. In spite of the fact that Miss Dunne has proved herself to be as accomplished an actress as there is in Hollywood she has failed to make the outstanding pictures that her talent would seem to allow. M-G-M didn't do an awful lot better with "Madame Blanche" and though these bad stories haven't managed to prevent Irene from becoming as well liked as anyone in Hollywood, a few more like "Back Street" and "The Silver Cord" would help her a lot.

And, at that, "The Silver Cord" may not be what you really want to see Irene Dunne doing. The story, by Sidney Howard, concerns a mother who cannot divorce herself from the life of her son, and who will not give his wife a chance of happiness. Granted that it gives Irene Dunne, as the wife, her best break since "Cimarron," insofar as excellent lines and scenes are concerned, it still

doesn't make up for the times that the lovely Dunne features have been covered with gray grease paint.

She'll tear your heart out and emotionally give you one of the treats of the year.

Joel McCrea, Frances Dee, Eric Linden and Laura Hope Crews support Miss Dunne and Irene looks lovelier than ever. I think that she is arranging her hair differently but in any case, the result is swell.

A picture for the Dunne fans . . . those who like to think about their entertainment. Frances Dee is better than she has been before.

MAIDEN CRUISE—(Radio)—

This is your reviewer's idea of what future motion picture comedies should resemble. While "Maiden Cruise" can't be held up as a model comedy it is still faster, peppier, funnier and newer than anything that has left Hollywood of late.

While it includes plenty of music and dancing, it has a real story that would stand on its merits without the aid of the musical background. On a stage it is possible to get by on good gags, the personality of the comedians and snappy music. Some good New York successes have less. But for a screen show of this type a good idea is an absolute necessity.

This is a good story. It would spoil it for you if details were given, but the idea concerns Mr. Phil Harris who follows his sweetheart all around the world in a vain attempt to marry her and then finds out that he doesn't want her. Meanwhile, he and his friend, Charlie Ruggles find all their smart little ideas bouncing back at them in merry style.

Most of the action takes place on a voyage from Hong Kong to San Francisco and you can take your reviewer's word for the fact that this is as good an evening's fun as you will find this summer. Chic Chandler, June Brewster and Helen Mack also add lots to the fun. Director Mark Sandrich, who made that excellent short feature, "So This Is Harris," deserves most of the credit for the picture.

FIVE CENTS A GLASS—(Fox)—

Another chapter in the Beer story. Frank Craven, who through the years has garnered for himself an enviable reputation as Broadway's favorite whimsical humorist, took himself into a corner with Sam Mintz and came out of the huddle with a hybrid kind of yarn that wouldn't be anything if it weren't for the fact that Mr. Craven also directs the piece and manages to inject a sly kind of homey humor that makes you want to laugh whenever you get the chance. You have plenty of chances.

Joe Cawthorne has the best scenes, in the opinion of your reviewer, though Marian Nixon, with her personal troubles off her mind at last, seems gayer and brighter than she has been in her last few pictures.

The National Digest of the Best Talking Pictures

Buddy Rogers, who could have remained a greater star had he been smarter in the old days, is opposite Miss Nixon and Mr. Craven's direction returns to him some of the charm he had in the day of "Close Harmony." Remember?

While beer doesn't have anything much to do with the story there are two or three scenes that made your reviewer thirsty. It looks very swell-elegant.

The whole family can trot along to see "Five Cents a Glass" and can get a few laughs without their consciences troubling them.

I LOVED YOU WEDNESDAY—
(Fox)—Warner Baxter will be qualified to handle anybody's musical comedy very soon. First he hounded little chorines for their own good in "42nd Street" and now he turns up in "I Loved You Wednesday," a snappy semi-musical with good tunes and dances by Sammy Lee that are startling and original. The story isn't very new but Elissa Landi, who a few weeks ago was fed to the lions in "Sign of the Cross," gives the show a romantic note that helps.

I think you'll like this show. It isn't awfully clever, it isn't very pretentious nor is it something that you'll remember for very long, but it does
(Please turn to page 112)

(Right) Marion Davies and Onslow Stevens in "Peg O' My Heart."

(Below) Eric Linden, Frances Dee, Laura Hope Crews, Irene Dunne and Joel McCrea in "The Silver Cord."



HOLLYWOOD MAKES UP

New stars bring new make-up methods and change the styles in eyebrows and lips

By ANNE BOYD

EYEBROWS are coming down!

Lips are shrinking!

Newcomers to Hollywood have brought their own make-up methods with them and the result is that even Joan Crawford has cut down the size of that lower lip—and the upper one, too.

The new cupid's bow is really a cupid's bow besides having less startling proportions than formerly. Witness Dorothy Appleby, who leaves the edge of her lower lip unrouged. And Diana Wynyard whose mouth is rouged with rather sharp peaks at the center instead of the wide rolling curves that were the thing a few months ago.

The secret in getting these new more feminine, more natural lip lines is to rouge very carefully and smoothly so that there are no jagged edges of color on the skin and to rouge the arches of the upper lip distinctly, then take a fold of tissue and draw it down the center of the upper lip to remove rouge.

Eyebrows are an even more important feature in the new make-up styles. They are placed definitely lower than last year with a wider variety of shapes and lines. A length of lid between eye and brow undoubtedly adds beauty to the eyes. But it can be overdone and then gives a startled look to a face on which it doesn't put a sneer.

Julie Haydon's eyebrows start low over the inside corners of her eyes and curve up and out. You can get this effect by plucking hairs above the center line of your eyebrows near the nose and below the line at the outer ends, pruning any straggling hairs as well.

Dorothy Appleby's eyebrows are almost straight. For this effect take out only the stragglers near the nose plucking to a fine line from the center on.

Diana Wynyard's eyebrows are plucked slightly, to a natural line, one that suits the construction of her face. If you want to be certain of getting a natural line that will suit your own face best, take an eyebrow pencil and follow the bone line that marks the upper edge of the eye socket. This will give you the type of curve that should look best on your face. You may choose to raise the line a little but your best natural effect will be achieved if you don't change the angle of the curve.

At any rate pencil out the line you want as a guide when plucking your eyebrows, taking out only those hairs that fall outside the line.

Back to nature for movie eyebrows and lips. Here are three movie newcomers who haven't the Garbo high brow nor the Crawford low lip. At top, Julie Haydon, who thins her eyebrows to a gentle curve. Center, Dorothy Appleby, whose eyebrows are fairly straight and whose mouth is rouged a little less than it might be instead of more. Below, Diana Wynyard, the English beauty, part of whose charm lies in eyebrow and mouth lines that are individual.



Glenda Farrell, Jack Durant, Miss Farrell's father and her son, Tommy—a family group on the beach at Malibu.

GLENDAA

AND THE

Boy friend



GLENDAA FARRELL, the latest blonde thrill to hit Hollywood, is comparatively new to the screen. A zestful personality of the legitimate stage, Warner Brothers recruited her to play the resentful night club hostess in "Life Begins." She gave such a good performance they signed her up—now it looks like stardom ahead.

The glamorous Glenda is experiencing "the goldfish sensation" as Larry Tibbett called his first taste of Hollywood fame—when every move, every affair, love or otherwise, is bared to an inquisitive public.

She was pacing the floor of her attractive quarters, high up in an ultra-modern apartment house, like a tawny tigress when I happened in—just in time to act as a safety valve.

"IT'S positively sickening," stormed Glenda. "What if he were an acrobat—what does that matter? He and Mitchell are a big hit in Carroll's 'Vanities'—but somehow that acrobat business sticks."

She was speaking of her best friend—"boy friend," Hollywood dubs him, but as Glenda explains, a best friend is much more permanent than a boy friend.

Jack Durant happened to be playing in "Hit the Deck" in San Francisco when Glenda was a guest star at the Alcazar Theater. They met, liked each other and a genuine friendship started. He had a way of cheering her up in her moody moments—she admits she has them—and how! But Jack always seemed to understand.

Friends, outside the profession, had a way of twitting her because she would turn down all kinds of gay parties to go to a midnight movie with Jack. Afterwards they would raid a delicatessen, ask a few mutual friends to join them, and stage a supper party

The sensational Miss Farrell amidst the clatter of Hollywood tongues. By IVY CRANE WILSON

in her apartment. Jack was always the kingpin of the party. But he never drank—just wise-cracked and talked shop, at the same time letting Glenda know she was the only girl he really cared about.

The friendship went on in spite of theatrical journeyings in opposite directions.

Glenda is the kind of girl men like to show off. She has a luscious golden beauty and an ultra-feminine allure, but she objects to being a pretty monkey-on-a-stick for the benefit of some vain male. Night clubs bore her unless they have an extraordinary floor show. Drinking until the wee sma' hours in some stuffy speakeasy is not on her cards. That's one reason why she likes Jack. He would rather take her for a ride to the beach, or a midnight movie or, when the desire to dance seized (*Please turn to page 83*)



Photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine by Wide World

Let's Celebrate!

HERE I am, going to a Chinese beauty's house with another Chinese beauty, to meet those three brand-new-to-Hollywood English actresses!" I exclaimed to Anna May Wong, who had called for me to take me to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lachman, Mrs. Lachman being Quan Ti, a concert singer, in professional life. They were giving a party in honor of Lilian Harvey, Elizabeth Allen and Betty Balfour.

Lilian is piquant, Betty is vivacious, and Elizabeth is demure.

"But who says English women don't know how to dress!" I said to myself as I looked at the three, after I had been presented.

Lilian wore a white crepe, with small jacket-girdle of

embroidery made of the tiniest beads, hand-made, in many colors, an adaptation of Balkan costuming. The plain skirt had a little fullness.

"And how many Viennese girls' eyes were worn out, making that girdle!" sympathized Lilian.

Elizabeth Allen wore a princess gown of pale blue and silver brocade, wonderfully becoming, while Betty Balfour's dress made princess, was of black velvet, with rhinestone ornaments.

"English women," Anna May Wong said to me, as if in answer to my thought, "dress much better than they did before the war. They have gone out into the world and earned their own money, for one thing. And being independent has made them more demanding. Besides, there is more travel, and many

HOW HOLLYWOOD ENTERTAINS

**You're invited to some parties with
Grace Kingsley, The New Movie
Magazine's society reporter.**



The Lachmans gave a huge party for Lilian Harvey, Elizabeth Allen and Betty Balfour. Top row, from left to right: Al Rocket, George Bagnall and his wife, Vivian Tobin, Genevieve Tobin, Captain Reginald Berkely, Ivan Lebedeff, Mrs. Eric von Stroheim, William O'Bryen, Hale Hamilton, Frank Morgan, Mrs. Harry Lachman, Mrs. Jean Hersholt. Center row, from left to right: June Collyer, Anna May Wong, Betty Balfour, Mrs. Frank Morgan, Mrs. Al. Rockett, Lilian Harvey and Adrian, the fashion designer. Bottom row, from left to right: Emily Fitzroy, Grace LaRue, Mrs. George Wasson, Jr., Mrs. Chester Morris, Stuart Erwin, Elizabeth Allen, Chester Morris and Harry Lachman.

of them buy most of their clothes in Paris."

Our hostess and Anna May, by the way, have done that difficult thing, adapted Occidental styles so thoroughly to their Oriental types that frequently they are the best dressed women at Hollywood parties.

Mrs. Lachman wore a white crepe peau d'ange dress, with coral balls at the neck. I took them at first to be beads but on closer view I realized they

were actually made of satin. She wore a coral belt. Anna May wore a flesh-colored satin, with train, and a fur-trimmed, three-quarter length jacket. She looked really regal.

I chatted with Lilian Harvey, who said she keeps her figure flexible and trim by practising on the tight rope.

"It keeps you in poise and exercises every muscle in the body more thoroughly than any exercise I have ever taken," she explained.

Lilian was childishly delighted with her bungalow at the studio.

"Why, the wall paper has human figures dressed in the period of 'Congress Dances,'" she explained. "The bungalow has four rooms. One side of each is made up of a huge mirror, while the pictures are framed in mirrors. And the drape-fastenings at the windows are tiny mirrors. In Germany, you know, we have nothing like that. We have only little dressing rooms, very plain."

Miss Harvey says she knows Dorothea Wieck, German actress, who played the school-teacher in "Maedchen in Uniform," very well, and that one of her outstanding characteristics is a huge sense of humor. Miss Wieck, you remember, has recently arrived in this country to join Paramount.

Lilian never takes a drink, even of wine, nor does she smoke.

"I need my wits for my work," she said.

BETTY BALFOUR is very amusing. She told us of the adventures of herself and her husband, James Campbell, the composer, who is over here working in the studios, on their various airplane trips in this country.

"Some of the airplanes were palaces," she said, "but one that we took to fly from Miami to South Carolina, seemed to be held together largely with strings! We saw oil dripping on the wings and were petrified, but the pilot was unconcerned. He said he was just getting rid of the surplus oil."

She said that she never had had any sweetheart except her husband, and had grown so lonely for him that she couldn't stand it any longer, so had taken the trip over here to see him, though she had to go right back.

Miss Balfour, you know, was called the Mary Pickford of England, but she doesn't like it a bit. However, she is lively and amusing like Mary, and she looks not unlike her, though fairer.

Corinthian Bagatelle seemed to amuse the guests. It is a game popular in London at present, so the English guests were adept at it. And yet Chester Morris, who plays puff billiards, which is something like this game, beat everyone.

ELIZABETH ALLEN was completely surrounded by admiring males, most of the time, so we didn't get much of a chance to talk. She is eager, she says, to see all of California, especially Yosemite.

Dinner was served at long tables, and was, contrary to the usual Hollywood custom when the party is large, a "sit-down" affair. About twenty-five persons were served at each table, and an especially pleasing dish, preceding the squabs and wild rice, was the lobster, served *au gratin* in the shell.

After dinner Chester Morris sat down at the piano and started everybody singing the old popular songs. Frank Morgan sang with special gusto, then came Spencer Tracy and his wife joined in, too, also Stu Erwin and June Collyer. (Please turn to page 114)

MUSIC in the MOVIES

WARING'S Pennsylvanians, always sure of giving us an entertaining record, have not fooled us this time. "I'm Young and Healthy" from the talkie, "Forty-Second Street," is a peach of a tune, and the boys in the band certainly go to work on it. For consistent work, these fellows surely deserve the palm. Fred Waring sings the vocal chorus. The other side is a tune from the same show and this time it's called, "You're Getting to be a Habit with Me." This is played to a little slower tempo and makes an agreeable contrast. (This is a Victor record.)

ART KASSELL and his Kassels in the Air are next on the list. No doubt you are familiar with this band through its radio work. Art and the boys play "Moon Song" from Kate Smith's film, "Hello Everybody," and this seems to be the hit of the show. I think you'll like Art's arrangement and style, and I know that you'll like the vocal chorus.

Art plays the other side also. This is from the same picture. "Twenty Million People" is the title and it has a different swing to it. I think you'll like it. (This is a Columbia record.)

HERE'S Al (Mammy) Jolson, the old tear-jerker, and he gives us a couple of numbers from his latest film effort. The first seems to be the theme song, "Hallelujah, I'm a Bum" (*Please turn to page 93*)

Right: Thelma Todd as Lady Pamela in the Hal Roach-M-G-M picturization of the comic opera, "Fra Diavolo."

Below: Wheeler and Woolsey, in their new RKO comedy, as peace conference delegates in gay Paree.

THE MONTH'S BIGGEST HITS

"I'M YOUNG AND HEALTHY," fox trot—played by Waring's Pennsylvanians. (Victor)

"MOON SONG," fox trot—played by Art Kassel and his Kassels in the Air. (Columbia)

"HALLELUJAH I'M A BUM," vocal—sung by Al Jolson. (Brunswick)

"MAHOGANY HALL STOMP," fox trot—played by Louis Armstrong and his Orchestra. (Victor)



What's new in
melody on the
screen and on
the records

By
**JOHN
EDGAR
WEIR**

DANCING ON GLASS



ILLUSION:

In India, the fakirs present a spectacle to tourists. Two lovely performers appear, throw jagged pieces of glass into a box already filled with broken glass. They step *barefooted* into the box and do an Oriental dance—uninjured.

EXPLANATION:

Before appearing the performers toughen their feet in a solution of alum water and rub them with pulverized resin. They throw the sharp glass around the *edges* of the platform. The glass on which they actually do dance has the edges rounded off. They just *pretend* to dance on the *sharp* glass.

SOURCE: "Magic Stage Illusions and Scientific Diversions" by Albert A. Hopkins, Munn & Co., New York.



KEPT FRESH IN THE
WELDED HUMIDOR PACK

IT'S FUN TO BE FOOLED ...IT'S MORE FUN TO KNOW

One of the tricks of cigarette advertising is to pretend that "Heat Treatment" is an exclusive process, making one cigarette better than any other.

EXPLANATION: All cigarette manufacturers use heat treatment. The first Camel cigarette ever made, and every one of the billions of Camels produced since, has received the necessary

heat treatment. Harsh, raw tobaccos require *intensive* processing under high temperatures. The more expensive tobaccos, which are naturally mild, call for only a moderate application of heat.

It is a fact, well known by leaf tobacco experts, that Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand.

Try Camels. Judge them critically. Compare them with others for mildness, for throat-ease, for good taste. They'll win you!

NO TRICKS
—JUST COSTLIER
TOBACCOS

IN A MATCHLESS BLEND

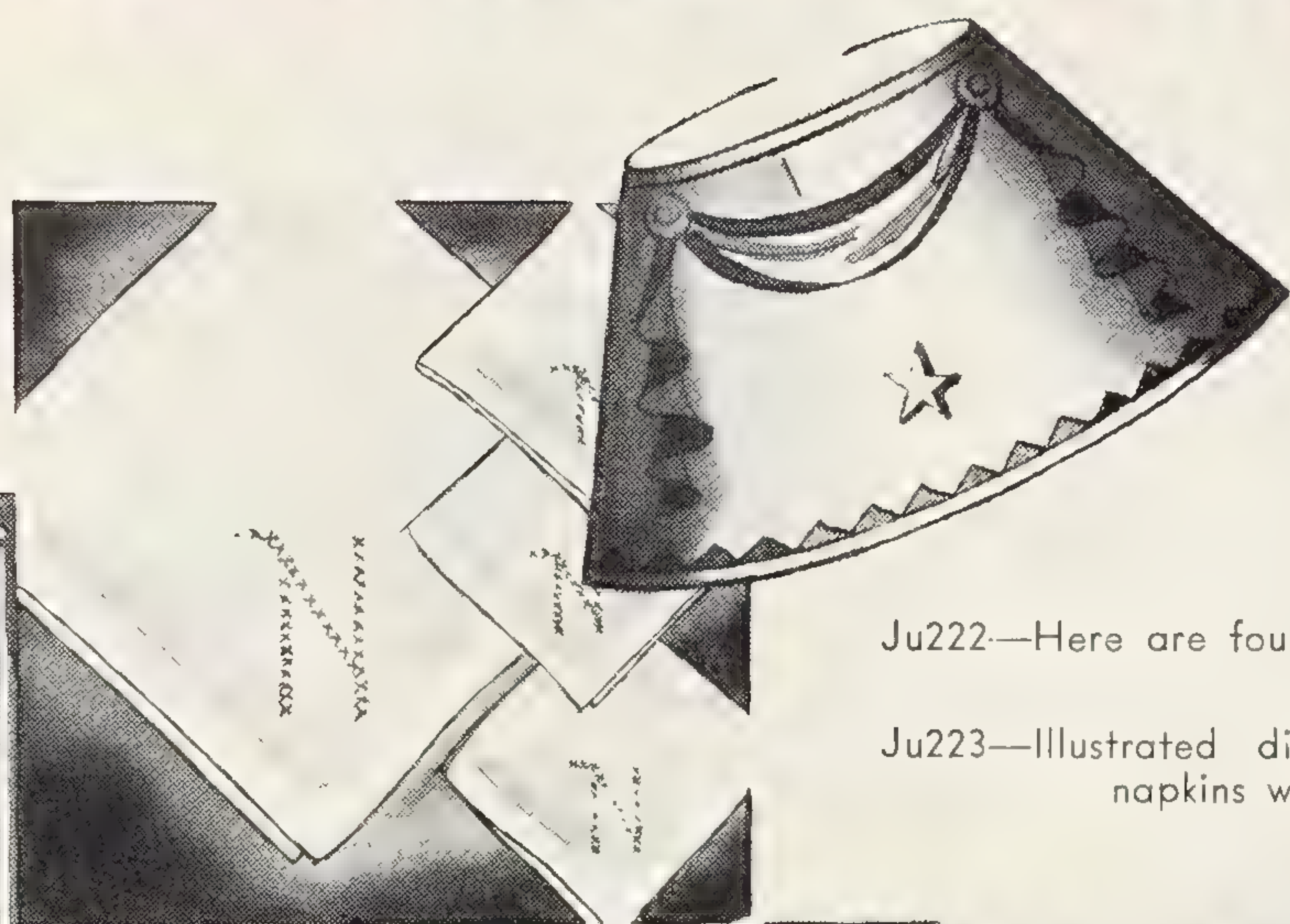


Copyright, 1933, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

For Your Home in Summer

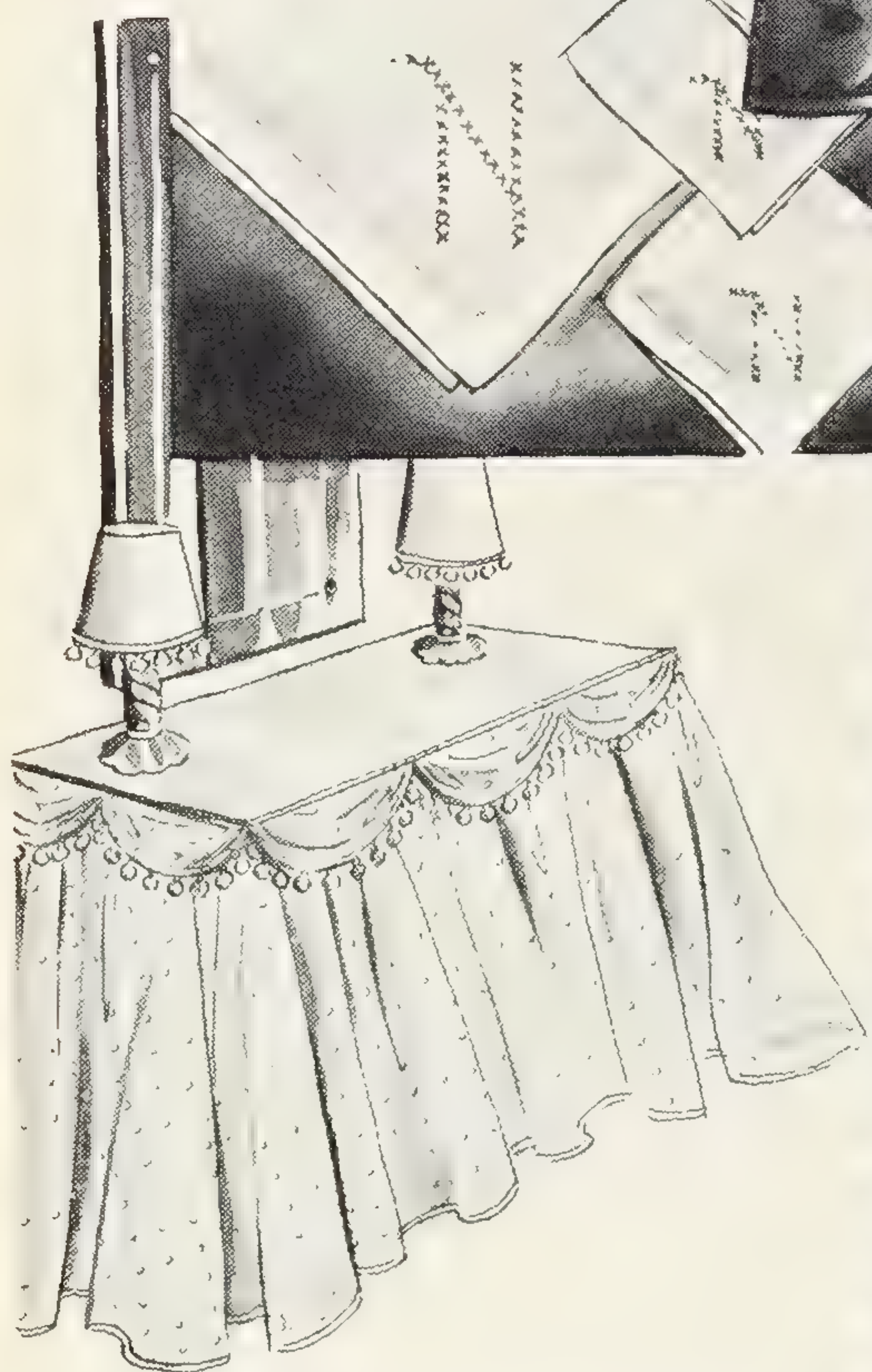
Make these accessories with the aid of our New Method Circulars

By FRANCES COWLES



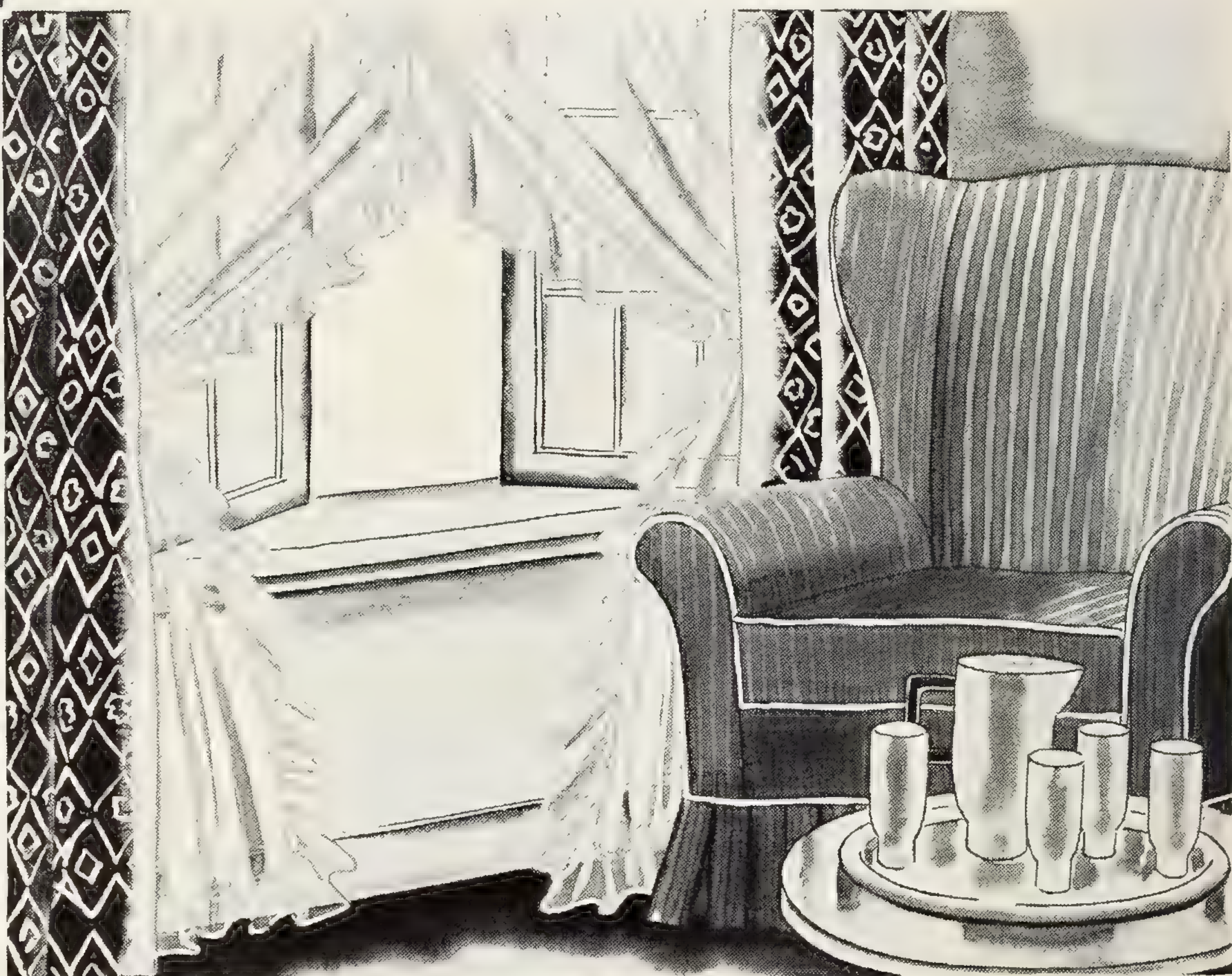
Ju222—Here are four stencil designs for either paper or parchment lamps.

Ju223—Illustrated directions for four warm weather table covers and napkins with simple initials are given in this circular.



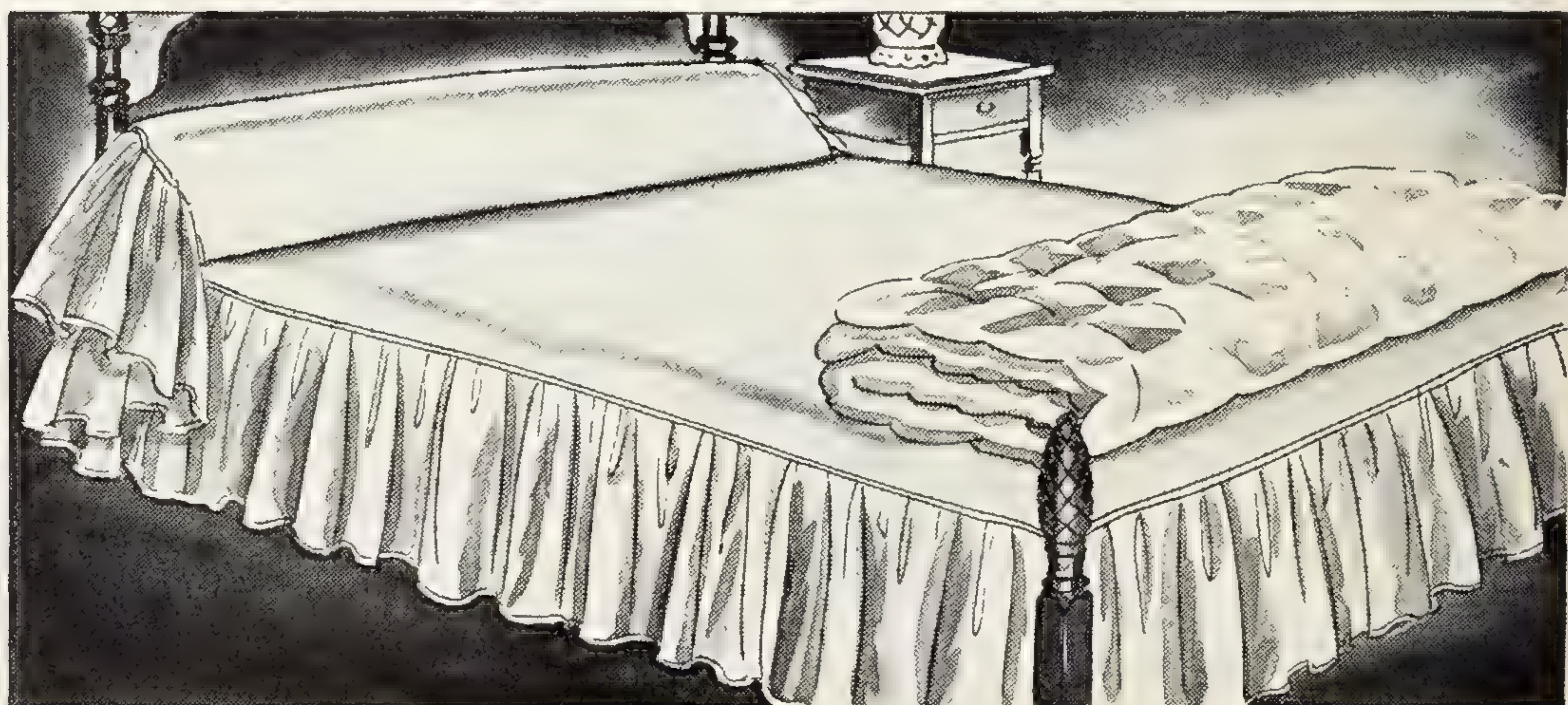
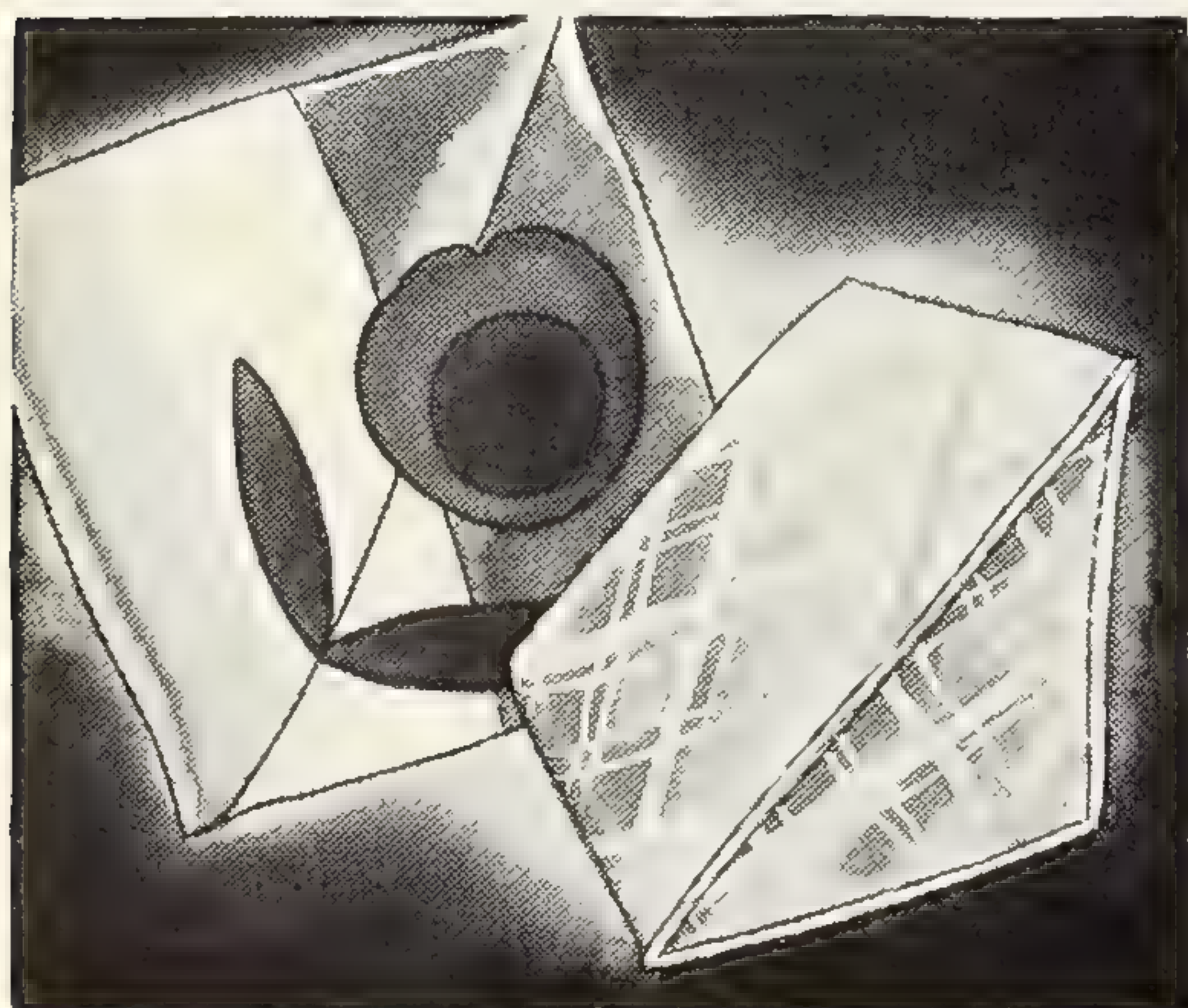
Ju224—Make the dotted swiss dressing table drape shown above with the aid of this circular.

Turn to page 79 for directions for obtaining the diagram patterns described here.



Ju226—Linen or cotton slip covers for your upholstered chairs make your rooms seem cooler, and they protect the upholstery material from wear and dust during summer. You'll have no difficulty making attractive covers for your own chairs from diagrams and directions contained in this circular.

Ju225—Include washable covers for your sofa cushions and the new triangle porch cushion in your summer equipment.



Ju227—Spreads to give your beds a summery appearance are easy and inexpensive to make. Here are directions for four different kinds.

You're Invited . . .

—to a picnic on the beach with Bob Armstrong
—and chili con carne, baked ham and all the fixings

A PICNIC lunch in front of his own beach house—and between swims—appeals to Robert Armstrong. When friends drop in unexpectedly they always find Bob prepared for them. On the back of the kitchen stove is a big kettle of chili con carne and Chloe, the big black mammy who looks after Bob, always has one of her famous Virginia baked hams on hand. The way she prepares her ham sounds simple enough but the way it tastes is something entirely different. Here is her recipe which we were fortunate in obtaining from Bob:

- 1 eight to ten-pound ham
- 1 cup sifted bread crumbs
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1 cup pineapple juice
- Whole cloves

Scrub ham well, removing any dark portions, and soak in cold water over night. Drain, cover with cold water and bring to boiling point. Then turn down heat and simmer twenty minutes to the pound. Let cool in liquid. When cool remove outside skin; rub surface well with brown sugar and bread crumbs and stick cloves in one inch apart. Put in baking pan with a little of the pineapple juice and bake in slow oven (355 degrees F.) for one hour. Baste frequently with

pineapple juice, adding more juice to the pan as it disappears.

If you follow these directions, Bob and all of his friends swear you will say it is the best baked ham you ever tasted. Eating it on the beach adds to its flavor.

"No matter how hot the weather is, I always serve one hot dish when I have guests for a beach lunch," Bob said. "And usually that hot dish is chili con carne, which Chloe makes just right. If I don't have it the gang always asks for it, so we just keep it on hand." Following is the recipe: Sauté, but not brown,

1 large green pepper, 3 onions (egg size), 1 clove of garlic in 2 tablespoons olive oil. When hot add 1½ pounds ground round steak and cook slowly until the meat separates. Then add:

- 1 quart tomato puree (If you use ordinary canned tomatoes put through sieve)
- 1 tablespoon chili powder
- 2 chili cipinos (put in whole)
- 2 quarts cold water

Salt to taste and boil slowly two hours. Then add:

- 1 teaspoon camino seed in a bag (take out after one-half hour)

2 quarts cooked frijoles (You may use either Hart's cooked frijoles or beans that you have cooked in advance.)

Do not cook this mixture immediately, but if possible let stand over night. Standing
(Please turn to page 104)

Bob has many of his picnics in front of his own beach house with tables and chairs and some hot dishes de luxe.



A Colonial Room FOR THE CHILDREN

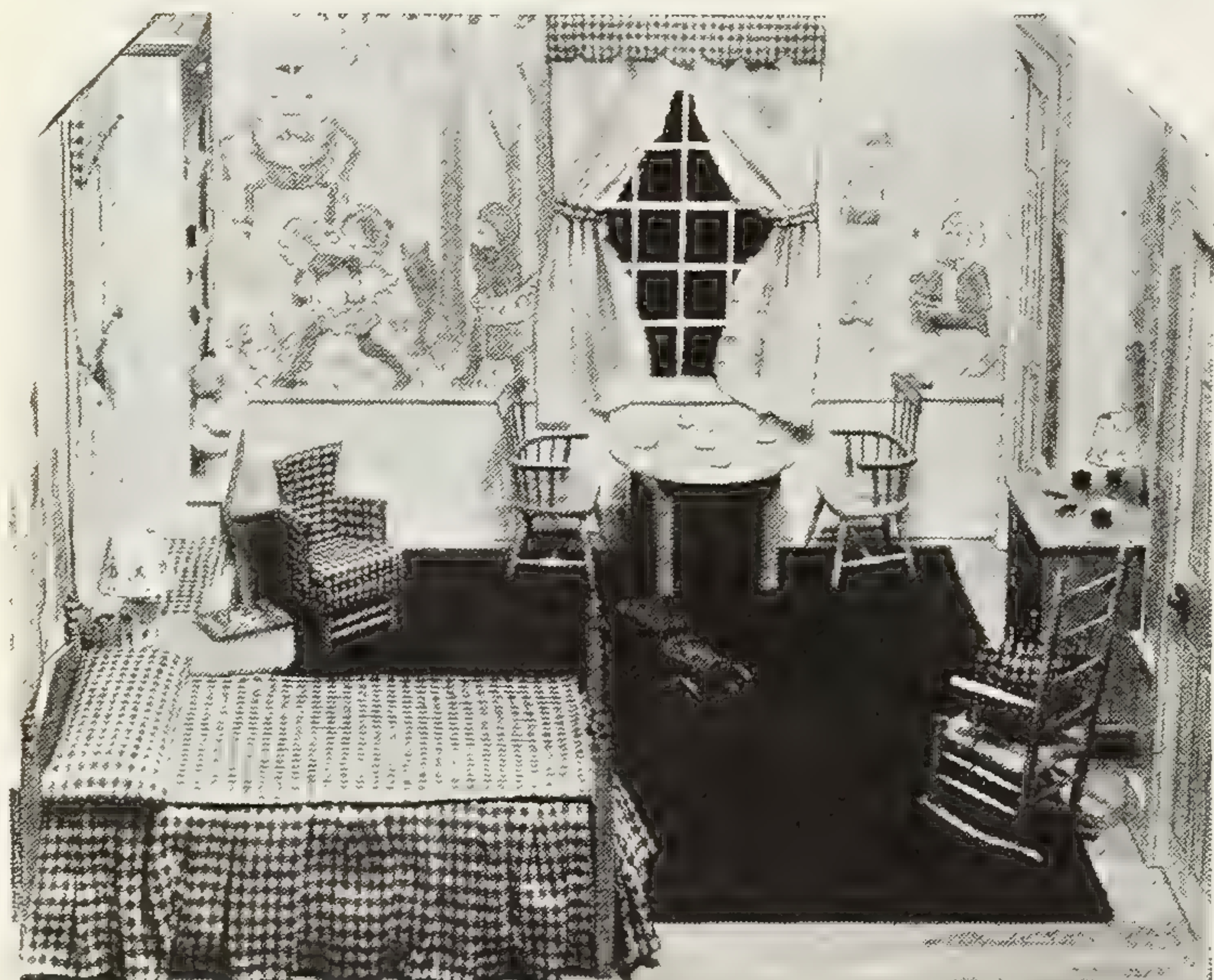
With a background of fairy tales and nursery rhymes

By BETTY LENAHAN

MODELS BY HERMAN C. KNEBEL



Crisp organdy curtains topped by a scalloped gingham valance and tied back with bands of the gingham let in plenty of light and air.

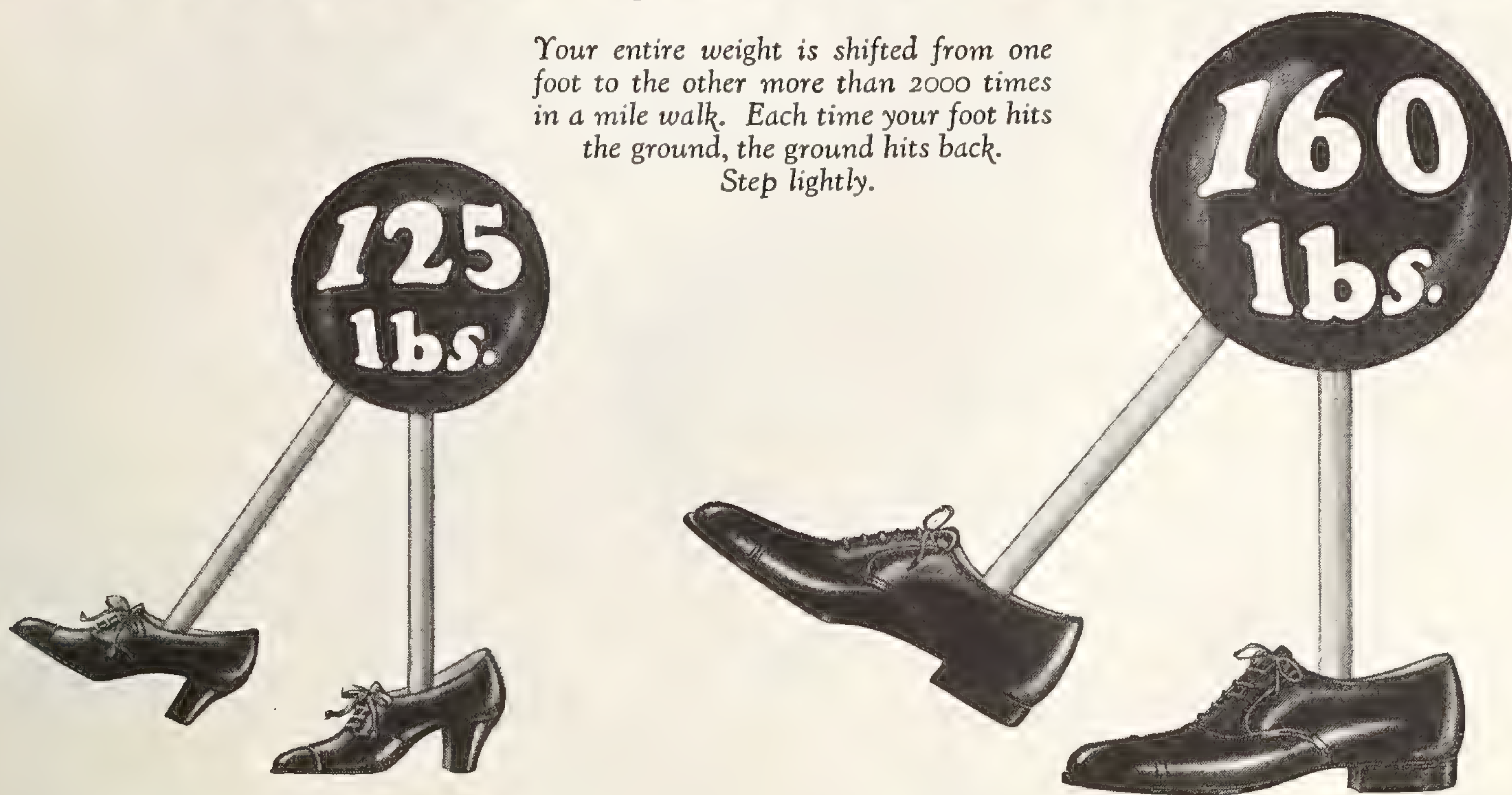


IN the old days the nursery or child's room often received almost the same treatment as the attic—a refuge for cast-off furniture, old rugs and faded draperies—but now this room receives the same thought and consideration as any other room in the house.

In our little Colonial house the child's room has been carefully planned and decorated in a practical as well as an attractive manner. The room is of fairly good size and has two windows providing plenty of light and the desired cross ventilation. There are two doors one leading to the upstairs hall and one to a spacious closet. The polished hardwood floor is covered with a dark blue rug and the wood work is painted a gleaming white. Amusing scenes depicting characters from fairy tales and nursery rhymes are painted on the walls above the dado. Humpty Dumpty in one corner looks down disdainfully on Tom, Tom the Piper's son who is followed by Little Red Riding Hood with a very realistic wolf lurking in the background. And over in the other corner sits Little Jack Horner; and Tommy Tucker standing on a soap box is singing lustily for his supper. The wall between the two doors shows Jack in the Beanstalk running away from a lovely fairy-like turreted castle which looms in (*Please turn to page 112*)

Watch your Arches

Your entire weight is shifted from one foot to the other more than 2000 times in a mile walk. Each time your foot hits the ground, the ground hits back. Step lightly.



A GREAT deal of excruciating pain in the feet or elsewhere in the body, caused by weakened or broken down arches, can be relieved or completely removed. When the three main causes of foot trouble—misuse, abuse and disuse—are generally understood, a great deal more pain will be avoided.

If you walk with your toes pointed out instead of straight ahead you put a severe strain on your arches. Overstrained, they are likely to sag or flatten. Bones may be forced out of place, pinching and torturing sensitive nerves.

All too often these tortured nerves communicate their distress to nerve centers far removed from the feet. Leg aches, headaches, backaches and many other aches are penalties which follow the misuse of a hard-working foot.

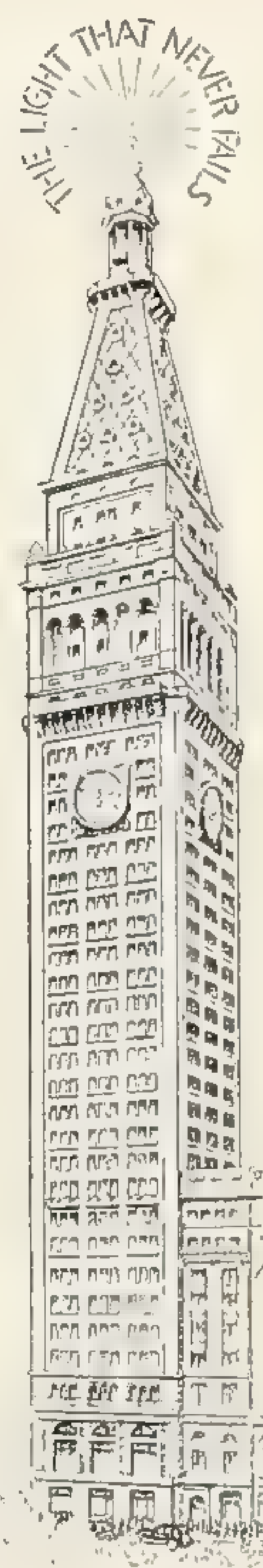
Abused, either by being cramped in a shoe which does not permit the toes to lie flat, or sprawled in an ill-fitting shoe, no foot can support and move its burden comfortably and easily. Shoes should have a straight inner edge. They should fit snugly under the long arch and at the heel.

Examine your shoes to make certain that the sole, under the ball of your foot, does not round down in the center or bend up at the sides. If it does, every step you take tends to flatten the short arch across the ball of the foot. Then the needless pain.

Disuse is the third crime committed against feet which should be able to give willing and uncomplaining service. A foot which has little to do besides carrying its burden from bedroom to dining-room and from there to an automobile or other conveyance, loses its muscular strength, becomes almost an invalid foot through feebleness.

But when muscles and ligaments have lost their strength or arches have become weakened, the services of a competent foot specialist may be needed. He may, by proper treatment, or by prescribing corrective foot exercises or scientifically constructed shoes, restore your foot to usefulness.

A booklet "Standing Up to Life" which tells how to overcome many foot ailments by means of intelligent foot exercises will be mailed free upon request. Address Booklet Department 633-B.



METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
 FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

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BOX OFFICE CRITICS

THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE pays one dollar for every interesting and constructive letter published. Make them short and snappy—and tell why you do not like someone or something. Address your communications to A-Dollar-for-Your-Thoughts, THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

MR. PRODUCER! Read These

Esther L. Brauneau, Jefferson, S. D.—I happened to overhear a number of prominent people discussing the movies one afternoon last week. There was no doubt in their minds but that the movies of today were all of the gangster or sex type and they shouldn't be seen by anyone. I wondered then why some of them didn't go down to the corner store and purchase one of the many cinema magazines that are on sale. Nearly every magazine contains a list of the new pictures and what type of picture each one is—be it the goody-goody, sex, gangster, outdoor or children's kind. That same afternoon I wanted to attend a movie but I had a hard time deciding which one to see as the best theaters then were showing "Smilin' Through," "Cabin in the Cotton," "Farewell to Arms" and "Six Hours to Live." I went to see the last one named that day but before the week was over I had seen all four of them. I thought all four pictures were beautiful and the finest I had seen in months. I thought the picture "Six Hours to Live" should have retained its original name, "Auf Wiedersehen." However, the handsome and stellar actor Warner Baxter is the silver lining to any picture he ap-



"Phyllis Barry is the kind of girl I want to marry. Me for her."

follow the current trend of patriotic Americans to "Buy American." There is no denying the beauty and ability of Garbo, Dietrich, Chevalier, etc., yet are any of these so talented or so gorgeous that they cannot be surpassed in America? Authorities tell us to spend generously in order to stabilize our country's finances, yet isn't it a well-known fact that imported stars hoard the big money they make in America only to retire to their own country to spend it? Are there any finer actors anywhere on earth than our own Barrymores, our Crawford, Bennett, Shearer, etc., and doesn't every American woman prefer Victor McLaglen to Maurice Chevalier? And isn't their lingo much easier to understand? And when we tire of these, let's exploit some home talent. Let's hope Hollywood will go and stay American.

* * *

Miss Marjorie Van Veersen, 858 Lafayette Avenue, Hawthorne, N. J.—Come on, Hollywood, give us more pictures like "State Fair." It was great. Interesting and exciting all the way through. Gee, I almost grabbed the man in front of me by the neck when Lew Ayres and Janet went down that roller coaster. And give Will Rogers a hand-shake for me. He had me laughing and crying all over that hog. Yes, sir, give us more good casts and lots of human interest in your stories, and I'll guarantee the theaters will be packed. And please let Lew Ayres play opposite Janet Gaynor again.

* * *



"Tell us more about Ruby Keeler. She's the cuddliest kid in pictures."

pears in. He and Helen Hayes are my favorites and how I wish the producers would give us a wonderful picture starring both of them together.

* * *

Mrs. A. H. Johnson, 4211 Third St., N. W., Washington, D. C.—A short time ago I read that a new German star was being contracted for a picture in Hollywood. This causes one to wonder why Hollywood does not

picture? They are still being produced, I know, but they are certainly becoming mediocre. And so few of them are played by people we know! There is a very fine serial actress out in Hollywood right this minute, waiting for her chance at the talkies—an actress who will not only bring in the younger section of the audience, but the older folks as well, because they haven't forgotten her for an instant. Her name is Ruth Roland, and she deserves a chance to prove her mettle, if anyone does! She deserves it more than a host of serial players do! No matter how improbable these chapter stories have been, and may be, they



"Take my word for it, Dick Powell will be a star before the year is over."

do "pull" with audiences week after week, and with a pleasing personality such as Ruth's projecting their heroines, they would "pull" a great deal better with thousands who are unable to work up enthusiasm over players who, however heroic they may be, are cursed for the most part with rasping, unnatural voices. Ruth Roland has had a great deal of stage training, and is her same old self. Let's give her a break.

(Please turn to page 72)



"I haven't seen a picture of my favorite, Bela Lugosi, for a long time. Be nice and publish one, won't you?"



MONDAY..TUESDAY WEDNESDAY....Doomsday!

IS "CALENDAR FEAR" UNDERMINING YOUR HEALTH?

With maddening slowness time drags on! . . . And woman waits! . . . Waits and worries over her upset health.

Seldom does she know that FEAR itself . . . FEAR of an imaginary crisis is the very thing that throws her delicate feminine mechanism out of gear . . . Seldom does she realize that this health-stealing FEAR is the direct outcome of either timid ignorance or gross neglect of proper marriage hygiene.

She has failed to follow that correct method of feminine antisepsis as endorsed for over 40 years by leading doctors, clinics, hospitals and gynecologists.

They have freely recommended the regular and continual use of "Lysol" for feminine health, daintiness, and mental poise.

The "Lysol" method is so simple and easy to follow . . . The result so refreshing and agreeable . . . so safe and effective.

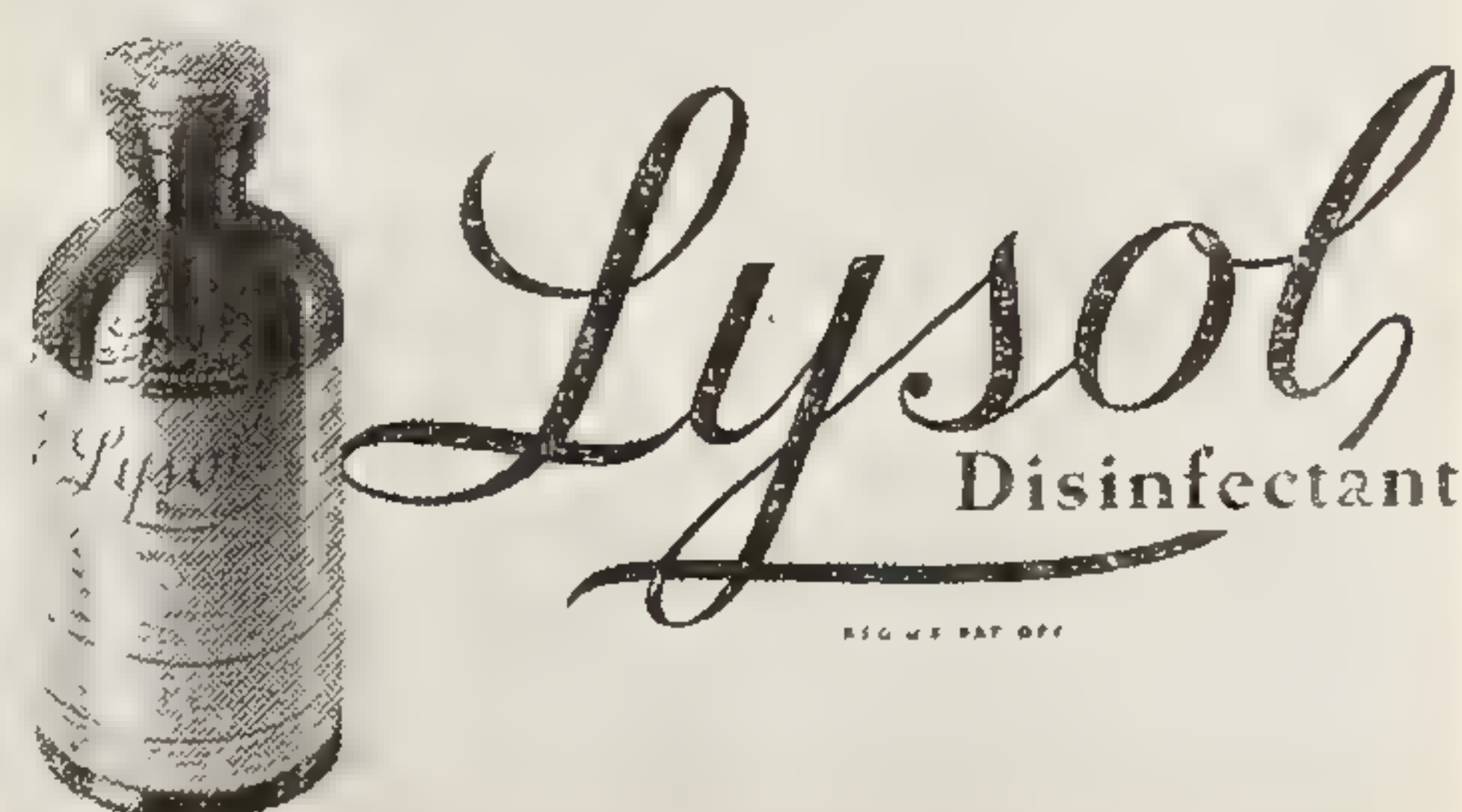
In sharp contrast to certain chlorine-type antiseptics, "Lysol" contains no free caustic alkali to inflame, sear and toughen tender tissues . . . And unlike these chlorine compounds, which lose 95% of their effectiveness in the presence of organic matter, "Lysol" retains its power to destroy germ-life.

Don't be caught again in the grip of "CALENDAR FEAR" . . . Practice intimate feminine cleanliness: Use "Lysol." Your druggist has it. Your doctor recommends it . . . One thing more, write for a copy of the new, *free* "Lysol" booklet, "Marriage Hygiene—the important part it plays in the ideal marriage." You will welcome its trustworthy advice. Please use the coupon.

WRITTEN BY WOMEN FOR WOMEN

A brand new book on woman's oldest problem . . . Frank and fearless . . . Contains three leading articles by world-famous women physicians . . . Send today for "Marriage Hygiene—the important part it plays in the ideal marriage."

"Lysol" is economical . . . a treatment costs less than one cent. "Lysol" is safe . . . it contains no free caustic alkali. "Lysol" is effective . . . it destroys hidden germ-life. "Lysol" has enjoyed the full confidence of the medical profession for over 40 years.



LEHN & FINK, Inc.
Bloomfield, N. J., Dept. LO-6
Sole distributors of "Lysol" disinfectant
Please send me free, postpaid, a copy of your new booklet, "Marriage Hygiene," with articles by three internationally famous women physicians.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

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Box Office Critics

(Continued from page 70)



Photo by Wide World

Buster Collier and Marie Prevost watching the races at Agua Caliente. You'll see these two together a lot in Hollywood.

Cheers for Buddy: Oh, boy! What a break! Handsome, captivating Buddy Rogers is coming back to the screen. We are waiting for a picture, Buddy.—E. E. Page, 180 Washington Street, Cambridge, Mass.

Bill and Wife: Bill Boyd is handsome and intelligent. I am looking for bigger and better pictures in which Bill will star. How about giving his wife, the beautiful Dorothy Sebastian, a chance?—Gertrude Kardis, 129 Huron Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Applause for Gary Cooper! Even the name thrills me! But when I see him—well, words just can't express my emotions. Recently I saw "A Farewell to Arms" with him and Helen Hayes. In most picture reviews the credit seems to go to Miss Hayes. But what would that picture have been without Gary? Miss Hayes was marvelous; who can deny that? But Gary—well, all I can say is, let's have more movies with him. And also pictures of him in *THE NEW MOVIE*. Janet P. Nevers, 14 Heywood St., Houlton, Me.

From a Student: Seeing such an artist as Norma Shearer makes any girl student of the drama try a little harder for better diction and to become cultured and well-poised actress. This is sincerely submitted by "a student of the drama."—Myrtle McKay, 511 E. 10th St., Dallas, Tex.

Helped Her Understand: The depression had hit us hard. Dad's wages were cut, and for months we had not at-

tended a movie. Several people asked me to go but I just couldn't seem to rise above my circumstances. Then came "Frisco Jenny." So I made up my mind to go and see this La Chatterton strut her stuff. This picture showed me something which before I have never understood. That was a mother's undying love for her child, and what sacrifices she will make. It gave me a foundation, and proved to be the beginning of a new life for me, which I hope helps me in attaining the top of my career, which is singing.—Miss Alice Grill, 17213 Grovewood Ave., Cleveland, O.

She Finds Her Star: I am pretty fickle in my admiration for movie stars, but I believe I have found one, now, who is going to hold my attention for a long time—Paul Muni. "I Am a Fugitive From a Chain Gang" is one of the greatest acting performances ever given, in one of the greatest pictures ever screened. I hope he will never be "typed." With his striking features, and acting ability, he could portray any rôle. His change from "Scarface," to "I Am a Fugitive," shows that. I cast my ballot for him.—Bernice Dexter, 1805 Washington Street, Wilmington, Del.

Proposal: Gary Cooper. Oh! That smile! My heart simply flutters when his image is flashed on the screen. I wouldn't mind being the future Mrs. Cooper.—Helen Jane Wilson, Evans Academy, Evans, Ga.

Another Valentino? In my estimation, George Raft deserves better pictures. He would be another Valentino if he had the chance. So give him a break.—Miss Della Curtiss, 804 North 11th St., Mattoon, Ill.

"Oh, Adolphe: "Farewell to Arms" meant to me "Hello, Adolphe Menjou!" You were great as that tough, romancing, eloquent doctor! To me, the two stars seemed dull and in the background, but you stood out, sharp-focused, and clear! More bouquets, Adolphe!—Eleanor Balcer, 266 Dwight Street, Jersey City, N. J.

Tribute to Gary: Gary Cooper is my idea of a motion picture actor. He has an original way of registering great emotion—one that I have never seen any other actor or actress use—that of not expressing any emotion at all. In the greatest moments of his pictures, when any other actor would be doing his best to give you the impression of horror, grief, pathos, or whatever the case may be, Gary registers no expression whatsoever, and gives you a better idea of the emotion seething inside him than anyone else could possibly do. This is especially noticeable in "A Farewell to Arms," when his wife is lying so ill in the hospital and he is waiting to see her. I consider that picture one of his greatest, as it was a different type of rôle for Gary. Can't we see him in more pictures with Helen Hayes?—Marjorie Coyle, Route 7, Meadville, Pa.

Good News: Every day in every way the movies are getting better and bet-

ter.—J. Bordo, 2235 Jerome Street, Toledo, O.

Bouquets for Norma: Norma Shearer is a born actress. Even if she has only a small part she stands out above all others. When I go to see one of her pictures I know I will not be disappointed. I have never seen a better picture than "Strange Interlude." After seeing it I don't see how any one can criticize the movies.—Cornelia Floyd, 207 E. 9th St., Columbia, Tenn.

So Natural: I am a constant reader of *THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE* and am particularly interested in your page called "Box Office Critics". . . . I am a "Norma Shearer" fan. I wish to say, with all due respect to our other fine stars of today, I believe Miss Shearer is our best. Her performances in "Smilin' Through" and "Strange Interlude" were marvelous. Not only do I admire Norma Shearer for her splendid acting, but I think she is so natural in every way it is a pleasure to see her on the screen. As to her dramatic ability, there certainly is no question about that! I do hope she will be coming out in a new picture soon and believe me, when it does come out, I'll be one of the first to dash up dear old Broadway to see it!—Alice M. Cooper, 328 Sterling Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Harlow and Gable: All salute to Jean Harlow. She is the one and only star for me. She can liven up a picture and make you feel like a new person. Let's have more of her with Clark Gable.—Amy Gebauer, 98 Merritt Street, Oshkosh, Wis.

Dick and David: Every one may rave about Clark Gable and Robert Montgomery, but I favor stars who are making names for themselves, instead of movie magazines making names for them. I am for Richard Cromwell and David Manners, two of the best stars on the screen, both of whom I hope some day will be farther ahead than Gable. Good luck to them both.—Miss E. S. Reisner, 127 E. First Street, Duluth, Minn.



When the Fox studios called for fifty physically perfect actors to try out for the part of Ajax in "The Warrior's Husband," Russ Clark won the part. He's six feet two, weighs 194, a forty-four chest, thirty-two waist and seventeen-inch biceps.

RED, ROUGH

*made smooth
white, lovely*

IN ONLY 3 D.

HER new friends were wild with envy! Her...her beautifully coiffured hair...she outshined them all!

Then they saw her hands—coarse, red, rough. They breathed easily again. No danger of anyone falling in love with *those* hands!

Are *you* killing the charm of *your* lovely frocks with *your* beauty, with rough, red, ugly hands?

Would you continue to, if you knew that only Hinds care would make your hands tenderly soft, white, lovely? The kind of hands men adore...

How this famous cream works

Hot water...harsh cleansers...housework...all wash away the natural oils that keep hands soft. Hinds Cream *brings back* these precious oils. And thus restores youthful softness and smoothness.

The moment you rub this dainty, gossamer-fine cream into your hands you feel the skin become soft and supple again.

Unlike ordinary hand lotions

Observe how different Hinds is from other hand lotions. It is not weak and thinned out, nor is it one of these thick, gummy jellies that just stay on the top of the skin. Hinds is so chiffon-fine, so penetrating, that it goes deep down *through* the skin layers where the *real* healing work must be done.

Use Hinds *always* after hands have been in water, after exposure, and *before going to bed at night*.

This famous lotion leaves an invisible "*second skin*", too, that protects hands from chapping and drying, keeps them lovely in all kinds of weather. This "*second skin*" is a fine layer of Hinds Cream that has penetrated deeply through the rough skin. There it stays, softening, whitening, *protecting*.



TODAY • TOMORROW • NEXT DAY

HINDS *honey and almond* CREAM

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New beauty discovery!

It's a remarkable new liquefying cleansing cream that melts the moment it touches skin. Fine, light, penetrating—it *floats* the dirt and grease out of pores! Ask for Hinds Cleansing Cream. 40¢, 65¢.

FREE A 7-Day Trial Bottle

 (Also trial sizes of new Hinds Cleansing Cream and Hinds Texture Cream)

Coupon below brings you a generous trial bottle of Hinds by fast return mail. See how deeply Hinds penetrates, healing those rough cracks, that sore, dried-out skin. How soft, white, lovely, it makes hands. Fill out and mail coupon NOW.



Lehn & Fink, Inc., Sole Distributors,
Dept. HO-6, Bloomfield, New Jersey

This offer not
good in Canada

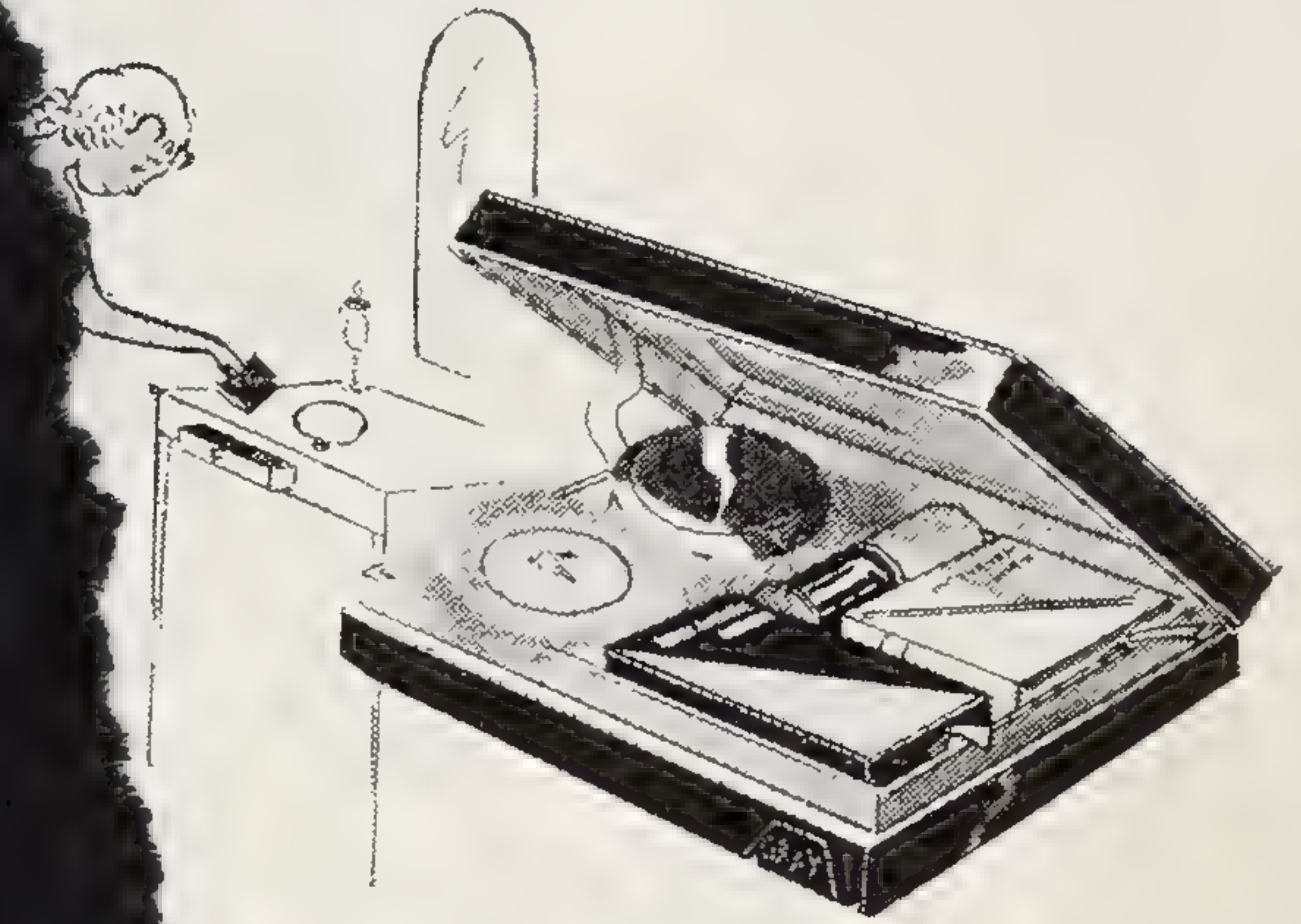
Please send me a generous FREE trial bottle (enough for 18 or 20 applications) of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. Also trial sizes of the new Hinds Cleansing Cream and Hinds Texture Cream.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

MAKE-UP BOX



ensemble for each dress color.

is removed the skin is also made whiter and softer. The puffs are inexpensive, too.

EVERYTHING from perfume to cleansing cream is included in the imposing array of products that have just reached the market—and the prices are so inexpensive that you can buy everything all at once. For make-up there's powder, rouge and lipstick, all in smart black, silver and green cases. The powder has a metal cover and comes in three shades, natural, rachelle, and the peach tone everybody's wearing. There's a perfume too in an attractive little bottle with a square black top. But that's not all;



A complete cosmetic outfit at low cost.

cleansing cream and toning lotion are included in the group as well as a hand lotion recommended as a powder base. The jars and bottles carry out the same modern distinctive color scheme and the policy of a lot for a little.

A NEW manicure set was brought to our attention the other day and we think you'll want to hear about it. It's a black and silver box that will do justice to your dressing table and is quite complete with cuticle oil as well as polish, remover and cuticle remover. A nail brush, cotton pads, files and orange wood sticks are also included. The enamel remover is of interest because of its speed.

If you wish additional information, including names and prices of the articles listed, as well as where they may be bought, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to the Beauty Editor, Make-up Box, Tower Magazines, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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...like an oval puff with
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...nest pumice powders. You can use
this on your legs and arms and your
face, too, without worrying about irri-
tation unless in your zeal you rub too
hard—and a little cold cream will fix
that up. The makers recommend clip-
ping the hairs first if they're long so
as not to wear out the puff too quickly.
Each puff will last about a month,
keeping legs, arms and underarms free
of hair. You just rub in circles or
backwards and forwards and in about
three minutes it's all over. And the
nice thing about it is that as the hair



To free your legs and arms of hair.

Ex-Lax
...ing laxative, holding
...s millions of old friends, and win-
ning hosts of new ones every year.

There is only one genuine Ex-Lax. Watch for the exact spelling—E-X-L-A-X. Insist on getting Ex-Lax to make sure of getting Ex-Lax results!

At all drug stores in 10c and 25c sizes. Or write for free sample to Ex-Lax, Inc., Dept. B-63, P. O. Box 170, Times Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.



The RECIPES and MENUS

talked it over . . .



and fixed up a lot of
your cooking problems

IT ran something like this . . . their talk about the American housewife:

"She's a busy woman," said Mrs. Recipe.

"It's those infernal meals to plan each day," offered Mr. Menu with authority.

"Why," exclaimed a second Recipe brightly, "that's how we can help Mrs. Housewife. Let's get ourselves together . . . I think about 44 *Easy Economical Dinners* and 76 of us recipes would do the trick nicely."

"I know a lot of *Favorite Recipes of the Movie Stars* that would make dinners more exciting," another Recipe suggested.

"But what about women who are reducing?"

"Oh, that's simple," Mr. Menu explained. "I have some menu friends who specialize in *Reducing the Right Way*. And you can't say that about every menu."

☐ 44 EASY ECONOMICAL DINNERS

Even the most imaginative woman sometimes goes stale on new dinner ideas. But . . . have you tried tapioca in tomato bisque? Or potato stuffing with walnuts? Those little touches cost next to nothing and set your cooking apart as definitely superior. 10c.

☐ FAVORITE RECIPES OF THE MOVIE STARS

You'd expect actors and actresses to like recipes just a little different, wouldn't you? Irene Dunne, for instance, says to add nutmeg to chicken broth. And Ruth Chatterton cooks steak which she calls "Beefsteak a la Victor Hugo," after one of Hollywood's famous restaurants. Recipes of 47 movie stars! 10c.

☐ REDUCING THE RIGHT WAY

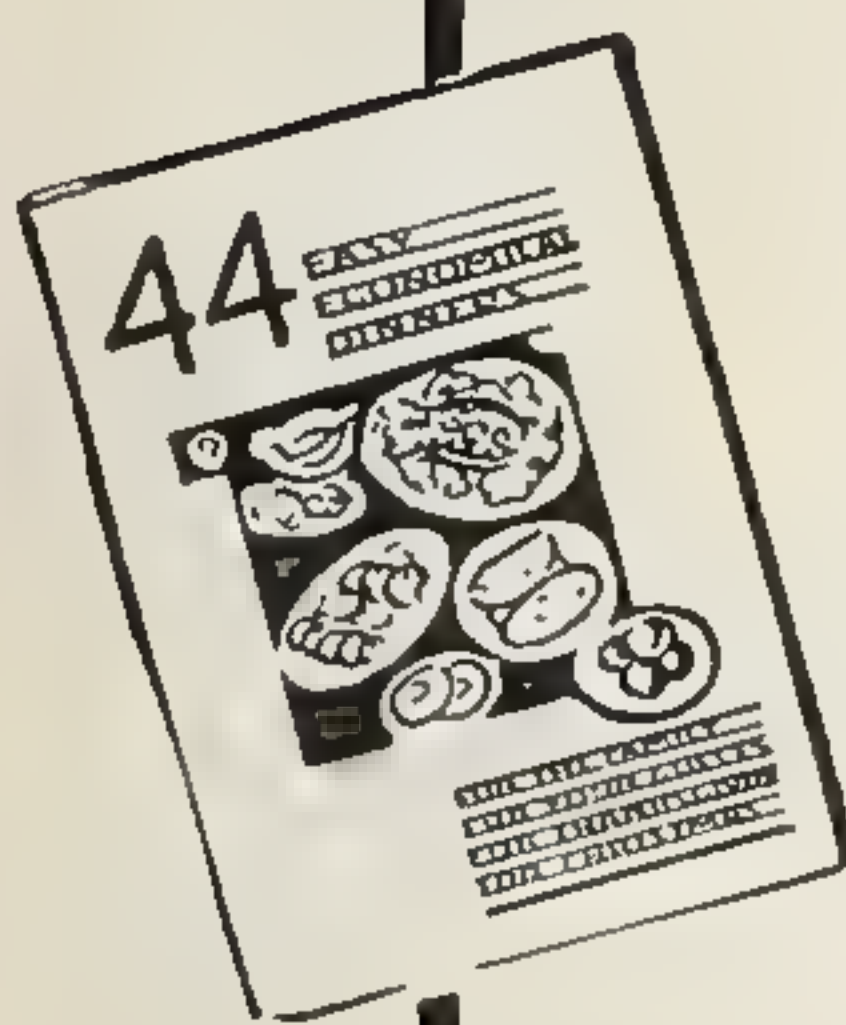
The right way is not the starvation way. It means eating satisfying, wholesome meals, BUT omitting those particular foods which are most fattening. This book gives menus for correct reducing. Exercises for reducing all over or just in certain spots. 10c.

Three booklets to save you time and worry! Check the coupon below, enclose ten cents for each of the booklets you want and mail to Tower Books, Inc., 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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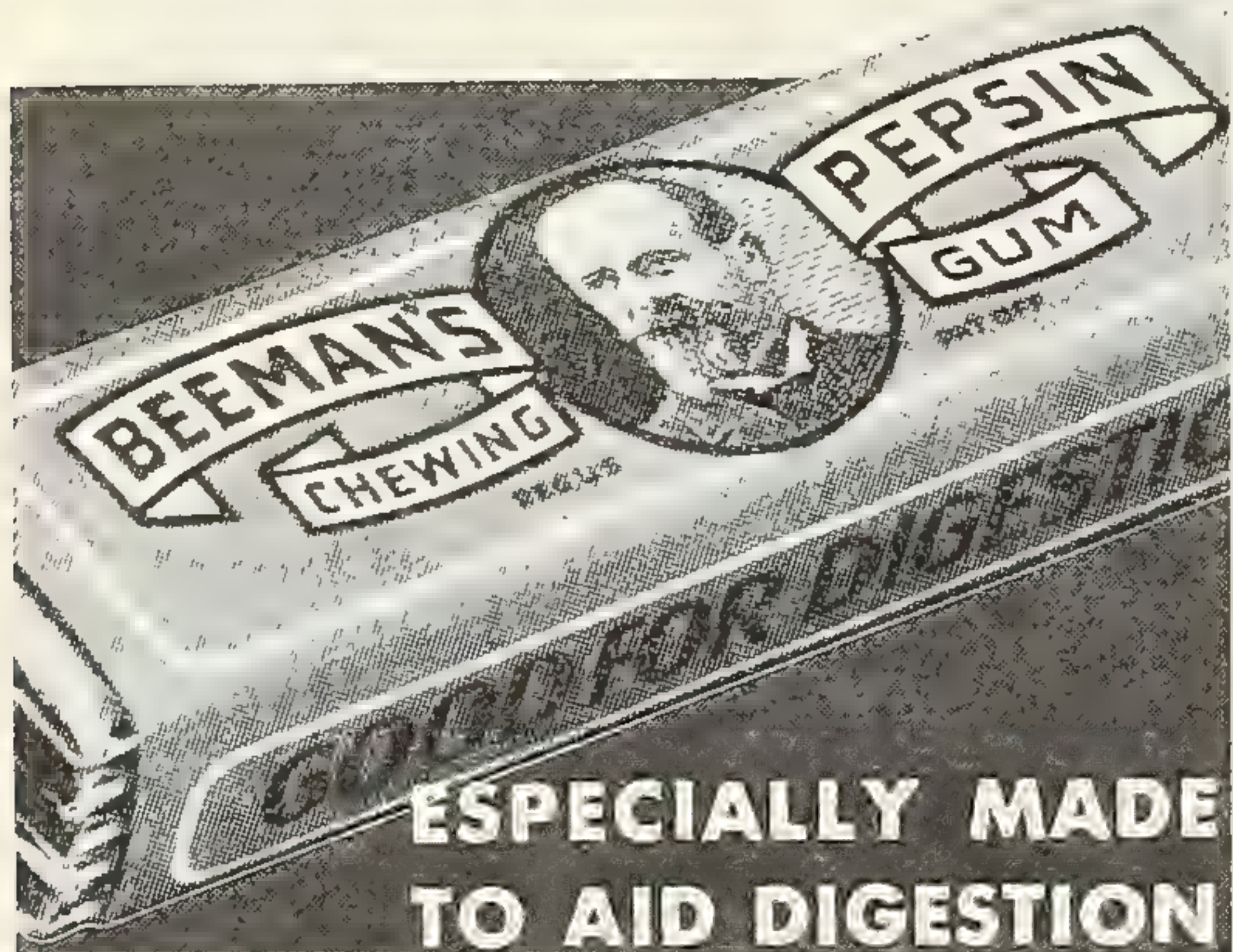


beats train!

Beats the Twentieth Century by two minutes. You almost feel as though you could when your digestion is right. You are so alive . . . so ready for anything.

Lots of girls wonder why they don't feel more like doing things. A touch of indigestion perhaps. Many chew Beeman's regularly to prevent digestive troubles. You'll like Beeman's, the flavor is delicious.

Chew BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM



I'll Give a Million Dollars

(Continued from page 34)

industry was astonished to learn that it had been purchased by Universal at the record price of a quarter of a million dollars.

When filmed, it became an immense financial success for the company and started the younger Laemmle on the way to far film places. This picture was followed by several other outstanding successes in the next two years.

SHORTLY after the young man's twenty-first birthday his father assembled his leading executives and announced that his son was the new General Manager of the huge film enterprise.

Before the entire group the father said to his son, "You have my complete confidence."

And then the Senior made a very daring and strategic maneuver. He went to Europe and left the boy absolutely on his own. The youth watched the train fade away and returned to the huge mansion in Beverly Hills—to be alone.

The fact that on his decisions alone rested the success or failure of his father's vast business had a tendency to weaken him for the first few hours. He debated with himself all that night.

In the morning he went to see Paul Bern.

That father confessor of Hollywood, lately so sadly departed, saw the worn look on the boy's face.

"Come, Junior," he said, "what's up?"

"Nothing," returned the boy, "I've just made a decision and I came to tell you about it."

"What is it?" asked Paul.

"Well," replied Junior, "Father went to Europe last night and left me to run the business." There was a pause "And I intend to run it."

"That's fine," said Paul, "You can't fail. I've watched you for years." The kindly Bern put his arm about the youth, "And if you ever feel low you must remember old Ibsen's words, 'Never be so mad as to doubt yourself.'"

"I'll remember," said the boy.

Paul Whiteman had been engaged to appear in a film before Junior Laemmle had been appointed General Manager.

Young Laemmle had the band leader hold his contract in abeyance until something more worthy was prepared for him.

He later appeared in "The King of Jazz," which cost, all in all, nearly two million dollars. Though acclaimed on all sides a great artistic success, it was one of the biggest financial disappointments ever made.

Wise men in films shook their heads. One consternation treaded upon another's heels, so fast they followed.

THEN came the great decision for the boy. The famous book, "All Quiet on the Western Front," had been rejected by many companies as impossible for film purposes. Junior decided to make it on a huge scale.

Older film executives warned him against certain financial catastrophe. A fortune had been spent on "The King of Jazz."

Junior put all the eggs into one basket by the making of this war epic,

which was to cost more than a million dollars. Failure meant real disaster. Men walked softly at Universal.

When it came time to choose a director for the great war film, it is said that the New York office wanted a certain director.

But the younger Laemmle had different ideas. He wanted the brilliant young Russian-Jew, Lewis Milestone, for the job. It was one of the greatest "hunches" in films.

Milestone had done that most surprising and charming film, "Two Arabian Knights," a tale without love. He had been at loggerheads with different nabobs, and there was none too friendly a feeling toward him.

Junior selected Milestone to direct.

The "location" for this film was chosen near Balboa and was on more than two thousand acres of land, far enough away so that the roar of guns, the explosion of shells, and the whir of airplanes would not make California people feel that they were being invaded by the Japanese.

It was the sort of film Milestone could best direct—the grim, remorseless wheels of destiny grinding all human hope to dust. What Milestone did with the film forms one of the most brilliant chapters in screen history.

Both artistically and commercially, it was one of the great films of all times.

Clarence Brown, the fine director of "Anna Christie," upon seeing it for the first time, exclaimed, "It makes me almost ashamed to direct another picture."

THE cost of "The King of Jazz" and "All Quiet on the Western Front" made Universal sell many of its theaters. This, as it turned out, was one of the shrewdest strokes ever made.

A high M-G-M executive recently said to me, "Only two companies have consistently made money through the depression—M-G-M and Universal."

"Why?" I asked.

"We have few theaters and Universal has none to keep us broke," was the prompt reply.

It was the turning point in the upward career of Universal.

Impressed with new dignity, the firm gave up making so many cheap "theater" pictures. They cut their output from fifty-two pictures a year to not more than twenty-six. Considering the number of films made each year, Universal has a very high average. The excellent film, "Back Street," is one of their latest offerings. "Once in a Lifetime" and "Okay America" are other films which will stand well up in the list of the best made this year.

The thriller, "Frankenstein," was another box office score for the company. Strangely enough the locale of this tale, like "All Quiet on the Western Front," was also laid in the senior Laemmle's beloved Germany.

Young Laemmle, at twenty-four, has weathered the storm. He has confidence and experience, which, combined with intuitive shrewdness, will soon make him worthy to stand with his magnificent father.

He has grown strong from fighting his way up from being just a rich man's son.

Secrets of a Siren

(Continued from page 45)

haps, the more subtle. Love is an important part of her education; she is early trained in the wiles, the graces of allurements. The Oriental races are repressed, never giving an outward evidence of emotions. There are no kisses, no caresses. Yet the eyes, the sinuous, gliding body, and the voice, can suggest it all, for no peoples have developed imagination as these nations of the East.

"American women are franker and more open in their pursuit. Too, American men demand a blending of camaraderie with romance in their sweethearts. American men have been so busy conquering a country, founding a nation and establishing a government that they have not given the time or thought to the gentle art of love-making that the older European nations have done. Therefore, they are not as adept. Europeans take their love leisurely. They never rush their conquests; the climax of an affair is delayed until every charm of the pursuit has been enjoyed."

NO matter what the nationality of her characters, Myrna seldom resorts to the usual coquettish tricks; these are too obvious. Also, her sirens never drop that disturbing, mysterious quality that keeps a man's interest aflame and makes her desirable. And, always, she carries the dignity of good breeding and culture behind her hardness.

Myrna was started on her colorful film route via an exotic costume.

She was dancing in a prologue at Grauman's Egyptian Theater, in Hollywood, when Rudolph Valentino and his artist-wife, Natacha Rambova, saw her and became so intrigued with her slim, expressive body which had the poise of a priestess and the smouldering lure of witchery, that they gave her a part in a picture they were producing, "What Price Beauty."

Natacha designed a series of costumes that captured all that was exotic in Myrna's personality. Before the picture was ever shown, Warner Brothers had seen the stills and placed the young actress under contract.

"Then," said Myrna, "I had to live up to the type my costumes had created."

But Myrna is more exciting than any beauty winner. And because of a dangerous warmth beneath her mystery, she fitted into a number of vamp rôles that took her to many lands, each character requiring a special study of love-technique.

Seldom possessing (in pictures, of course) a definite code of morals, but always ultra-feminine and stirring the imagination, she slinked her way through a long list of films, as the seductive menace. She played so many Oriental and Eurasian parts that it is said at one time the immigration authorities investigated her legal standing in this country. Imagine their surprise to learn she was all-American, her birthplace being a ranch near Helena, Montana.

Once again, recently, Myrna stepped into a sandaled rôle, that of the Chinese daughter in "The Mask of Fu Manchu," where she wielded her sinister enticements on admirers as they lingered too long in her secret garden. She says these Oriental rôles are very difficult because they require a tre-

(Please turn to page 78)



WE TAKE OUR TEXT FROM SLEEPY HOLLOW



You remember the legend—how Ichabod Crane let himself be frightened away from the fairest girl in Sleepy Hollow by a sheeted horseman holding a pumpkin head.

There are women who have let themselves be kept from the *extra* help of Fels-Naptha by rumors as empty as that pumpkin head. Perhaps these rumors have even raised questions in *your* mind. If so, let's lay them to rest. We refer to questions like these—

"Can I boil with Fels-Naptha?" Certainly! Or you can soak with it. Fels-Naptha will work *your* way. It does a beautiful job in water of any temperature—from boiling-hot to cool. It's equally at home in tub or machine.

"Will Fels-Naptha leave clothes yellow?" No! It will give you the whitest wash you ever saw. Fels-Naptha safely gets *all* the dirt from clothes. And *that* makes clothes white.

"Is Fels-Naptha safe for fine fabrics?" Yes, indeed! Fels-Naptha loosens dirt so easily no hard rubbing is needed. The soap is mild. The naptha in it is used by the best dry cleaners. Fels-Naptha is gentle to both clothes and hands.

More important, however, Fels-Naptha brings you *extra* help—unusually good soap and *plenty* of naptha instead of "just soap." That means easier washdays.

Get some Fels-Naptha at your grocer's. See how beautifully it washes clothes. After that, no empty rumor will keep you from its *extra* help.

© 1933, FELS & CO.



FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa. T.M.-6-33
Some women, I understand, find it a bit easier to chip Fels-Naptha into tub or machine by using one of your handy chippers instead of just an ordinary kitchen knife. I'd like to try the chipper, so I enclose 3¢ in stamps to help cover postage. Send the sample bar, too.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____
(Please print name and address completely)

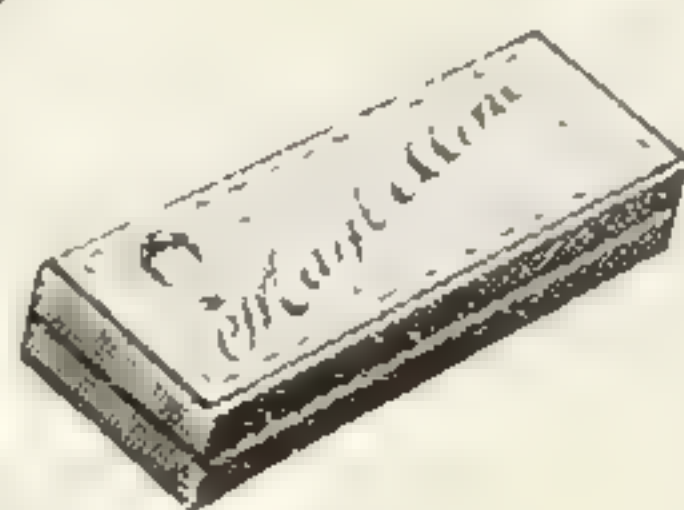
See HOW MUCH MORE ALLURING YOUR EYES *could* BE WITH MAYBELLINE EYE BEAUTY AIDS



Long, dark, curling lashes—eyelids delicately shaded—graceful, expressive eyebrows—who can resist the alluring beauty of this combination? These are what Maybelline eye beauty aids can give you, safely and simply. Famous for their purity and effectiveness, Maybelline Eye Shadow, Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil, Maybelline Eyelash Darkener, and Maybelline Eyelash Grower complete the perfect toilette of millions of smart women all over the world. Try them today and learn how quickly and easily they can give you increased loveliness and charm.

Maybelline

EYE BEAUTY AIDS



**Maybelline
EYELASH DARKENER**
the largest selling mascara in the world because it is absolutely harmless, actually non-smarting, tear-proof, instantly effective. Transforms lashes into natural appearing long, dark, luxuriant fringe, and keeps them soft and silky. Black or Brown.



**Maybelline
EYEBROW PENCIL**
smoothly and cleanly lines the brows, forming graceful, expressive eyebrows. Of pure and highest quality composition. Black or Brown.



**Maybelline
EYE SHADOW**
for delicately shading the eyelids to intensify the color and depth of the eyes. Pure and harmless, smooth and creamy, it may be had in Blue, Brown, Blue-Gray, Green and Violet.



**Maybelline
EYELASH GROWER**
contains highly beneficial oils that nourish and stimulate the natural growth of the lashes, applied nightly before retiring. Pure and harmless, it is an excellent stimulant for dry, brittle lashes.

These famous, high quality Maybelline eye beauty aids may now be had in 10c sizes in all leading 10c stores.

Secrets of a Siren

(Continued from page 77)

mendous concentration. She must feel so intensely that the meaning is projected upon the screen with little acting.

She has mastered the gliding movements which give emphasis to the emotional repression and it is surprising how much can be said by simply turning the head and dropping the eyes. Also, there is a language all its own in the fluttering movement of a Chinese girl's hands.

"MY part as the half-caste Javanese girl in 'Thirteen Women' was without doubt the cruellest character I've ever played," said Myrna. "Somber and morose, it was a case of racial perversion, reeking in hatred that culminated in a horrible revenge. It was an interesting study, though without a gleam of sympathy, and I learned more about the poison of hatred through that girl's actions than I ever dreamed could be hidden in anyone's mind.

"A man loves pursuit—so does the vamp. It is the chance to exhibit power and appeals to the ego. The longer the suspense and the more palpitating it is, the greater the fascination.

"This was a game I played in 'Renegade,' as a spy. I had so many complexes that I think I was a little mad. A cruel sort of person who turned against the man she really loved and joined the Arab tribes, fighting like a demon. She finally killed her lover though both were mortally wounded. And it was all true to character, for the veneer was gone; she was again the primitive."

TO my question as to whether women are naturally cruel, Myrna hesitated a moment, then replied: "Yes, most of them have a cruel streak that bursts into fire with the right torch. Sometimes it is to win a coveted goal, sometimes it is a mother-complex, but more often it revolves about 'her man.' A woman will do almost anything to keep the man she loves.

"Take my character of Cecilia in 'The Animal Kingdom.' In my opinion, she is the deadliest adversary a man could have. A new England girl, conventional, cultured, she never once suggested an alarm. But she was so silken, so hard and mercenary that she willingly wrecked her husband's soul to further her small ambitions. Dangerously alluring, deliberately playing up her physical charms, giving and withholding herself as part of the game, she was, indeed, the mistress rather than the wife."

As she talked, I recalled that Director E. G. Griffiths said, when he chose her for this rôle, that Myrna Loy was the only girl on the screen who, he felt, could portray this part with a perfect blending of good breeding and warm sensuousness.

Myrna continued: "My first chance to play a real American girl came in 'Rebound.' I vamped a married man, husband of my friend. Flattery by word and inference, and sympathy—with never a criticism—turned the trick. Again, in 'Love Me Tonight' I was an American who lightly steps out and wins the husband of another woman. I had to be so understanding, so very glamorous. This was, however, little more than an episode, an adventure. Men crave variety, especially in the love game."

Secrets of a Siren

While considering her rôle in "The Animal Kingdom" the best opportunity she has had, she likes her character in "Topaze," because it was different from anything she has done. A gay French girl, she neither slinks nor plots, but takes love as she finds it. Under her worldly exterior she has a simple heart and without conscious vamping, she wins the quaint and gentle professor—Mr. Barrymore.

UNDER contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Myrna is in constant demand at other studios. Both "The Animal Kingdom" and "Topaz" were made at the RKO studio. Well, screen naughtiness has brought fame to Miss Loy. She is glad she is typed in more daring rôles, for as a homewrecker and worse, she has established a thoroughly exotic vogue. Yet—sometimes, a little wistfully—she hopes for a truly big sympathetic part that will permit her to win every heart. Myrna yearns, like her male victims, to be understood.

BACK in Helena, she began the study of sculpture. She still hopes to go on with this some day in Italy. After sculpture came dancing. It was this study of line and movement that has given Myrna such a perfect command of her body that with every turn she expresses a picture in rhythm.

I asked her if the knowledge she had gained while studying her film rôles was the reason she had never married. This brought the rippling laugh again as she explained that while she may have gathered a little extra wisdom, she still believes in marriage and its loyalty. She says she has been too busy to concentrate on love and marriage. She lives in a pretty Spanish home in Beverly Hills, with her mother and young brother, David, who is still in school, and they form a complete family group in themselves.


You would be surprised to see how different Myrna Loy is off the screen from on. She is quiet, not the least bit exotic looking. She has lovely dark red hair, a scattering of freckles, wears simple clothes and is seldom seen in the show places of Hollywood. Her almond eyes and picturesque sensuousness are a mystery to her, as well as her preference for occult lore, Poe, and the music of Debussy.

As her final contribution, she said: "Every woman has a specific allure of her own. She should find it and make the best of it. But above all, remember it is a woman's femininity that is her paramount charm!"


To obtain circulars described on page opp. 67 write to Miss Frances Cowles, care of this magazine, enclosing four cents for any one circular, ten cents for three circulars, or fifteen cents for all six. Be sure to indicate which circulars you want by the numbers given in the accompanying descriptions.

NO MORE "BLIND DATES" FOR HIM — by Timmins


BE REASONABLE, JOAN. HE'S THE ONLY FELLOW I CAN GET FOR TONIGHT. MAYBE MARY WON'T NOTICE....




BRING HIM THEN I'VE GOT TO HAVE SOMEONE FOR HER. HE'S GOOD COMPANY ONLY SOMETIMES...




COMFORTABLE OVER THERE, MARY? YES, THANKS, PERFECTLY!



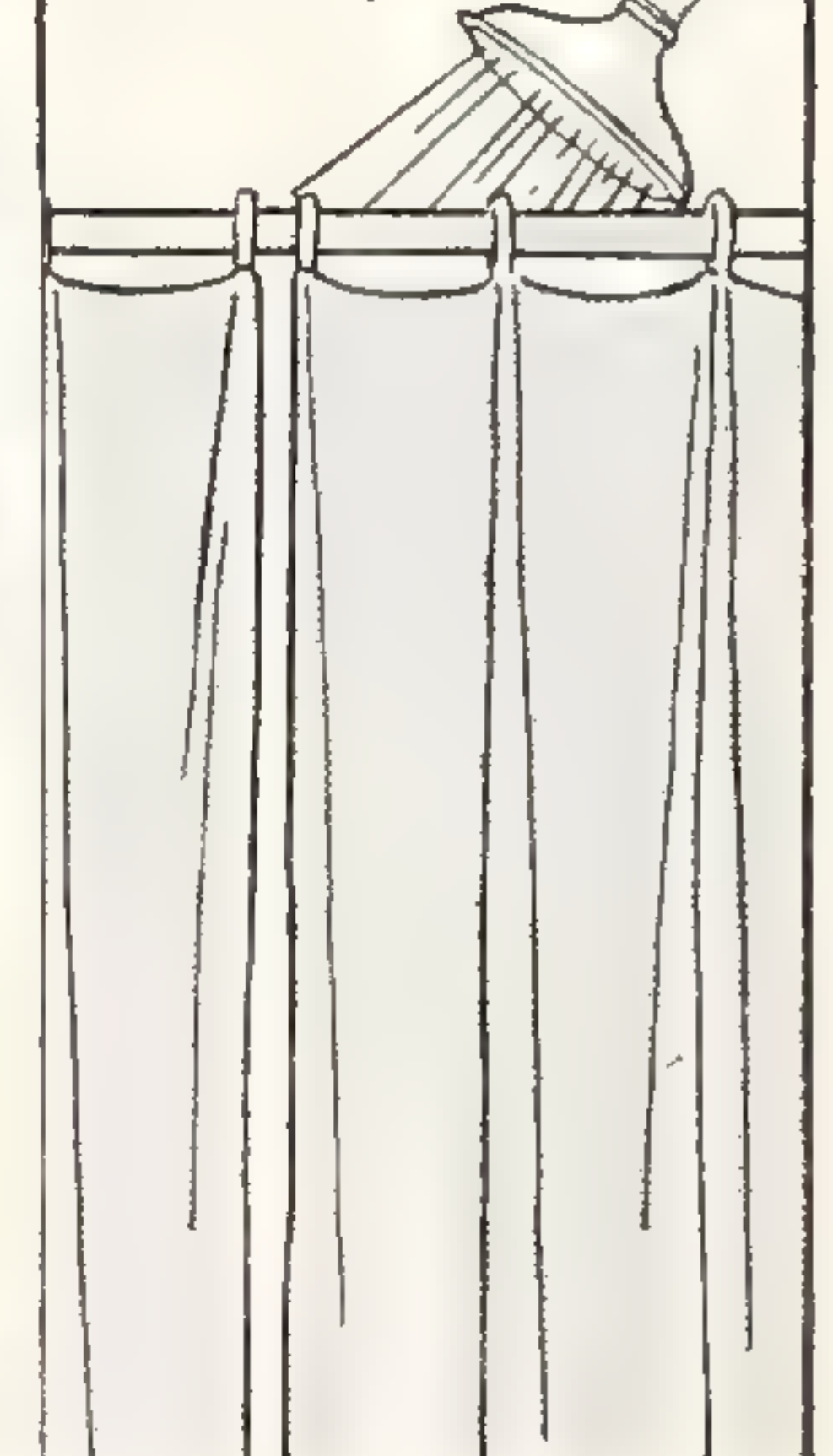
LATER
TOM, I'M OFF "BLIND DATES" AFTER TONIGHT. MARY SEEMED LIKE A PEACH OF A GIRL, BUT WHY'D SHE HAVE TO ACT SO FORMAL?
WANT ME TO TELL YOU... STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER? YOU WON'T GET SORE? THEN HERE GOES




THANKS FOR THE TIP, TOM. I WON'T TAKE ANY MORE CHANCES WITH "B.O." I'LL USE LIFEBOUY AS YOU DO



TOM'S RIGHT.. LIFEBOUY GETS YOU EXTRA-CLEAN. IT'S GOODBYE "B.O." NOW!



"B.O." GONE... no need to make "blind dates" now!
TOM WANTS ME TO GO TO A PARTY, MARY. MAY I TAKE YOU?
THE OTHER GIRLS WILL BE JEALOUS. YOU'RE SO POPULAR NOW



Why wait to be warned about "B.O."?

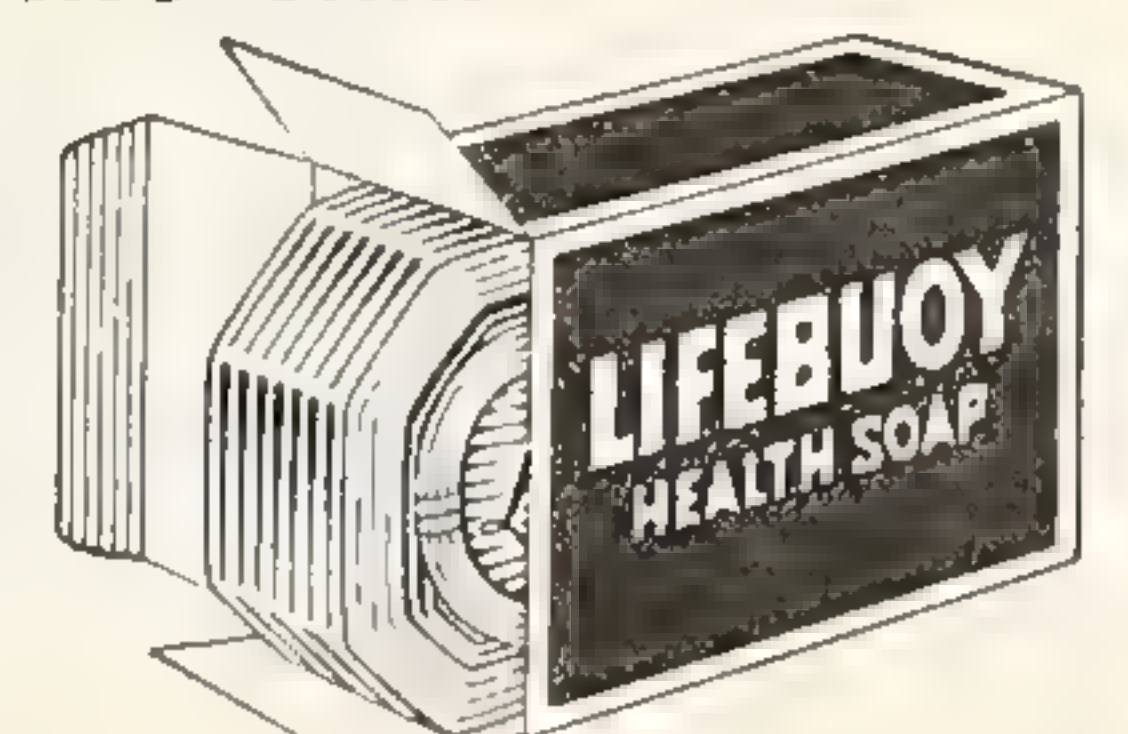
(body odor)

WE all perspire a quart daily—even more as days grow warmer. We all are subject to "B.O." (body odor). Sooner or later YOU are sure to offend — and perhaps be warned and perhaps not! How much wiser to take precautions now! Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. You will know by its extra-clean, quickly-vanishing scent that Lifebuoy is no ordinary toilet soap. Its rich, creamy, hygienic lather purifies and deodorizes pores—removes every trace of "B.O."

Great for the skin

Millions find Lifebuoy the finest complexion soap ever. Its bland, penetrating lather frees pores of clogged impurities—freshens dull skin.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROS. CO.



NO MAN CAN RESIST
THE ALLURE OF A

*Soft, Smooth
Skin*



Do people regard you as pretty *sometimes*? Or do you bear the reputation for constant loveliness that goes with a flawless skin?

If the mirror shows your face losing some of its radiance . . . growing rough, with a suggestion of coming lines and wrinkles . . . try using OUTDOOR GIRL Olive Oil Face Powder. There's nothing like it for smoothing away coarseness and restoring to your complexion its young, alluring beauty.

OUTDOOR GIRL is the only face powder made with an Olive Oil base. It is soft and fluffy in look and feel, yet it clings longer than any other powder.

Try this *different* face powder today. In 7 smart shades to blend naturally with any complexion. The Good Housekeeping "Seal of Approval" is your guarantee of quality.

OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder and other Olive Oil Beauty Products are sold by leading drug, department and chain stores in 3 sizes — 10c, 25c and 50c.* If you want to try 3 of these popular preparations, mail the coupon for the Free "Introductory Sampler."

*Reduced price, in keeping with the times!
Regular \$1.00 size Face Powder — now 50c. Same quality! Same quantity! Same package! Nothing changed but the price.

OUTDOOR GIRL
Olive Oil
FACE POWDER



Crystal Corporation, Dept. 87F
Willis Avenue, New York City

Please send me your free "Introductory Sampler," containing liberal trial packages of OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder, Lip-and-Cheek Rouge, and Perfume.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Flirting with Dynamite

(Continued from page 29)

nip, mind you. Lupe is very thorough. Her bite is as good as her bark. To her compatriots she was saying, "And why not? Lupe is like that. Anyone hurt Lupe's friend, Lupe hurts heem. That horse bite my pal, I bite heem, the beeg—" (There is where the Army phrase came in!)

I WATCHED her play a scene with Doug. At work she was a different being, all attention, anxious to understand and follow every suggestion of the director. But once the scene was made, off the set like an arrow from a bow and into mischief.

Everybody was fascinated by her, including Mary, which surprised me a little. Not that Mrs. Fairbanks, Sr., isn't always generous in her praise of other artists, but there are arts and arts. I felt that I would just as soon leave my husband on a desert island with Peggy Hopkins Joyce as have him play scenes with Ball-of-Fire Velez.

I know Lupe well now and I would trust her farther than most any of my sex. She is a "square shooter" though a bit inclined to aim at the wrong target. No one is more contrite after making a mistake and no one is harder to convince that she is making one!

After the horse incident I didn't see her for some time, but I followed her career with interest, thinking that if she would do that to a horse, what would she do to an executive!

When we met again, her love affair with Gary Cooper was in full swing—or perhaps I should say merry-go-round. She used to come to lunch with him at the Paramount studios. They were a strange combination—Gary so tall, calm and quiet, Lupe, so small, colorful and restless—the North and South Poles staging a merger!

Clinging to his arm she would greet the Paramourteers gayly, but to the feminine portion her black eyes signaled definitely—"You keep away from Garee or I'll knock your block off!" She had no need to worry because at that time Gary was certainly "one-track." I got to know him slightly, but my only entree into the realms of conversation was, "How is Lupe?"

WE met one night at a party where Lupe didn't know many people and, incidentally, didn't want to. They had a colored woman who sang songs of a bluer-than-blue variety. When bridge and guessing games lured the other guests from the piano, Lupe and I found ourselves facing each other across the Steinway.

"Do you know this one?" said Lupe, going into a hot number.

"Have you heard this one?" said Janis, following her lead.

The colored lady got so warmed up that we had to open a window! The three of us finished by singing trios. Lupe has two voices, a low one for "low" songs and a high one for sentimental ditties. I have only one and very little of that, but on occasions I sing a mean barytone!

Gary came in and sat quietly in a chair, listening and watching. Lupe gave him plenty to watch. The rumba was still practically unknown in America, but to Lupe it was kindergarten exercise. I have never seen a body so completely under control. I haven't

asked Lupe to wriggle her ears but everything else she can move at will.

It always seemed to me, when I saw her with Gary, that she went out of her way to try to shock him. She appeared to be saying, "I know he doesn't like this, but if he really loves Lupe he must love her just as she is."

And the funny part of it is that without an audience, be it one man or three thousand, there's "not a shock in a carload" of that Mexican T. N. T.

I learned this early in our acquaintance. In her own home Lupe will be leaping from guest to guest, handing out vocal upper cuts, (she has been known to swing a real one), and suddenly disappear.

"Elsieeee, come up here!"

I have climbed the stairs to find the real Lupe saying, "I'm tired. I've sung and talked myself to death. Sit down, darleeng; tell me what are you working on now? Everything O.K. with you?"

And so on into an interesting conversation. The guests scream for Lupe. The party is dying without its dynamite. So Lupe yells, "All right, I'm coming," and the show goes on.

Lupe has a collection of endearing names that would make a sea captain draw in his sails from sheer envy—but as most of her so-called profanity is translated literally from Spanish, where *Dios* and other sacred words are tossed lightly about, it doesn't seem to mean much; and I'm a crank on the subject myself.

AFTER our evening of hot harmony and rough rhumbas, Lupe and I vowed that we would see more of each other, but she was very much in love with Gary and I was doing a pretty good imitation of being in love with the young man whom I subsequently married. Neither of us had reached the foursome stage yet, so our vows weren't broken, they were just lost in love's shuffle.

Our work finally brought us together



Photo by Wide World

Eleanor Holm, the swimming champion, snapped unawares at the Brown Derby. She has rapidly become one of the most popular girls in Hollywood.

Flirting with Dynamite

again. I was writing the dialogue for C. B. DeMille's production of the "The Squaw Man." Mr. DeMille was casting the picture and making tests for the very important character of *Naturich*, when he said to me, "What do you think of Lupe Velez for the Indian girl?"

I couldn't have been more surprised if he had suggested Marie Dressler, for *Naturich* is a tragic rôle of an unfortunate little mother who kills herself when her baby is taken from her.

With Mr. DeMille it is wise not to voice an opinion until you are sure you have it, so I went into my imitation of "The Thinker" and as I thought of the sweet, serious Lupe who so seldom comes to light I became more and more enthusiastic.

"Does she want to play it?" I said.

"Crazy to," he answered. "She's making a test this afternoon!"

Most people do most things Mr. DeMille asks them to do, but the idea of "tell-them-where-to-get-off" Lupe making a test struck me as very funny.

I was not wrong. It was funny. After lunch Mitch Leison, who was then C. B.'s assistant, came into the office and said, "I have Lupe outside made up and in the costume, if you are ready to see her." I'm still wondering what would have happened outside if he hadn't been ready.

Into the room, completely in character, eyes cast down, tiny hands crossed upon her breast, came the Mexican whirlwind. Her eyes met mine as she raised them demurely. No sign of a smile but a "Dick Dead-Eye" wink, especially for me, as she advanced.

She was *Naturich*. We all knew it, but she mustn't be allowed to know it at once. She was going to be hard to handle, anyway.

"Will you turn around, please?" Mr. DeMille said.

Lupe turned, throwing me another devastating wink as she did it. The Great Master put her through the paces just as if she had never made a picture—and she took it, although with every turn I expected the explosion. Finally, when from Mr. DeMille's remarks there could be no doubt that she was "it," Lupe grabbed the little shawl off her head and stepping heavily on some of her personal vocabulary sat down in a chair, saying, "Etc., etc., etc. I'm tired!"

IF you saw "The Squaw Man," you will remember her inspired performance, delicate, wistful, and natural. But between scenes Lupe was just Lupe, dancing, laughing, telling stories to the stage hands, doing her rumba behind Mr. DeMille's back. By the end of the six weeks it took to make the picture, Lupe was sitting beside The Master as he directed—and making him laugh so much that she had to be sent away during the serious scenes.

"I like this man DeMille," she said to me. "At first I was scared stiff, but now—you know, Elsie, he has got 'it.' You think so, no?"

"I think so, yes!" I answered. "I came over to work for him for six weeks two years ago!"

For a while I saw quite a bit of Lupe and Gary, enough to observe that the "merger" was not merging so successfully. Gary was not well and no
(Please turn to page 82)

"Isn't he thrilling?"



A new batch of snapshots is a package full of excitement . . . "Let me see" . . . "I must have this one" . . . Plenty of fun when the pictures were made. But what sport when the prints are passed around!

Millions are finding new possibilities in snapshots—they use Kodak VERICHROME Film. It has really made picture-taking quite a different thing. Easy positions—natural expressions—you get them with Verichrome. Because nobody need pose or face the sun. Dull days or bright, just snap what you want. The pictures will turn out right. Try a roll of Verichrome today! Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, New York.



HOW KODAK VERICHROME FILM DOUBLE-GUARDS SNAPSHOT SUCCESS

• Verichrome is the double-coated film. Two sensitive coatings instead of one. One coating for dull light, another coating for bright light give Verichrome its amazing picture-taking range. In sun or shade, bright days or dull, it double-guards your snapshots.

KODAK VERICHROME FILM



a Drastic Change made her look more like herself!

NICE eyes, yes. But men took one look at her mouth...and asked themselves what was wrong. *Were her lips common, conspicuous...or simply over-painted?*... Luckily, she settled the question for herself. She gave up her ordinary lipstick. Why? Because she found a lipstick that suffuses the lips with warm, natural color...ending that painted look!

Glowing natural color!

This unusual lipstick is called Tangee. Actually, it brings out the full natural color hidden in your own lips...without painting them!

That's because Tangee isn't paint. It's different. In the stick, it's orange. On the lips it's *your* shade of blush rose...for Tangee changes to the one perfect color for you!

Use Tangee for appealing lips...fresh with natural color the whole day through! Sold at drug stores and cosmetic counters.



Rouge and Powder Natural, too!

Both Tangee Rouge and Powder blend naturally with individual complexions. Rouge comes in economical refillable compact. Face Powder available in 5 shades: Flesh; Rachel; Cream; Tan; White.

New!
SMALL SIZE 39¢
TANGEE LIPSTICK

TANGEE
World's Most Famous Lipstick
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

★ SPECIAL 10c OFFER!

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Rush Miracle Make-up Set containing miniature Tangee Lipstick and Rouge. Enclosed find 10c (stamps or coin).

Name _____

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Flirting with Dynamite

(Continued from page 81)

amount of shocks could get a reaction. Lupe was still leaping across the room and landing around Gary's neck. "I love heem so much I could keel heem," she would say. But I felt that if she really did she would have killed him for his pacifism.

Before very long Gary was big game hunting in Africa and Lupe was scalp collecting in a Broadway musical comedy. One heard that Lupe had left Gary and that Gary had left Lupe, but I think old man Eros just packed up his "props" and saying, "This is too hectic for me; I can't stand the strain!" moved on.

Apparently it was all for the best. Gary today, due to travel, experience, and perhaps a little of the suffering which follows in the wake of the good ship Romance, is a more interesting person and a better actor. Lupe, though not really changed, tamed, chastened, or any of the things I have been reading lately in the papers about her, has undoubtedly grown up a little. She has established herself in the theater as a real "bet," which is valuable in these days when picture players live from option to option and receivers are replacing the wolf at the doors of the studios.

I spent Christmas this year at Agua Caliente, our Mexican Monte Carlo, which lies (in waiting) just across the border. There one may play roulette, go to the races, stand at one of the world's longest bars and drink the world's most expensive drinks. One may do all this and much more if he likes. And hundreds do every weekend.

Lupe was there and for me at least she put the merry in Merry Christmas. Lupe, anywhere, is pretty apt to be a big attraction, but there in her own country she literally opens and closes the show! From sheriff to "bus boy," from the smart casino in Agua Caliente to the smallest "joint" in Tia Juana, Lupe's word is magic. Lupe is

the greatest star and above all Lupe is their "pal."

ONE night—or, rather, one morning early—when she had finally allowed them to close the casino, we went to Tia Juana. In a tiny and shoddy bar (the only one open), perched on a high stool, Lupe sat talking to several admiring roughnecks.

"Elsie," she said, "these are real people. They don't look like much but they have hearts of gold. They are regular."

Two Mexicans with guitars asked what the Queen would like to hear sung. Lupe, graciousness personified, told them in Spanish.

Their singing was not good, and as in most cases when someone is asked to sing everyone but Lupe and myself began to talk. We were a party of eight, and, believe me, the other six didn't talk long, for when Lupe says, "Shut up!" folks shut!

"Of course their singing is rotten," Lupe whispered to me, "but they are trying very hard, and I'm not going to have their feelings hurt by these—" (old Army phrase), she concluded pointing to her own party—which included Johnny Weissmuller, champion swimmer, heart breaker, originator of *Tarzan* of the screen and at that moment head man in Lupe's affections.

When we left she shook hands with everyone, thanked the chronic guitar sufferers and sailed out, leaving a crowd of Lupe lovers behind, that I'm sure would fight for her to the last ditch—which in Mexico means to the end of most of the roads.

Lupe is one of the few people I know who has the courage to say what she thinks and think what she says. If some one doesn't want to hear her opinions she can sense it—she is away ahead of mental criticism. And as for Mr. Weissmuller he is a very nice lad, but though he may be able to beat Lupe in a tank, there are a lot of places you can't go in swimming trunks.

Type-Sketching the Stars

Twenty-five dollars will be awarded by The New Movie Magazine to the reader who makes a typewriter picture of June Knight, appearing on Page 30 in this issue, selected as the best of those submitted. Ten dollars will be paid for the one selected as the second best, and ten one-dollar prizes will be paid for each of the ten selected as the ten next best.

The judges are John Held, Jr., the artist, Frederic Arnold Kummer, the author, and the editors of this magazine.

No employe of Tower Magazines, or anyone related to any employe, is eligible to receive an award.

Any material submitted, if selected by the committee for publication, automatically becomes the property of this magazine. We will not be responsible for the return of material submitted.

The contest—insofar as it relates to the picture of Miss Knight—will close July 10th, 1933, at midnight. Entries received after that time will not be considered.

All type-sketches must be made from the June Knight photograph appearing on Page 30.

Submit all entries to the Type-Sketch Editor, The New Movie Magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Glenda and the Boy Friend

(Continued from page 63)

them, to some smart hotel or night club.

NOW comes Hollywood and Glenda's world is changed. Someone spread the word around that she had eyes and ears only for "some acrobat." Jealousy, doubtless, was at the bottom of that dig. Jack is, as they say in vaudeville, "hard to follow." He has personality plus and a physique that makes even a Johnny Weissmuller look to his laurels.

All this acrobat talk comes from the fact that Jack started life somewhere on the East Side, tumbling and flip-flopping on the pavement along with the other kids—but he was so good he flip-flopped himself into a circus.

His streak for comedy soon took him from the big canvas to the vaudeville stage, where he teamed up with Mitchell. Now the pair has landed in big productions and is a success.

Naturally Glenda is proud of Jack's success. He is clean cut—has to be to keep in form. No bathtub gin for him and no letting the hundreds of women who write and say they would give anything for "one hour with him" turn his head. "That's why I think he's grand," said she. "Nevertheless I wish people would not call him 'that acrobat'."

"I know that, but you're the kind of girl that should not be upset by a lot of idle gossip," said I, hoping to salvage a regular trooper from falling into Hollywood ways. Too many friendships and eighteen-carat loves have been wrecked by Hollywood's professional whisperers. Can't you hear them? "Midnight movies and delicatessen suppers—oh, dear, no! That might go in the Broadway forties but not in Hollywood. You must be seen at the Bla-Bla Room or the Whose-it Club, and if you're not in with the cream of the creamies, etc., etc., it's just too bad," they advise. And to be properly in the swim you must be seen around with some rich society man or some very bright male glistener of the movie clan. But an acrobat—horrors!

I CAN'T see Glenda squeezing herself into the mold prescribed by the self-appointed advisors who plague every new star to enter the sacred precincts of studioland, although she had listened enough to venture, in more philosophical mood. "I don't believe in forgetting old friends but my career—that is, after all, the big thing. You see I've Tommy—my child. No! Hollywood will never make me deny him. I'm divorced, but Tommy is really the one who counts with me. He likes Jack, too—thinks he's grand, but it's my career that is important to Tommy's future. Not that he thinks so; he is too young to know. But success means money and money means everything that is good for him. If my friendship with anyone hurts my future, I would try to forget."

Well, here I was helpless. What's the use of trying to rescue a bit of refreshing love when that old bugaboo career looms into the picture? Just the same I believe that Glenda, who is such a grand actress on the screen and such a regular little trouser, will eventually get fed up with all the advice handed her and give it all the go-by—travel her own road and, if "acrobat" are part of the scenery—oh, well!

It's
smooth
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SHAVING
WITH
SQUIBB'S



JUST a "once-over" with Squibb Shaving Cream usually convinces a man that at last here's the shaving cream he wants. It makes your face feel better than it's ever felt before.

Squibb's does two things — it helps the razor, and it helps the skin. The blade seems to glide along. There are no rasps, tugs, scrapes. The creamy lather

acts like a shock-absorber and protects your skin.

Then Squibb's brings a welcome after-shaving ease. It contains oils essential to the comfort of the skin. All day long your face will feel smooth, pliant and refreshed.

Two sizes of Squibb Shaving Cream are available. The big 40c tube and a generous guest-size tube for 10c.

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Squibb Cleansing Cream

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Squibb Toilet Lanolin

Squibb Lanolin Cream

Squibb Bath Powder

Squibb Talcum Powder

A trial of Squibb Shaving Cream will convince you of its superiority. If the guest-size tube is not obtainable at your local stores send this coupon and 10c to cover cost of wrapping and mailing.

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Enclosed find 10c. Please send me a guest-size tube of Squibb Shaving Cream.

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Spare FRIENDS Save DRESSES

Perspiration can Cost
You Both



In less than ten minutes, underarm perspiration can defeat you socially and undermine you financially!

It can defeat you socially, because the unfortunate odor wrecks your charm and distresses your friends. It can undermine you financially, because the acids of perspiration stain and fade your dresses.

Odorono Protects your Dresses and your Friendships

A famous physician developed the *safe, sure* defense against perspiration and odor. Odorono prevents perspiration, as perspiration *must be prevented*, if dresses and friendships are to be saved! Greasy creams and sticks, powders, perfumes and soaps may, at best, get rid of odor temporarily. But Odorono not only secures your charm. It spares your clothes from early discard and your friendships from unhappy moments.

Choose with confidence the famous Odorono Regular (ruby red) or the newer Instant Odorono (colorless). Both now have the original Odorono sanitary applicator.



ODORONO
REGULAR

for use before retiring
—gives 3 to 7 days'
complete protection.

INSTANT
ODORONO

is for quick use—while
dressing or at any time.
1 to 3 days' protection.

ODO·RO·NO

The Strange Magic of a Name

(Continued from page 55)

inclined to let the emotions of the past keep him or her from holding on to his or her successful heights. The *I*-type is extremely intuitive and inspirational. Though quiet, the *I*-type has a deep unrest. They like to think of things on a vast scale. They are often humanitarian in interests, and have a marked influence over the minds of others.

The *I*-type loves home, but often loses it in some mysterious manner. There is a power to obtain favors. The imagination is strong, and the *I*-type makes very often a most excellent writer.

When *Y* is the first vowel it gives a strong love of rare things. A retiring quality is prominent in the nature. Such types like exclusiveness and culture.

THE letter *O* has attracted success to it all through history, but particularly in the field of motion pictures has it found its home. Some of the most precious words of our language have the letter *O* as their first vowel. Take, for instance, the word "home," and the word "love." The words, love, home, and money are the principal interests of all our lives. And those motion picture stars who are closest to our hearts seem to have the peculiar ability also of holding human interest over long periods, when they act in parts which represent love, home, and money.

Norma Talmadge, Gloria Swanson, and Douglas Fairbanks, Joan Crawford, John Barrymore, and Norma Shearer. Years ago they were dear to our hearts. Today they are the same. Lon Chaney, Conrad Nagel, John Gilbert, Thomas Meighan, Pola Negri and Louise Fazenda. If we could see them all today, they would attract us now as ever.

Tom Mix, Colleen Moore, Tom Moore and Joseph Schildkraut . . . Constance Bennett and Joan Bennett, Ronald Colman, Lowell Sherman and Monte Blue—how long they have held us! There is something about the stars whose first vowel is the letter *O*, which represents the three words love, home and fortune to us. And possibly that is why their very names themselves are so lasting in our hearts.

OTHER bright lights there are, who hold us bound, but not in just the same way. For instance, the stars whose first vowel is the letter *A*, such as Carmel Myers, Mae Murray, Charles Chaplin, Kay Francis, Pauline Frederick, Clara Bow, Wallace Beery, Anita Page, Ann Harding, Marie Dressler. The *A*-type of stars seems to be more representative of strongly individual character parts than those whose names have the *O* for the first vowel, with its meaning of home, love or fortune.

We can always expect something different and novel from the *E*-type of stars. They never bore us, and there is usually an emphatic amount of sex appeal about them, either in an esthetic, a materialistic, or a mental way. Evelyn Brent, Thelma Todd, Helen Kane, Bebe Daniels, and Estelle Taylor appeal strongly to the love of novelty in their audiences, possibly connected with sex plots. The originality of the *E*-type is strong in such

actors as Eddie Cantor, Edna May Oliver, El Brendel, Lew Cody, Edward Everett Horton, Jetta Goudal. And the sophisticated note is struck in the *E*-type in Lewis Stone, George Arliss, Fredric March, Henry B. Warner. The incomparable Emil Jannings illustrates the daring feats of the *E*-type of actor.

THE well-loved *I*-type of actor is appreciated, but there are not many of them in spite of the fact that there are so many first names which have the letter *I* as the first vowel. There is a subtle understanding that appeals to humans as a whole, about the *I*-type—Will Rogers, Clive Brook, Richard Dix. You just know that they would be democratic souls if you knew them personally.

Problems which others could not be consulted about, could be understood by the *I*-type, without any words at all and no apologies. There are few who would go for consolation of the soul for instance, to Claire Windsor, Anita Page, Sally O'Neil, Jacqueline Logan, or Sally Eilers. But if one had made a very human error, one wouldn't mind asking the help of Will Rogers, Winnie Lightner, Irene Rich, Victor MacLaglen, or Lionel Barrymore. You just feel that they'd help you out somehow, and never say a word about it.

Here are some successes in the *A*-type: Harold Lloyd, Adolphe Menjou, Charles Ruggles, Charles (Buddy) Rogers, Paul Lukas, Stan Laurel, Al Jolson, Clark Gable, Walter Huston, Alec B. Francis, Charles Farrell, Gary Cooper, Maurice Chevalier, Wallace Beery, Charles Chaplin, Ann Harding, Mary Pickford, Carmel Myers, Mae Murray, Alice White, ZaSu Pitts, Barbara Stanwyck, Alice Joyce, Pauline Frederick, Marie Dressler, Claudette Colbert, Anita Page, Sally O'Neill, Marian Nixon, Patsy Ruth Miller, Anna Q. Nilsson, Jacqueline Logan, Laura La Plante, Janet Gaynor, Kay Francis, Marion Davies, Clara Bow.

And some successes in the *U*-type: Buster Keaton, Rudy Vallee, Tully Marshall, "Bull" Montana, Lupe Velez, Ruth Chatterton, Gustav Von Seyffertitz.

Successes in the *E*-type: Lew Cody, Eddie Cantor, Fredric March, Lewis Stone, Emil Jannings, Edward Everett Horton, Edward Robinson, El Brendel, Reginald Denny, Henry B. Warner, Henry B. Walthall, Bert Wheeler, Chester Conklin, George Arliss, Ernest Torrence, Regis Toomey, Edmund Lowe, Bela Lugosi, Bebe Daniels, Bessie Love, Betty Compson, Helen Kane, Jean Harlow, Belle Bennett. Evelyn Brent, Hedda Hopper, Renee Adoree, Jetta Goudal, Jeanne Eagels, Thelma Todd, Lenore Ulric, Estelle Taylor, Edna May Oliver, Enid Bennett.

Successes in the *Y*-type: Myrna Loy, Lya DePutti.

Predominant successes in the *O*-type: Tom Mix, Thomas Meighan, Robt. Montgomery, Tom Moore, Owen Moore, Conrad Nagel, Louis Wolheim, Lowell Sherman, Jack Oakie, Robert Edeson, John Holt, (John) Jackie Cooper, Joel McCrea, House Peters, John Loder, John McCormack, Oliver Hardy, Rod La Rocque, O. P. Heggie, John Gilbert, Hoot Gibson, Douglas Fairbanks, Ron-

The Strange Magic of a Name

ald Colman, Johnny Mack Brown, Hobart Bosworth, Boris Karloff, Joseph Cawthorne, Johnny Walker, Lloyd Hughes, John Boles, Monte Blue, Robert Woolsey, Noah Beery, John Barrymore, Robert Ames, Romaine Fielding, Douglas MacLean, Groucho Marx, Conway Tearle, Joe E. Brown, Otis Harlan, Conrad Veidt, Bobbie Vernon, Ford Sterling, Rudolph Valentino, Norman Carey, Roscoe Ates, Louise Fazenda, Dolores Del Rio, Louise Brooks, Constance Talmadge, Dorothy Lee, Mary Brian (Real Name Louise Dantzler), Constance Bennett, Polly Moran, Josephine Dunn, Dolores Costello, Lois Wilson, Gloria Swanson, Corinne Griffith, Olive Borden, Joan Bennett, Lois Moran, Pola Negri, Louise Dresser, Joan Crawford, Norma Talmadge, Norma Shearer, Rose Hobart, Dorothy Sebastian, Dorothy Gish, Colleen Moore, Loretta Young, Rosita Duncan, Dorothy Mackaill, Jobyna Ralston, Florence Turner, Dorothy Phillips, Joan Blondell, Florence Lawrence, Doris Kenyon, Hope Hampton, Olive Tell, Dorothy Jordan, Constance Cummings, Florence Vidor.

What's Your Name?

GIVE us a pen name. We offer \$100 for one, selected as the best, to be used by the anonymous author of our new Hollywood gossip department, "Hollywood Day By Day."

Naturally, to get the inside, intimate information he is writing, his name must remain secret. We want a name for him that will be in the spirit of the department; that will, in a manner, express the idea of the feature.

We considered many names. None of them seemed good enough. So we decided to put it up to our readers.

We will pay \$100 for the name which, in the opinion of the editors of this magazine, is the best one for the author of "Hollywood Day by Day." Anyone, anywhere, is eligible to enter this contest, except employees of Tower Magazines, Inc., or their families. You may send in as many names as you desire. If we think two names are of equal merit an equal winning prize will be given to each contestant.

All names must be addressed to **HOLLYWOOD DAY BY DAY**, The New Movie Magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

The contest closes at midnight, June 10th, 1933, and the winning name will be announced in the August issue of The New Movie Magazine on sale July 8th.

The decision will be left entirely to the editors of The New Movie Magazine.

This magazine will not be responsible for material submitted and cannot be held liable for anything that may be lost in transit or otherwise. Contributions will not be returned but will become the property of Tower Magazines, Inc.

Think of names you would like to use yourself if you were the author of the "Hollywood Day by Day" department—names that suggest a writer of intimate gossip and inside revelations.

LOOK HERE!



First I pour a little Glo-Coat right onto the clean floor.

1



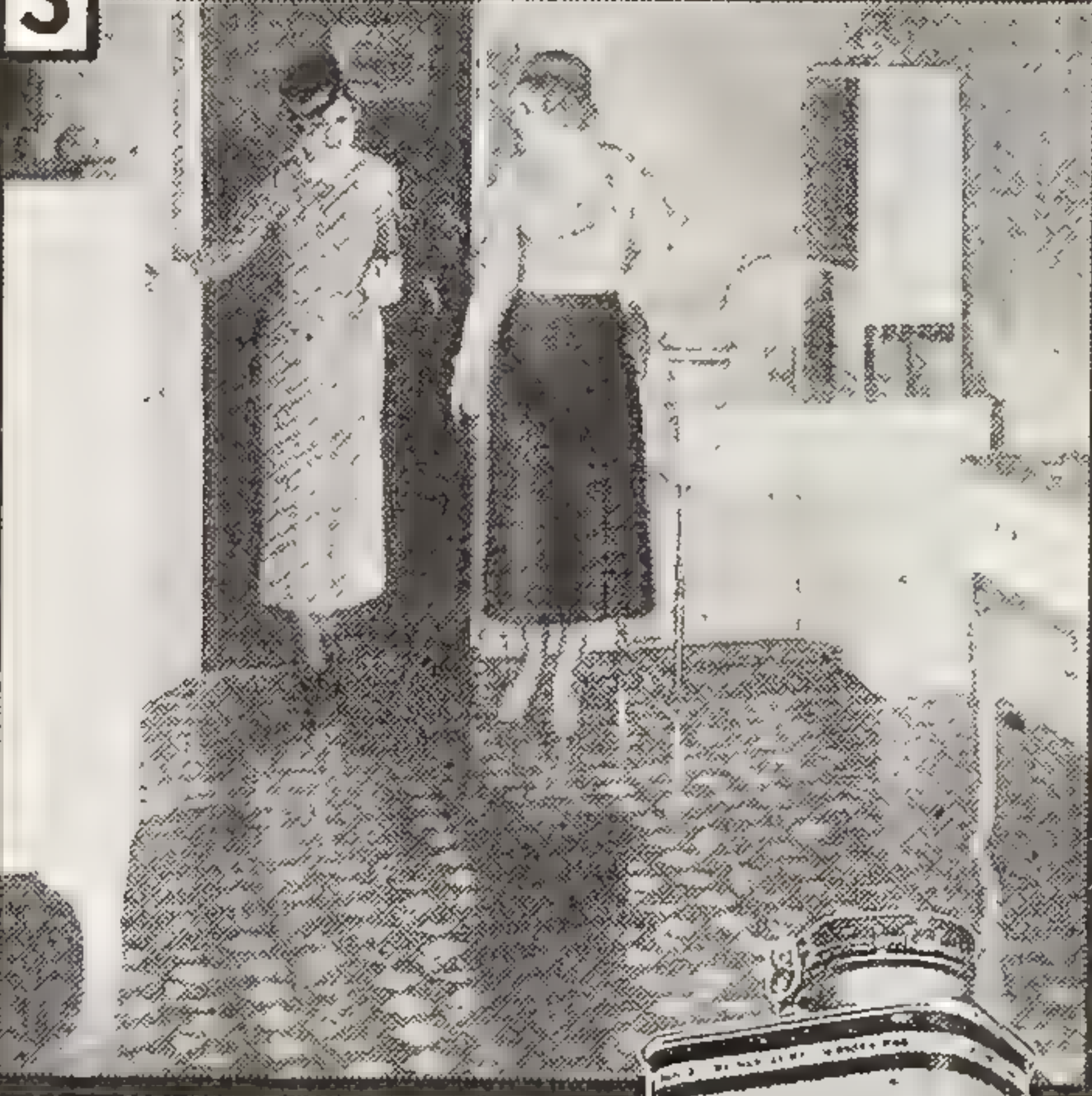
Then I spread the Glo-Coat over the surface. I don't have to rub it in or polish it.

2

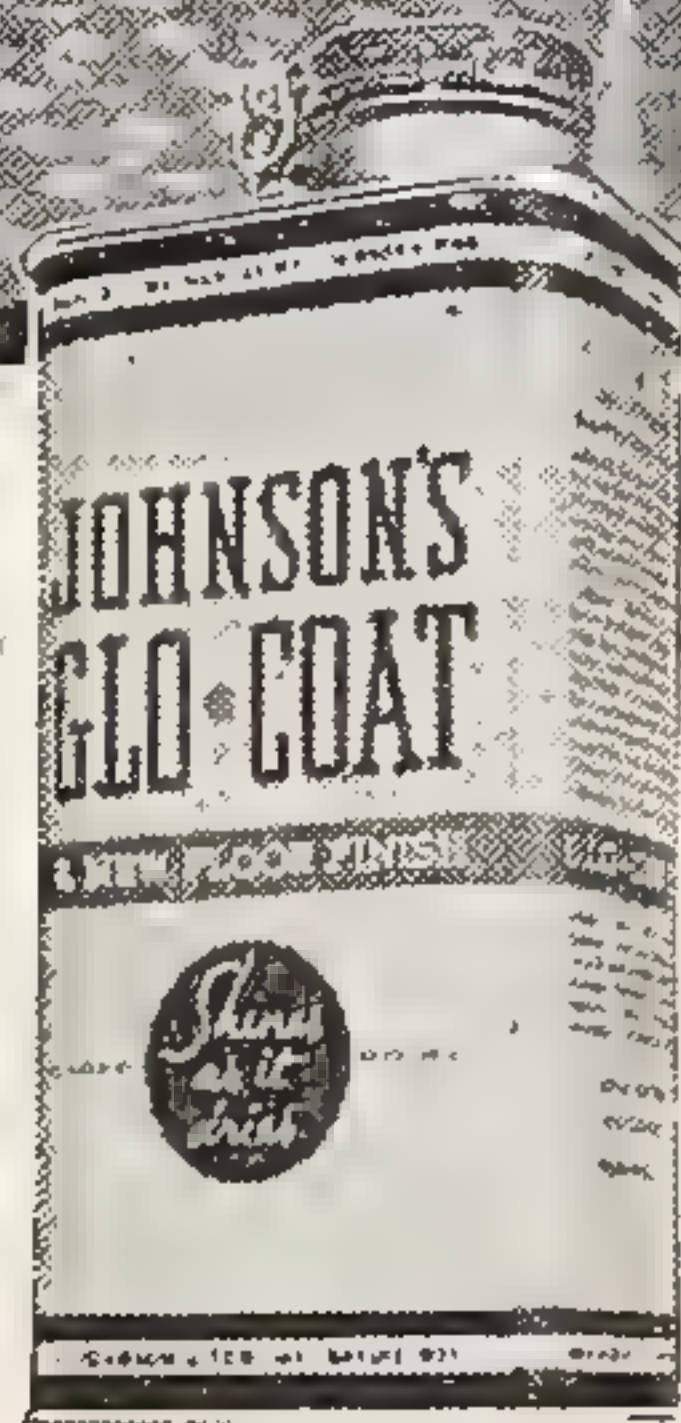


20 minutes later. See the wonderful polish! Glo-Coat has made the floor bright as new while we were away.

3



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I'll make this floor beautiful with only 10 minutes work

- Try Glo-Coat on your own floors. See how easily it goes on. Simply wipe it lightly over the surface, using a cloth or the new Glo-Coat Applier. You don't have to rub it in or polish it. Just forget about it for 20 minutes. When you come back, you'll find a bright, shining floor that will resist wear.

- Send for a trial size and learn the modern easy way to keep linoleum, rubber tile, varnished or painted floors always beautiful.

No rubbing! No polishing!

Special SALE at your dealers

1 large 16 oz. can Glo-Coat75¢

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Enclosed is 10c. Please send me a generous trial can of your new easy-to-use floor polish, GLO-COAT.

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The quilt shown below was generously loaned by Mrs. E. T. Hunt, 124 Prescott St., Toledo, Ohio. It was made in 1833 by an 18-year-old bride in her family, and is a precious heirloom.



THE flowers are faded in this soft, warm quilt, lovingly sewed a hundred years ago. But the tiny stitches are as strong as ever. Sewing which is done with J. & P. Coats or Clark's O. N. T. Best Six Cord thread always gives such service. It pays to use good thread.



For more than a Century—as Today
THE TWO GREAT NAMES IN THREAD

What Will Happen?

(Continued from page 25)

It is the fans who built the stars, yet stayed away from the box-office when they appeared in weak films. So you can thank yourselves for the new efforts made to locate good and interesting plots.

The movies have been criticised time and again for sending expeditions to foreign countries to film exteriors. Here is a little secret that exonerates them, as revealed by one expert. The companies save money on expeditionary pictures. The cost averages from \$60,000 to \$100,000 as compared with \$175,000 and more spent on a Hollywood-made production. Money is saved on sets, on casting, on the entire production company. The new season will see the following expeditionary films released:

"Wild Cargo," produced by Frank Buck, who made "Bring 'Em Back Alive."

"India Speaks," a travelogue of India's jungles and the mountains of Tibet as seen and filmed by Richard Halliburton.

"The Uncrowned King," with a background of Arabia, photographed by E. Schoedsack who made "Grass" and "Kong." Richard Dix will play the lead.

"The Man-Eater," with exteriors filmed in the Malay jungles.

Marian Burns, Kane Richmond and Harry Woods are featured.

"S. O. S. Iceberg," with exteriors filmed in Greenland. Rod La Rocque will be featured. "Eskimo," made in the Arctic.

"Head Hunters" which will probably be filmed in Malay.

HORROR films are still popular with the public, just as ghost stories and detective stories never lose their interest. To be released this season are:

"Supernatural," about a girl Jekyll and Hyde, with Carole Lombard and Randolph Scott in the leads.

"Dead on Arrival," a mystery story with Ricardo Cortez and William Harrigan.

"The Invisible Man," based on H. G. Wells' story of a man who had the power to render himself invisible. Boris Karloff will play the title rôle.

"The Billionaire," also for Karloff, is about a man who can foretell the future.

"Bluebeard," also a mystery picture with Karloff.

THE experts have decided that the cloyingly sweet romances are no longer enough for the basis of a picture. They have turned to newspaper headlines for some of their plots and leading characters, and the new season will see many an interesting newspaper story fictionized for the screen. Fact stories fictionized for the movies for next season include:

"Kingfish," the story of a man not unlike Senator Huey Long, who will be portrayed by Edward G. Robinson.

"Wild Boys of the Road," a story of homeless American boys who are tramping around the country.

"Convention City," expected to rip the lid off Atlantic City at convention time.

"The Breadline," which scarcely needs explanation.

"Love Your Body," based on the

story of a man who invents health foods and employs an athlete to sell them for him. Probably Buster Crabbe, featured in "King of the Jungle," will play the lead.

"The Bogus Prince," about none other than that fascinating young man, "Prince" Mike Romanoff who was featured in the headlines not so long ago. Lee Tracy will portray the "prince."

"Careless," a satire on New York Life, written by Maurine Watkins and doing for New York what "Chicago" did for that town.

"Newsreel" will be based on actual adventures of two newsreel cameramen. Eric Linden may be featured.

"The American," the story of Chicago's late Mayor Cermak.

"Only Yesterday," based on the dynamic book of that name. It is the fact story of America from the World War until today. But for the screen, the action has been compressed to take place in one day. Irene Dunne is scheduled for the lead.

"The Education of a Princess," the life story of Grand Duchess Marie of Russia, as written by herself. Norma Shearer will probably have the title rôle.

DRAMA still plays the leading rôle in the picture industry—although they have learned, the experts, that the public loves its comedy, that comedians and comedienues are the biggest successes at the box office. Among the dramatic offerings for the new season will be:

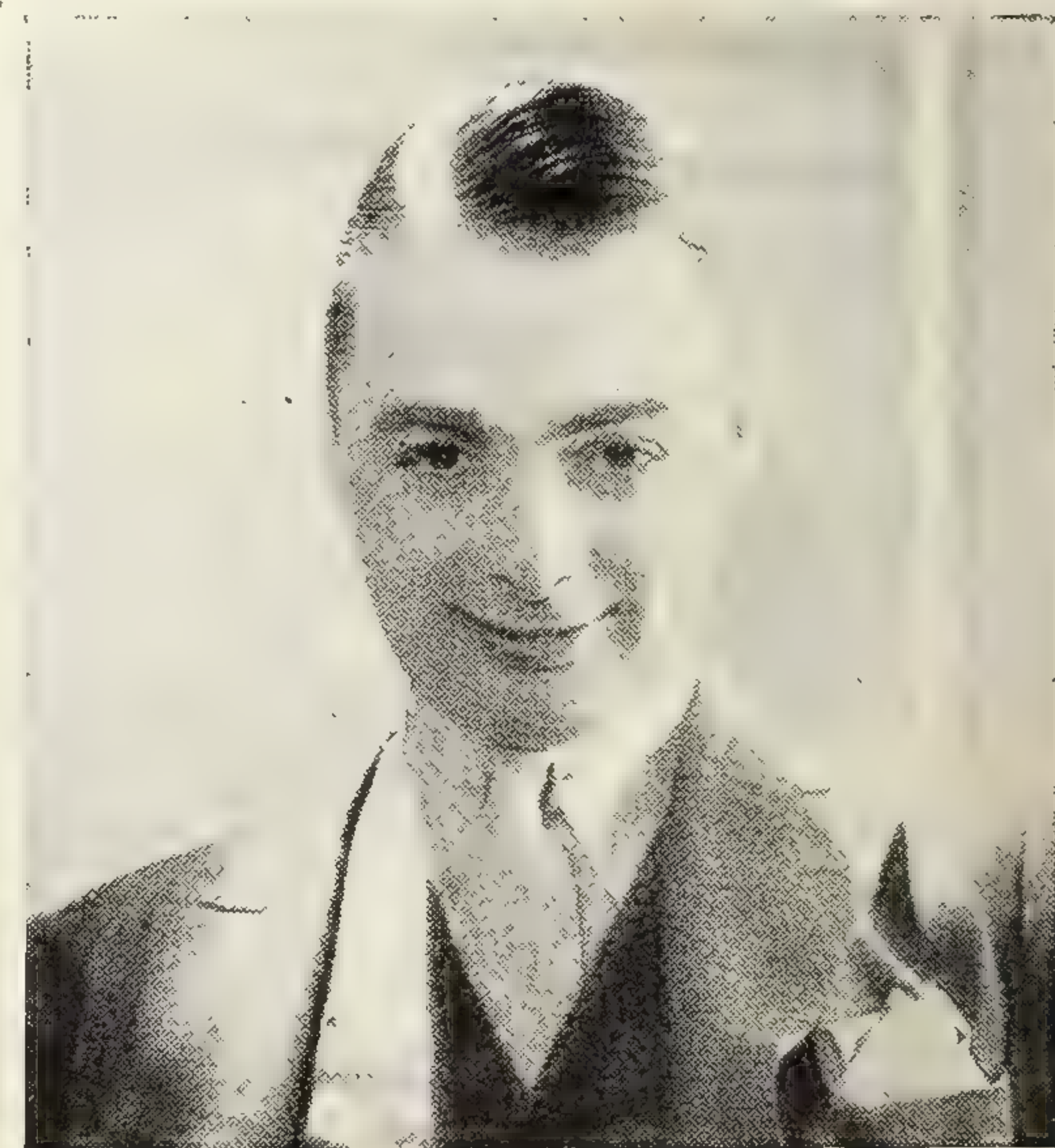
"Chrysalis," with an underworld background and society environment—the story of a debutante who interests herself in the plight of two young underworld sweethearts. Two suicides mark the dramatic highspots of the picture.

"Song of Songs," with Marlene Dietrich and Brian Aherne.

"Jennie Gerhardt," the Theodore Dreiser story of a strange girl, portrayed by Sylvia Sydney.

"Big Executive," the story of a man who held the financial balance of power in his hand, and misused it, thereby losing the girl he loved, and for whom he had committed murder.

"Another Language," the dramatic



Photograph by Hurrell

George K. Arthur, one of the best little actors in Hollywood—and by little, we mean small—as he appears in "Looking Forward."

What Will Happen?

story of a divided family.

"The Barretts of Wimpole Street," probably for Norma Shearer, tells the love story of a sensitive girl and a poet.

"The Good Earth," based on Pearl Buck's powerful novel of Chinese family life.

"Mary Stevens, M. D.," with Kay Francis portraying a woman doctor.

"Bed of Roses," in which Constance Bennett will play the lead, has New Orleans at Mardi Gras time as its background.

"Ad Man," with Richard Dix playing the part of an advertising man who falls in love with a fashion illustrator.

"Rafter Romance," the story of love in a Greenwich Village garret, will have Joel McCrea and Dorothy Jordan in the leads. They will also play in a picture called "Little Clown Lost."

"Declassé," is scheduled for Ann Harding. Remember Corinne Griffith in the silent version?

"Ann Vickers," based on Sinclair Lewis' best seller, will have Irene Dunne in the title rôle.

"The Stag Line," will be the first of a series of love stories about modern youth, featuring Betty Furness.

"Emergency Call," an ambulance story with Betty Furness, Bill Boyd and Bill Gargan in the leading rôles.

"Pigmy," starring Richard Dix, is a story of the sea.

"Little Women"—who hasn't read this beautiful and touching story by Louisa May Alcott? The sisters will be portrayed by Katharine Hepburn, Dorothy Wilson and Anita Louise. G. B. Stern, who made a study of Miss Alcott's literature, wrote the screen story.

"Of Human Bondage" Somerset Maugham's masterpiece, about a sensitive youth handicapped by a club foot. John Barrymore and Katharine Hepburn may be brought together again for this picture.

"Bagdad on the Hudson," featuring Lew Ayres, is the story of a taxi driver who fell in love with a movie star, and their one-night romance.

"The Power and the Glory" will be on the "Cavalcade" style. It is the story of two generations, of a couple that struggled to success. A novel treatment will be employed in this film. Throughout it a man's voice will explain the story as it goes along in flashbacks, instead of simple narrative style. In a way this follows in the footsteps of "Strange Interlude."

WHAT about comedy for the new season? That has by no means been overlooked, though one might believe, from the few scheduled so far, that it has been somewhat slighted. To be seen in the future:

"Design for Living," a sophisticated comedy of a beautiful woman, her two lovers and her conventional husband.

Fredric March and Herbert Marshall will be in this one.

"When Ladies Meet" is the story of two women in love with the same man and what happens when the heroine reveals her love to the man's wife.

"Cracked Ice." Say no more—the four Marx Brothers.

"The Late Christopher Bean," with Lionel Barrymore and Marie Dressler. How posthumous glory came to a poor

(Please turn to page 88)

*Start this welcome habit
in your home!*



SATURDAY NIGHT *serve Heinz baked beans*

SERVE a good, old-fashioned baked bean dinner every Saturday night! Make Heinz Oven-Baked Beans the delicious, satisfying *main* course—not just a side dish.

Everybody relishes Heinz beans because they're truly baked in ovens—not steam-cooked in cans, as most beans are. Baking makes them mealy and munchy—brings out every bit of their nut-sweet flavor—lets the luscious Heinz sauce penetrate through and through—just as butter penetrates a baked potato.

Your grocer has Heinz Oven-Baked Beans in four popular styles. Two with tomato sauce—with pork and without. Then Boston style—with pork and a plain sweet sauce. Lastly, Red Kidney beans, in a savory, clear sauce, ready to serve. Try them all! Write for illustrated free booklet, "Thrifty New Tips On A Grand Old Favorite," giving many tempting baked recipes and menus.

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY
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Bulletin No. 94

TO DOCTORS

New methods for the relief of

CONSTIPATION CHRONIC HEADACHES INDIGESTION

RECENT medical research has proved that most cases of chronic constipation, headaches, stomach disorders, gas, pain, bloating, are directly due to lack of bulk, lubrication and tonic elements in our modern super-refined foods. As a result the intestines are insufficiently exercised and become flabby and unable to move the poison-breeding waste.

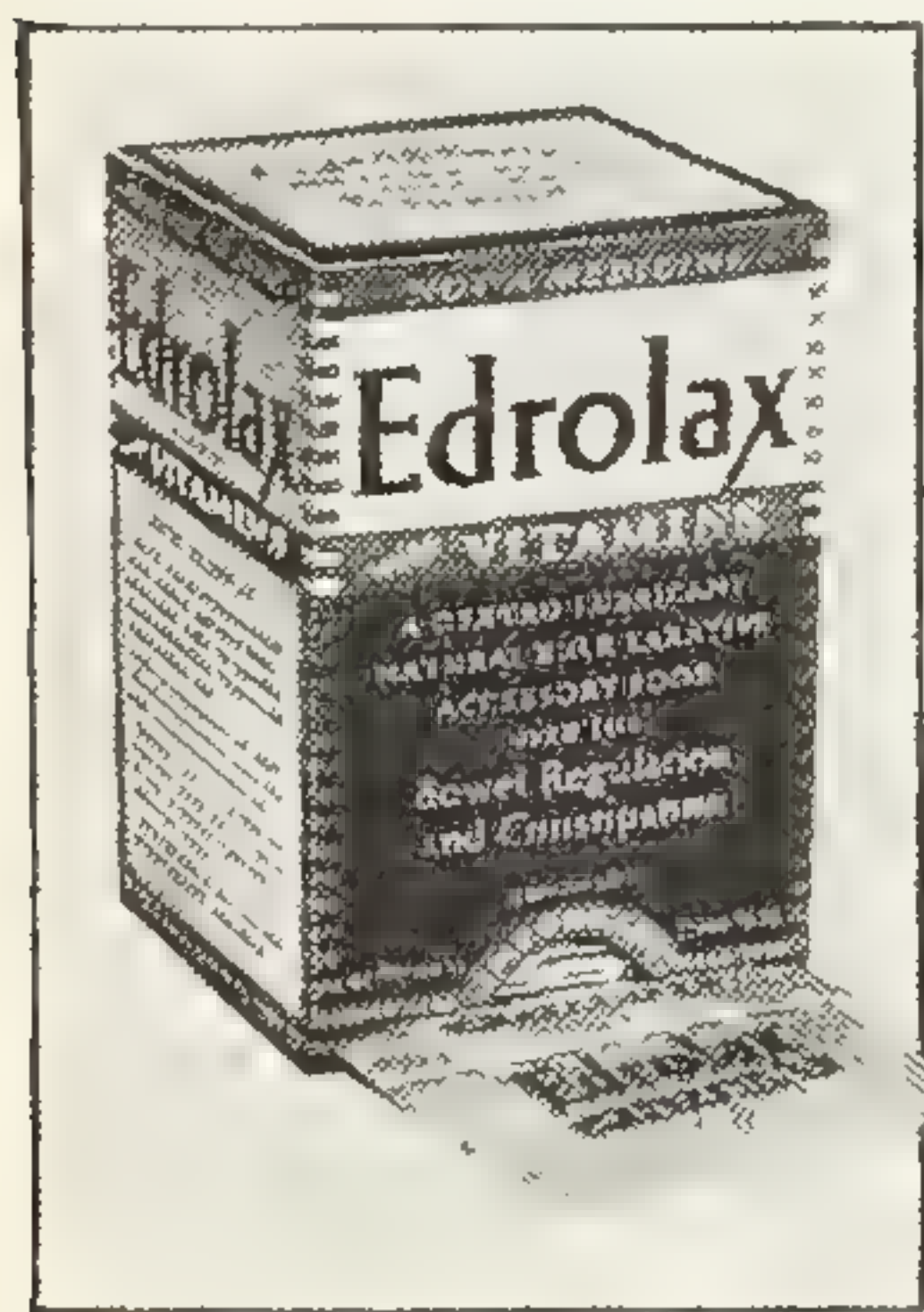
Drug physics, laxatives and antacids give only temporary relief because the *cause* is never reached. Moreover the public should be informed of the dangerous irritation often produced by these harsh artificial remedies, and their poisonous, habit-forming character.

HOW TO HELP YOUR PATIENTS—without drugs

The only way the CAUSE may be permanently corrected is by *putting back* into the diet the exercising bulk, etc. that is now missing. This is accomplished to perfection by the new accessory food, Edrolax with Vitamins, which is endorsed by eminent specialists.

Edrolax is a scientific combination of rare lubricating products, agar-agar, dextrine and other naturally grown ingredients. It is an accessory *food*—not a medicine. It re-supplies natural bulk, lubrication and tonic to exercise the intestines, and it also contains Vitamins B, G, A and E that stimulate normal appetite, digestion and elimination, build resistance to infection and strengthen nerve force. It acts to correct many stomach and bowel troubles *for good*. It forever ends slavery to habit-forming, dangerous drugs, physics and laxatives.

Many good druggists now have Edrolax with Vitamins in stock. Or it may be ordered direct by either physicians or the public. Simply send coupon below with \$1.25 and we will ship postpaid the regular medium size carton, which contains 42 individual portions in convenient sanitary, glazed envelopes. If not satisfied after using half the carton, it may be returned and every cent will be refunded.



FREE Health Book to Public

Physicians and the public are also invited to send for a FREE 48-page book on the human body, with valuable information on food values and corrective diet. Simply mail coupon below. Edros Natural Products, Inc., Dept. 3-6-4, 132 West 31st Street, New York, N. Y.



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City..... State.....

Offer confined to United States

What Will Happen?

(Continued from page 87)

artist and how a servant girl benefited.

"Don't Call Me Madame," with Mary Boland and Alison Skipworth.

"Counsellor-At-Law," about a young lawyer who gets himself involved.

"Son of a Sea Cook" will star Andy Devine.

NOVELTY pictures will include some amazing surprises:

"Fifty Years From Now" will be the sequel to "Tarzan," with Johnny Weissmuller.

"Power Man," featuring Bill Boyd, will reveal a man who worked with dynamos.

OF the aviation pictures only two are definitely scheduled:

"The Eagle and the Hawk," in which Gary Cooper turned down a part and which will star Fredric March.

"Flying Circus," the story of an airplane daredevil and his pals.

MUSICAL Pictures are coming back:

"The Cat and the Fiddle," the love story of a composer and a singer, starring Ramon Novarro.

"Gold Diggers of 1933" will have an all-star cast.

"International House" will bring back Rudy Vallee.

"College Humor" will star Bing Crosby.

"Hard Times Square" and "The Radio Girl" are for Bebe Daniels.

"Maiden Cruise" will feature the new German import, Wera Engels.

"Diplomaniacs" is a Wheeler-Woolsey musical.

"My Lips Betray" is the story of a man who was mistaken for a king. Lilian Harvey and John Boles are featured.

"Women Incorporated" will feature June Knight, she of the husky voice.

AND now we get down to what the experts predict for the players. Many a player who is uncertain of the future will learn his fate here.

George Arliss, Paul Muni and Edward G. Robinson will make fewer pictures next year.

Kay Francis will be more of an actress than a clothes model.

Barbara Stanwyck will forsake the girl rôles she has been playing for a back-to-the-boudoir movement. Barbara will be cast in sexy parts.

Warren William will spend his time playing headline characters from real life and proving that he deserves the stardom he won.

James Cagney, who went a little sentimental in his last few films, will be tough again.

Richard Barthelmess goes on forever.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.'s future is uncertain. He has lost favor by being too dramatic. He may return to the stage, devote himself to writing, or, by a freak turn, gain favor again.

Joan Blondell, now riding the crest, will play more comedy and less melodrama.

Ruth Chatterton is scheduled to do a controlled Mae West type of character. She has been most successful when playing tough women like *Frisco Jenny*. Her next picture is "Lilly Tur-

ner" and *la Chatterton* shows her legs for the first time in the movies.

The highbrows may not go for Joe E. Brown but Mrs. Brown's little boy has been Warner Brothers' biggest money-maker. They'd like to put him away in cotton to guard him for the big plans they have for his new schedule.

Bebe Daniels will make her comeback as a singing star in "Hard Times Square."

Loretta Young, say the experts, lacks heart in her acting and until she shows it she will lack stardom.

The coming year will show whether George Brent is a star.

Watch Ruby Keeler, if you get the chance. Ruby, a cuddly little actress who appeals to both men and women, will give up stardom to go fishing with her husband, Al Jolson, any day. Her future is bright if she'll only give it a chance.

SEX will play a big part in Bette Davis' future. She's going to be a little tough in her next picture.

Watch Dick Powell, the singing juvenile. He looks like a second Buddy Rogers.

Glenda Farrell's future looks brilliant. But it is subject to appropriate vehicles suited to her peculiar personality.

Adrienne Ames isn't the Garbo she was thought to be, but she has a solid future in films.

And watch Brian Aherne, a comer being groomed for stardom.

Since "Cavalcade," Clive Brook is on the up-grade again.

Nancy Carroll, the hard-to-handle girl, is still surprisingly popular.

Chevalier will be seen in entirely different pictures next year. He was too unreal in his other films, too much the foreign gentleman and lover to suit general American audiences.



Mary Carlisle and Jean Parker, M-G-M starlets, demonstrating the use of golf shorts. What are mere knickers after these?

What Will Happen?

Claudette Colbert will do plenty of vixenish rôles next season. She's going to be bad with vim and vigor. (Can it be the Mae West influence?)

Dietrich and Chevalier may be teamed to build them both up.

Poor Stuart Erwin will no longer have to carry the burden of an entire picture as its star. He, with Jack Oakie and Charles Ruggles, will be cast in important but not starring rôles and allowed to steal pictures.

Cary Grant is another boy to watch. He's on his way to stardom.

Less light comedy and more drama for Miriam Hopkins.

The surprise of next year is expected to be, among women players, Dorothea Wieck. Miss Wieck played the leading rôle in "Maedchen in Uniform," filmed in Germany. She is beautiful and capable and Paramount has brought her to Hollywood for stardom.

They still don't know just what to do with George Raft—and he, the enigma, refuses to help them out. His future looks shaded—and whether it will turn to the bright or dark side is for the fates to decide.

Charles Laughton will return from England and have much to say about his characterizations. The movie moguls bow to his opinions as they never do to the opinions of other players.

Dear Marie Dressler, sicker than most people believe, has a brighter professional future than ever.

William Haines and John Gilbert, say the experts, hold their future in their hands. The movie moguls have nothing to say about them. Phillips Holmes, too, failed to live up to his early promises.

Myrna Loy is a bright spot in the future, with all sorts of big plans for her benefit. Madge Evans is in Myrna's class, as are Diana Wynyard, Benita Hume, Karen Morley and Phyllis Barry.

Maureen O'Sullivan and Colleen Moore seem to have been deserted by that familiar "luck o' the Irish" for the future looks uncertain.

'TIS sad but true, say the experts, that those breathless moments about what Garbo is going to do or not do are becoming more and more infrequent.

Lew Ayres will not be asked to get dramatic any more, but will be featured in ingenuous rôles. They will no longer let him "play Hamlet," as the saying goes.

If Andy Devine keeps up the good work he will be made a star.

Watch Onslow Stevens. You saw him in "Once in a Lifetime."

Watch Betty Furness, says RKO. You saw her in "The Great Jasper."

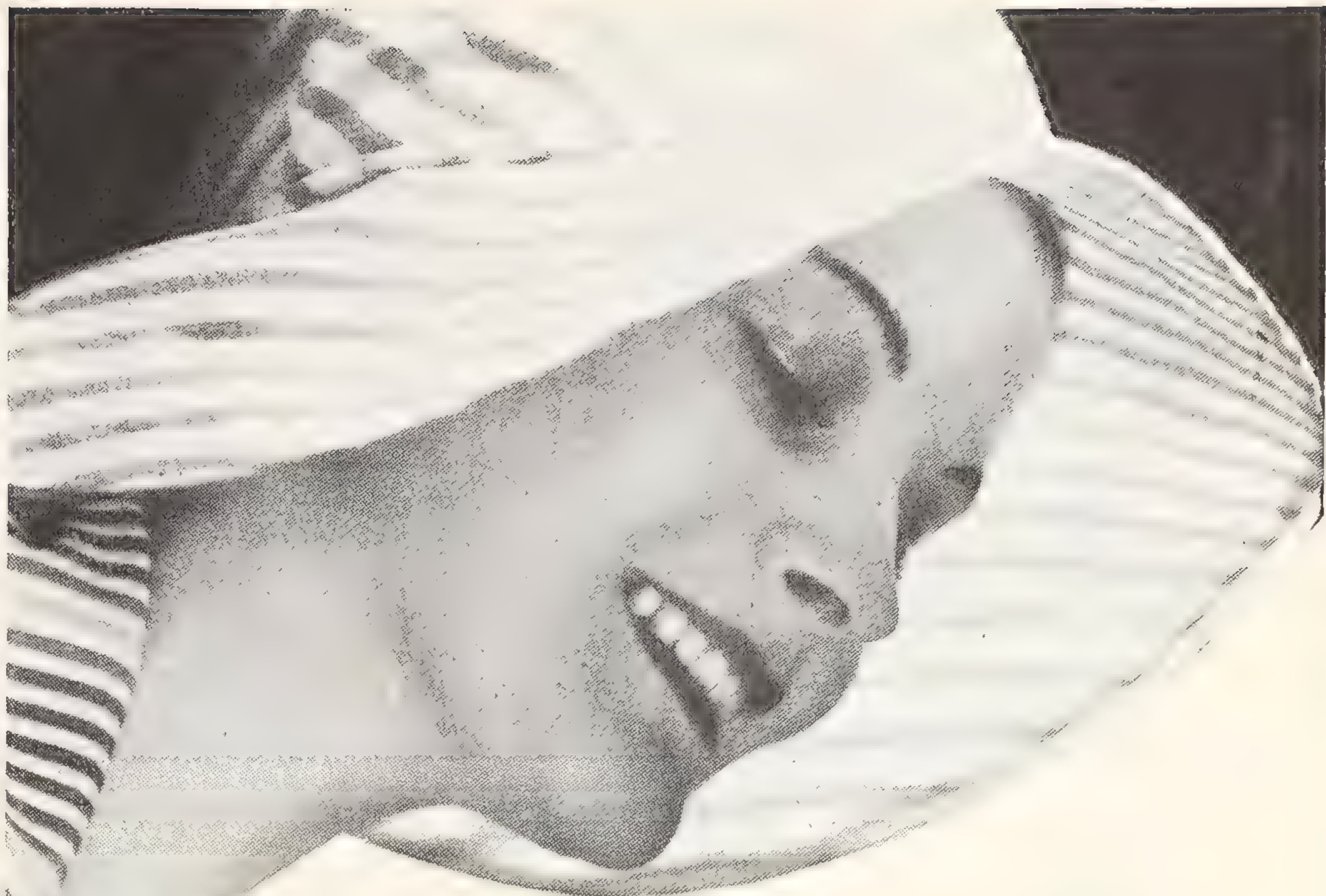
Norman Foster is getting his big chance at Fox films where they hold high plans for him.

Fox also tells you to watch Heather Angel, an English import and a dramatic player, and Victor Jory.

Ralph Morgan, who has been mostly a character actor in the past, will probably go romantic in the future.

Keep your eyes peeled for Buddy Rogers' come-back, also for Clara Bow's new picture. These two youthful vet-

(Please turn to page 90)



The one soap

whose color is your promise
of skin loveliness

for it's olive oil that makes Palmolive green

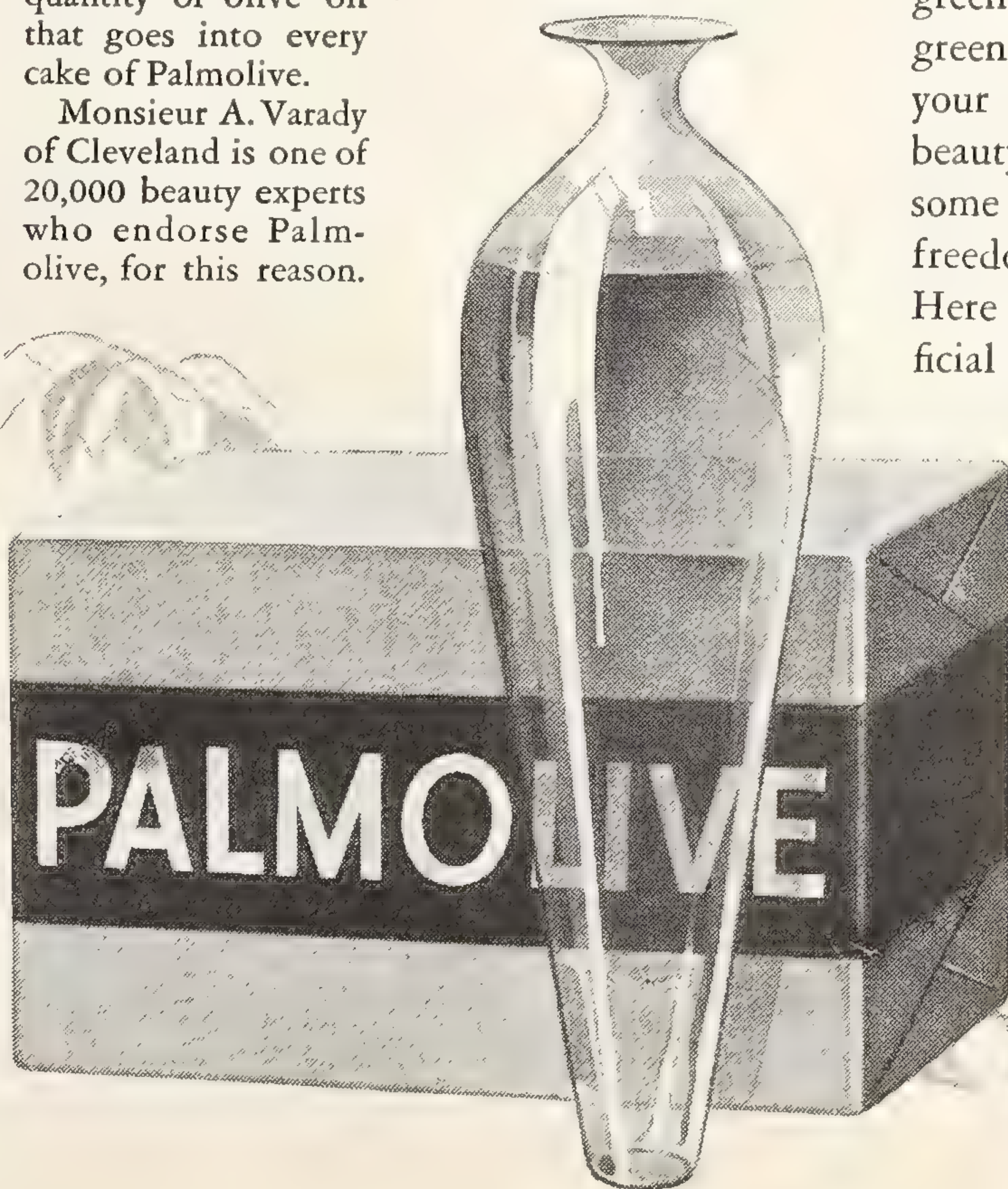
Olive Oil is the reason

Faithfully shown by the size of this container is the abundant quantity of olive oil that goes into every cake of Palmolive.

Monsieur A. Varady of Cleveland is one of 20,000 beauty experts who endorse Palmolive, for this reason.

THE greatest boon to beauty throughout the ages . . . Olive Oil—the one priceless standby of beauty specialists everywhere! Never has its equal been found—to care for and keep the lovely, delicate texture of soft, smooth skin. And *there's* your reason for Palmolive's worldwide success.

Olive oil makes Palmolive green. That refreshing olive-green color is your assurance—your guarantee of olive oil's beauty benefits. Its clean, wholesome odor tells you—here is freedom from heavy perfumes. Here also is freedom from artificial coloring—freedom from bleaching agents. So profit by the beauty wisdom of centuries—use Palmolive—the world's finest beauty soap now at the lowest price in history.





Lustrous Color for STREAKED HAIR

HAVE ever-youthful looking hair this SAFE way. No matter how streaked—how faded or gray your hair is, you can easily bring color to every strand. A rich sheen and lustre like nature's own. Your hair will stay soft and fluffy. Wave and curl as easily as before. The color will not rub off on hat linings, linens or clothing. Nor will shampooing affect it in the least. You simply comb a clear, water-white liquid through the hair. The gray goes. The color wanted comes to your hair, whether black, brown, auburn or blonde. A new scientific improvement enables you to control the color to just the shade desired.

At Drug and Department Stores

Your druggist or department store can supply you with the full-sized bottle on money-back guarantee. Ask for Mary T. Goldman's. Does not contain aniline. No "skin test" required. Leading medical authorities pronounce it harmless to hair and scalp.

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Street.....

City..... State.....

✓ CHECK COLOR OF HAIR ✓

☐ LIGHT BROWN ☐ MEDIUM BROWN
☐ DARK BROWN ☐ BLACK
☐ LIGHT RED ☐ DARK RED ☐ BLONDE

What Will Happen?

(Continued from page 89)

erans don't intend to get left behind, and they're backed in their ambitions by the Fox studios.

Now let's listen to what some of the producers themselves say.

SAYS Carl Laemmle, Jr., head of Universal production:

"Unusual pictures will dominate during this period—novel, exotic and widely different types of pictures.

"Universal's biggest productions will be (according to advance indications), 'Only Yesterday,' John M. Stahl directing; 'Gulliver's Travels' modernized and satirized with Karl Freund directing; 'Invisible Man' with Karloff, James Whale directing and 'Counsellor-at-Law,' one of the outstanding stage hits of recent years.

Universal has no set number of musical pictures, hence I cannot say which ones will be outstanding. We have high hopes for 'Lilies of Broadway,' which will be given another release title.

"We hope to make our advertising and publicity more daring because the business needs more glamour.

"Comedies and novelty pictures will likely be the most popular pictures of the new year.

"We will mostly publicize Karloff, Summerville and Pitts because their popularity is increasing by leaps and bounds. Next, Gloria Stuart who is gaining fast, and Onslow Stevens, who is a fine actor and deserves better recognition. June Knight, being new, will have a big publicity drive behind her. She is attractive, sings, dances and is a good actress, hence she offers more to publicize than most new players.

"We are going to do our best to build Onslow Stevens, Gloria Stuart and June Knight into outstanding featured players.

"The trim, athletic, modern American girl type will continue most attractive, and the masculine, clean-cut, sincere young man will win popularity. Men over forty will continue to win popularity. Naturalness will decide the progress of both actors and actresses. Overacting will not be tolerated by audiences and an amateurish performance will spell 'curtain' for the newcomer.

"Universal will produce more original stories than ever, more than half of our new program being written especially for the screen. This assures more novelty and gives directors and actors more latitude."

SAYS B. B. Kahane, President, RKO-Radio:

"We are planning to make fifty-two features next year at a cost of from nine to eleven million dollars, depending upon what properties we may have to buy and what stars we may have to sign. Besides Constance Bennett, Ann Harding and Richard Dix among the RKO stars of long standing, we have signed Katharine Hepburn and Francis Lederer, and have a deal on with Lionel Barrymore for several pictures.

"We expect to make one or two with Leslie Howard and two with John Barrymore.

"As to whether we expect to make any more "King Kong" pictures, we will have a Cooper-Schoedsack special



Photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine by John Michle

Phyllis Barry, the RKO starlet, at Malibu Beach. She is one of the reasons RKO expects to make millions this next year.

with a brand new technical idea.

"We plan to use original stories if we can get good ones, but will also buy plays to fit personalities and for which the playwrights do not ask too much money.

"We are not going to make any more westerns; there is no market for them.

"We are contemplating an epic similar to the 'Conquerors.'

"Generally speaking there is going to be a reduction in stars' salaries. A number of stars who were receiving \$10,000 a week a year ago are still getting the same, and their pictures, which grossed \$1,000,000 are now grossing about \$600,000.

"Cycles of pictures are not as important as they were."

SAYS J. L. Warner, in charge of production for Warner Brothers-First National:

"Just now we are concentrating on George Arliss in 'Voltaire'; Ruth Chatterton in 'Lilly Turner'; 'Gold-diggers of 1933,' a drama with music, with Warren William, Joan Blondell, Ruby Keeler, Dick Powell, Ginger Rogers, Aline MacMahon, Guy Kibbee, and scores of others; Barbara Stanwyck in 'Baby Face'; James Cagney in 'The Mayor of Hell'; Edward G. Robinson

What Will Happen?

in 'The Little Giant'; Warren William in 'The Mind Reader'; Richard Barthelmess in 'Central Airport'; Joe E. Brown in 'Elmer, the Great'; William Powell in 'Private Detective.'

"There are no two pictures here that have the least similarity, yet they are all entertainment. They certainly indicate no trend.

"'Gold-diggers of 1933' is the only musical, as such. Some others have incidental music, of course.

"We will stress stars and stories. The public has interest in both.

"We will attempt to strike a new note in publicity and advertising on every picture.

"Comedy should be very popular but it will not predominate.

"We consider that Bette Davis, Ruby Keeler, Dick Powell, Glenda Farrell, Lyle Talbot and Aline MacMahon are among our newer players who are fast increasing in popularity. The public really builds stars, not the studios.

"This year our product represented about fifty per cent. original, unpublished stories. This is a greater proportion than that of any other studio. We find this is necessary to augment stories we are able to get from printed novels, short stories and produced plays. Next year we will probably develop as many or more originals."

SAYS Jesse L. Lasky, of the Fox studio:

"No certain type of picture will dominate the industry in the next six months, or any time thereafter. Entertainment lies in all fields and, therefore, the smart showman will endeavor to produce a variety of stories with really novel themes, backgrounds and players. Public taste changes so quickly that the producer who attempts to set definite stories six months in advance is definitely on the road to failure.

"My biggest production will be 'Berkeley Square,' with Leslie Howard. This is from the famous play which John Balderston wrote especially for Howard and which the actor played on Broadway. I will also make 'The Power and the Glory,' which is to mark Colleen Moore's return to the screen. She will be co-featured with Spencer Tracy. Other productions I plan are 'Peking Picnic,' the Atlantic Monthly prize-winning novel, and 'The Worst Woman in Paris.'

"None of the above is musical.

"I will stress stories because that is the essential thing in motion picture production. The time has gone when poor stories could be built about a star or when producers permitted a poor story simply to emphasize the star. My stories are going to be as strong and original as possible, with the starring or featured personalities a secondary matter. You can always get good stars in Hollywood. It is considerably more difficult to get good stories.

"My publicity and advertising campaigns will revert back to the good old days when motion picture producers, with something to sell, sold it with ballyhoo and enthusiasm. We have had too much dignity in publicity of late. When I consider one of my pictures good enough for it, I shall expect the exploitation department to
(Please turn to page 92)

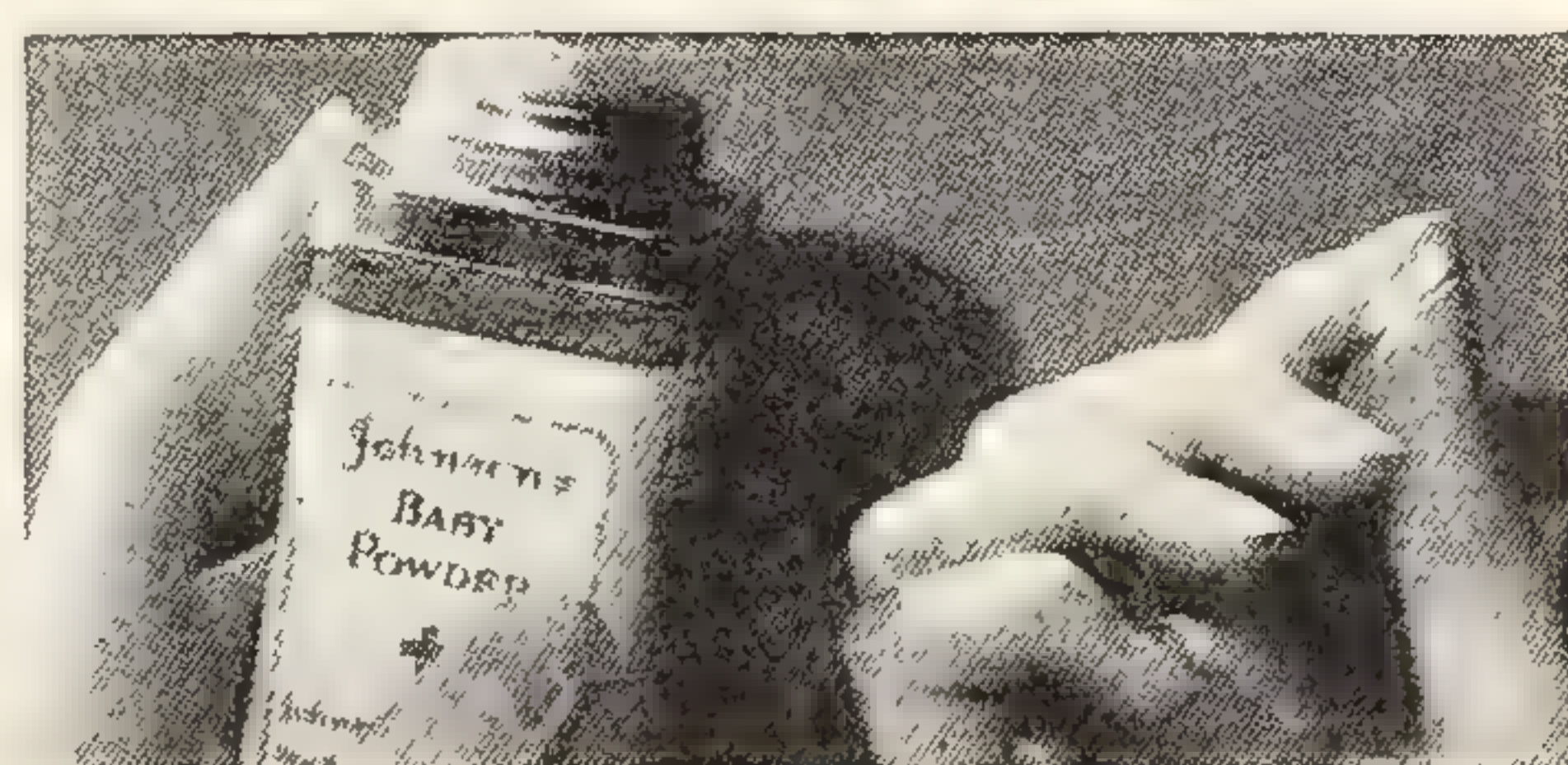
"Come on, now—hurry out of that tub!—I've been at Aunt Betty's house and I'm all grubby and hot.—Yes, I am!—somebody ought to tell her how to keep babies comfortable!"



"If you won't get out—I'm going to get in!—Can't wait another minute! Got prickly heat 'n everything! She put some terrible kind of powder on me.—You're leaving?—Thanks for the wash-cloth."



"Oh, no you don't!—You leave my powder alone!—Been fussing for it all afternoon.—Auntie thinks I'm cross—she ought to see how good I feel after I sprinkle my own Johnson's Baby Powder all over me!"



Listen, Mothers! Test different baby powders by rubbing them between thumb and finger. Feel how much softer Johnson's Baby Powder is. It is made from purest Italian talc. Contains no zinc stearate... no orris root. Try Johnson's Baby Soap and Baby Cream, too. They're Important for baby's comfort.

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

• JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER •

SAVE

1/2 THE PRICE
YOU NOW PAY FOR
MOUTH WASH



MIFFLIN

ANTISEPTIC MOUTH WASH

Contains the same high quality ingredients — the same cleansing and germ-expelling power — as other leading brands costing double the price. Guaranteed safe. Use it daily for sweetening the breath — as a protection against harmful mouth bacteria — and after smoking.



MIFFLIN

ASTRINGENT MOUTH WASH

Delightful to the taste—yet highly effective in the correction and prevention of spongy and receding gums. Purifies the breath — preserves the teeth — does everything any astringent mouth wash can do at less than half the cost.

Mifflin Chemical Corporation, Philadelphia

AT LEADING 5 & 10-CENT STORES

What Will Happen?

(Continued from page 91)

shout its virtues to the wide world.

"The public no longer cares for mere beauty in their actors or actresses. Good-looking leading men are a drug on the market, and so are the leading women. The types most popular with the public are good actors and actresses who count on ability rather than looks. I should say that character players will lead.

"I will produce more originals, since they are the most profitable from a producing point of view, and better entertainment."

SAYS Charles R. Rogers, independent producer of Paramount pictures:

"I will make pictures that stress romance. I believe the public is rapidly tiring of hard-boiled, rough-neck characters.

"I am planning during this period 'The Baby in the Ice Box,' from the sensational *American Mercury* short story by James M. Cain, and 'Under-seas,' a romantic melodrama.

"I am planning no musicals. This is quite definite.

"Of the eight pictures I shall make for Paramount, four will be made for their story ideas and four will be star pictures. My eight pictures this year were all story-idea pictures.

"I have always advocated and will strongly adhere to a policy of sincerity in publicity and advertising. The old misleading style of ballyhoo with its monstrous adjectives is definitely out.

"I feel certain that the romantic type of actor and actress will again return to top popularity. A number of unique personalities will gain overnight popularity but they will be short-lived.

"I have always been a great believer in the original story written especially for the screen. I do not believe in buying a story or play merely because of its success, as it interests me only in its idea. I predict an increasing popularity of fiction over stage plays as a source of screen entertainment."

SAYS Harry Cohn, president of Columbia Pictures:

"We will have strong, human dramas, in contrast to the pseudo-sophisticated, so-called smart things, which have had a temporary vogue in the great capitals of the world, but have little appeal to the masses, for whom the motion picture is the only means of entertainment. Pictures showing situations and problems that might confront the average man and woman, and in which they are bound to be interested. Pictures with strong, elemental themes logically worked out; not merely frothy little episodes strung together with flippant chatter.

"Some of our important pictures will be 'Tampico,' from Joseph Hergeheimer's famous novel; 'Below the Sea,' a really thrilling underwater melodrama with effects never before obtained; 'Rules for Wives,' featuring a new film character—a woman lawyer; 'Cocktail Hour,' a stirring problem play of the modern young self-supporting woman; 'Brief Moment,' from the New York stage success; 'Madame La Gimp,' with another new screen character, an old apple woman, in the lead; and, of course, Mr. Gilbert Miller's first production for us—'Take a Wife'—which he will make in London as the first of a possible series.

"We have no musicals planned at present.

"We have always stressed stories as the basic elements of pictures and will continue to do so. We will, following our present practice, obtain the very best available players to portray the leading parts in our pictures. We believe the public likes a variety. Jack Holt is at present Columbia's only permanent star.

"We have always been firm believers in the original story, written directly for the screen, and will probably use a majority of these, though we may, as in the past, purchase material from the stage and fiction with the idea of using the basic ideas of the play or story."

Don't Be Late! Your favorite magazines are on sale five days earlier now and we're warning you that lots of other women want copies, too . . . so hurry.

Buy your copy of: • HOME MAGAZINE

• THE NEW MOVIE

• ILLUSTRATED LOVE

• MYSTERY

on the 10th of every month now instead of the 15th . . . you have five days less to wait!

Music in the Movies

(Continued from page 66)

Bum," from the picture of the same name. This is one of Mr. Jolson's more cheerful efforts; that is, he doesn't sob and weep in this one. If you like Jolson, there's no reason why you shouldn't like this record. The other side is called, "You Are Too Beautiful" and is on a par with the last. This is a Brunswick record.

"MAHOGANY Hall Stomp" is the title of the next one. This time we are listening to our old friend, Louis Armstrong, the boy that makes a trumpet sound like a piccolo. Louis recorded this number a few years back but this is an altogether new arrangement, and I know that if you are an admirer of Armstrong you won't want to miss this one.

The other side is also by Louis and this time it's the old favorite, "High Society." Just listen to Armstrong play those almost impossible lip slurs, and hit a multitude of high C's. This is a Victor record.

HERE is another excellent vocal record. "It's Within Your Power" is the title and it's sung for us by Bing Crosby. I think that all of Bing's records are good, so perhaps I'm prejudiced. But this is a good tune and Bing certainly does it justice.

The other side is also by Mr. Crosby, and this time we hear that beautiful melody, "Street of Dreams." You'll like it. This is a Brunswick record.

"JAZZ RONDO" is next. It's a bit of a classical hot tune, although I never heard of such a thing. It's played for us by Dickson's Harlem Orchestra, and when you hear it I think that you'll agree with me that the boys surely earn their money in this one.

The other side is by the same outfit, and this time it is "Jam Man." It is a stock arrangement. This is a Victor record.

HERE'S another vocal that I think you'll like. "Eadie was a Lady" is what they call this one. It's from the "Take a Chance" show. Ethel Merman is the recording artist, and how she can record! This one has to be heard to be appreciated. It's on both sides of the record. This is a Brunswick record.

"WHERE Are You Tonight?" is next on the turntable. It is played by a band that is new to me, Glen Gray and his orchestra. It's a sweet outfit, and I hope that we hear more from them in the future. This is one of Nick Kenny's tunes and it's beautiful. Kenny Sargent sings the vocal refrain.

The other side is also by Glen Gray and this time it's "Sittin' by the Fire With You." I think you'll like this one, too. This is a Victor record.

TED RIO RITO and his orchestra are next. The boys play for us, "When It's Darkness on the Delta." I like this record very much and especially the first chorus, which has some nice trumpet work in it. Muzzy Marcellino sings the vocal refrain.

The other side is "Baby" and it's by the same band.

HOW TO GET CLEANER WHITER TEETH

from the toothpaste you use



Results Almost Overnight

IN a few days you'll see what others see—how much better Kolynos cleans teeth. They'll look whiter—shades whiter. They'll feel much cleaner. Here's the reason: Kolynos does what ordinary toothpastes can't do. As it cleans up ugly stain and tarnish—it foams into every tiny crevice and kills millions of germs that are the known cause of most tooth and gum troubles. Thus Kolynos gives RESULTS YOU CAN SEE. Cleaner, whiter teeth. Healthier looking gums. Give up incompetent ways of brushing and start using the Kolynos technique—a half-inch of this remarkable dental cream on a dry brush twice a day. It's the better, quicker way to cleaner, whiter teeth—try it.



KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

Now



10 complete FACIALS
with internationally famous creams...
only **50¢**

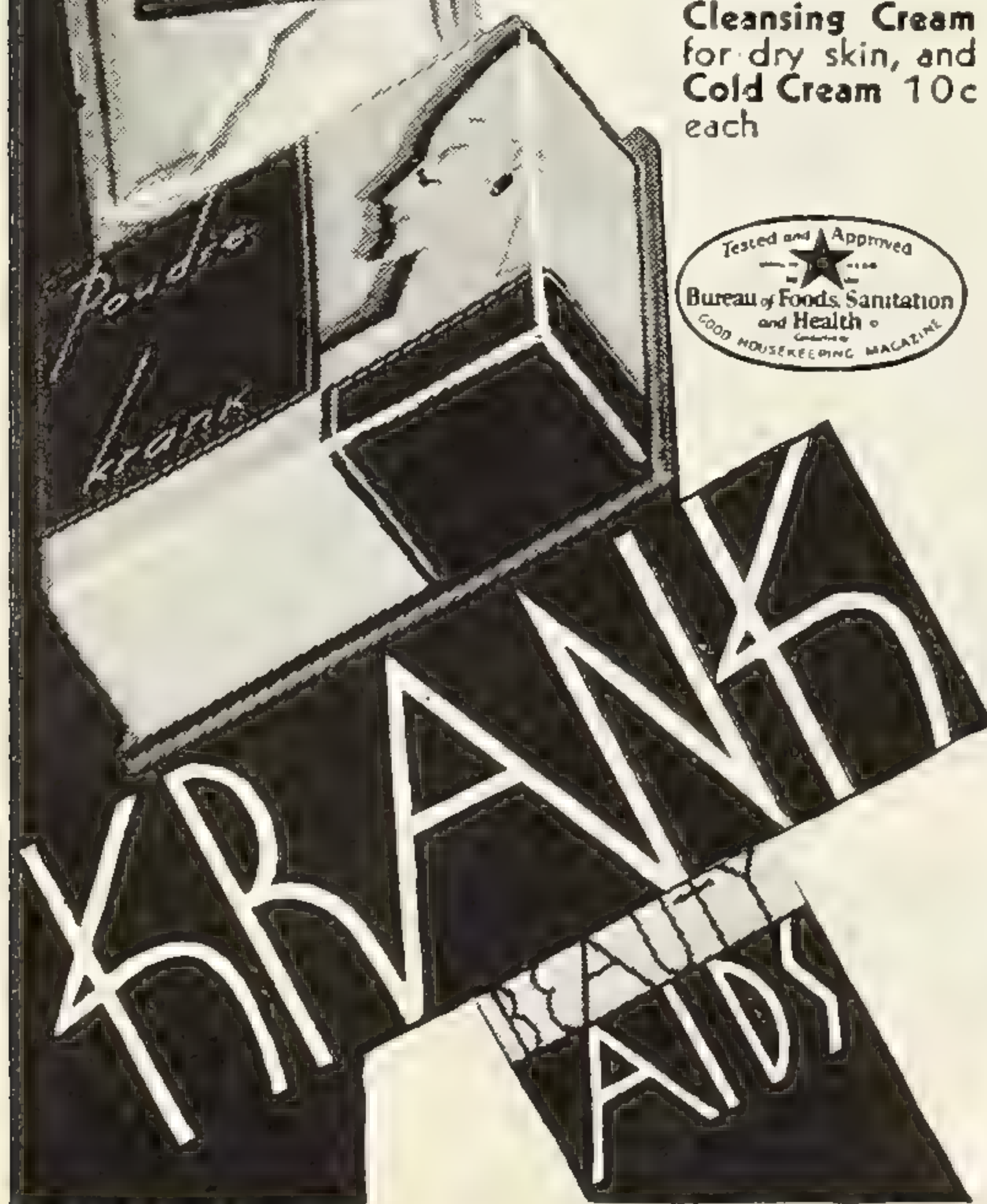


Lemon Cleansing Cream*... 10c
Honey Rose Cream... 10c
Astringent Lotion... 10c
Foundation Cream... 10c
Face Powder... 10c
[Beauty Aid Booklet free with Powder]

Follow the advice of modern cosmeticians... give yourself a complete facial each day! KRANK—whose internationally famous BEAUTY AIDS are found only on the best counters—now makes it possible to buy them for 10c each (or 5 for 50c)—all you need for 10 complete facials!

Now... be modern as a Movie Star! Use KRANK BEAUTY AIDS every day for every need. Finish with a complete FACIAL each night! Then watch your complexion improve! Buy KRANK BEAUTY AIDS at many Woolworth Stores (larger sizes at Drug and Department Stores). Or mail 50c, for any five, to A. J. Krank, Inc., Beauty Park, St. Paul, Minn.

*Also Special Cleansing Cream for dry skin, and Cold Cream 10c each



A Director's Bird's-Eye View

(Continued from page 33)

Star Final'? But my most successful 'find' in the girl line just happened.

"I was making 'Naughty but Nice,' and I was shy a little girl for a small part. So I called up a Mrs. Young I had known for years, and asked for her daughter, Polly Ann. 'Polly Ann's working,' she said, 'but Gretchen can come.' So Gretchen came, Loretta she is now, a mere child in short dresses, who looked more like a gopher than a film actress. But I was up against it, and put her to work at \$40 a week. She hasn't stopped working since!

"As for Clark Gable—"

"Clark Gable?"

"Yes, I know everybody is claiming to have discovered Gable now, but I can prove it by the records. I tested him for the dancer in 'Little Caesar,' and he was a knockout. But the studio wouldn't have him."

"What was the matter?"

"What was always the matter with Clark Gable in those days? Ears!" Mervyn looked his disgust. "As if ears made any difference in pictures, nowadays. It's the mouth that counts—what comes out of the mouth."

I DIDN'T say anything, but, as I looked out of Mervyn LeRoy's penthouse window over those golden Hollywood hills, I suspected that I had just heard something rather intelligent.

"Noses don't matter, either, thank God!" he continued. "Remember Louis Wolheim's broken one? I directed Wolheim in his last picture, 'Gentleman's Fate,' with Jack Gilbert. If he had lived, he would have been the great actor of the talking screen."

"Wolheim would come on the set in the morning already 'in his part'. Although he was the most highly educated man in Hollywood, a former college professor, he would use the roughest language and emit the most terrifying oaths. Between oaths, he would call up his wife.

"He'd call her up four or five times a day. He was crazy about her, and gentle, too. He was the gentlest man I ever knew. But the point about Wolheim as a talking picture actor was that the people out front believed what he said. That's what counts in pictures nowadays. As long as people believe what an actor is saying, the show goes on. When they stop believing, the show stops."

"People certainly believe what Clark Gable says—especially women people."

"You're telling me!" replied my host. "I wish I had him working for me now."

"I AM not discounting the value of beauty in pictures," he said. "I shouldn't. I used to be a camera man before I was a director."

"You did?"

"Yes, and a bad one, too—which reminds me of a story about William De Mille. 'LeRoy,' he said to me one day, 'you're a genius. You're responsible for all this soft focus photography that's going on around here. Everything you take is out of focus, anyway—and now the other camera men are trying to copy it. They think it's art!'"

LeRoy is one of those fun-makers—he was a gagman as well as a camera man before he became a director—who can laugh at himself. As Doug Fair-

banks once said of him, "Merve can dish it out, and take it, too."

"Fine gentlemen, the DeMilles, even if they are directors!" he laughed. "But the finest of the lot is Al Green. Al's a great collector—everything from first editions to a cuspidor shaped like a silk hat."

ALFRED E. GREEN was the man who gave LeRoy his first push upward, but it was Theodore Roberts—good old Theodore, whom everybody loved—who first started LeRoy in show business. And the stories he had to tell about Theodore were plenty.

"After the earthquake in San Francisco I sold papers to help recoup the family fortune. One day, when I was yelling my head off outside the old Alcazar Theater, a big man with a kindly eye rushed out and asked me if I'd like to pick up a few dollars selling papers on the stage. The play that week was 'The Deep Purple' by Paul Armstrong and Wilson Mizner; and the script called for a newsboy.

"The next week, the bill was 'Barbara Fritchie'; and there was a part for a small boy to climb a tree and shout 'The Yankees are coming.' The first night, I fell out of the tree. The fall got a big laugh. It stayed in all week. And since the big man with the kindly eye had told me that if I were going to be an actor, I must act, and if I were going to fall, I must fall in a big way, I was pretty sore at the end of the week—and at other ends, too.

"The 'old man' was an inveterate gagger. One day he sent me all the way to Oakland to ask a stock company manager over there for a left-handed mirror. The manager—who had been tipped off by Roberts—looked at me solemnly and allowed he was just out of left-handed mirrors, but he had twelve pounds of foreground that Mr. Roberts needed for his next production.

"And I lugged twelve pounds of rock and dirt all the way from Oakland to San Francisco!" sighed Mervyn.

FOR a while, we attended strictly to the sausages. Then, my host sat back and continued his tales.

"Those old stars were great fellows. Seems like there weren't any swelled heads in Hollywood in those first days. When I was a \$12-a-week wardrobe boy on the Paramount lot, Wallie Reid used to invite me to his dressing room and talk to me. I never forgot it. Years later, I was the one that found poor Wallie, collapsed on the sidewalk outside the studio.

"What's the matter, Wallie?" I cried.

"I guess it's got me at last," he said.

"I took him home from work for the last time."

LeRoy was silent again while he played tentatively with the idea of a long black cigar. He doesn't drink at all, but he smokes prodigiously—from nervousness, I think.

"Take Gloria Swanson, for instance. There's a girl for you!" he continued. "If she's broke now, as they say she is, it's because she gave away all her money to people she tried to help. I directed the last picture she made in this country, you know, 'Tonight or Never.' It wasn't her best picture; or

A Director's Bird's-Eye View

mine, either. But it wasn't exactly her fault, and certainly wasn't mine."

"Whose fault was it, then?"

"Michele's."

"The baby's? Why, she wasn't born then."

"That was the trouble. If she had been, everything would have been all right. Gloria and I were the only ones on the set that knew what was the matter—why she didn't have the pep she usually has. After a scene, she'd sidle over to me, and whisper:

"How was it, Merv?"

"The baby was fine,' I'd whisper back, 'but you were—'

"I know,' she'd say, 'lousy!'

"Then, we'd take the scene over and over, until I should think she'd have been dead."

FROM where I was sitting, I could just make out the inscription on Miss Swanson's framed photograph: "To Mervyn—in appreciation. I wish I were making the rest of my pictures with you. Sincerely, Gloria."

"Oh," said LeRoy, "if you are interested in dedications, come into my study. I call it my Room of Memories."

He handed me a book from his not inconsiderable library—a life of Jack Dempsey.

"I introduced him to Estelle," he said.

The book was dedicated "To my pal, Mervyn, the fellow that's responsible for my downfall. Always, Jack."

Opposite the dedication, on the inside of the front cover, was a bookplate, a very effective wood-cut of a young man sitting in a director's chair behind a camera and shouting, "Quiet!"

"Smith and Dale gave me that," he explained. "They kept track of the number of times I yelled 'Quiet!' in four days' shooting on their picture. They said it was four hundred and thirty-two. Anyhow, they put the idea into a bookplate—not bad for a library, is it?"

"And, of course, you've seen this." He indicated a great silver cup, almost as tall as the one good old Thomas Lipton used to try to lift. I looked at the engraved inscription. It read:

MOTION PICTURE WORRY
CONTEST
Second Prize
awarded to
Mervyn Leroy
by
the champion
Bill Powell

"WHEN Bill and I were making 'High Pressure,'" LeRoy explained, "Bill said he had at last found a man who worried about a picture almost as much as he did. But I've found someone now that worries more than either of us—this fellow I'm directing now, Jimmie Cagney. He's always thinking about the picture. You must come out to the lot this morning, and see Jimmie worry."

I did—and all morning everything went swimmingly. Not a single worry! Under LeRoy's watchful eye and repeated shouts of "Quiet!" Jimmie and Mary Brian and Ruth Donnelly and a couple of fake detectives rehearsed a scene, in which Jimmie makes believe

(Please turn to page 96)

**Their
Looks
say \$1⁰⁰..
Their
Price Tag
says..
10c**

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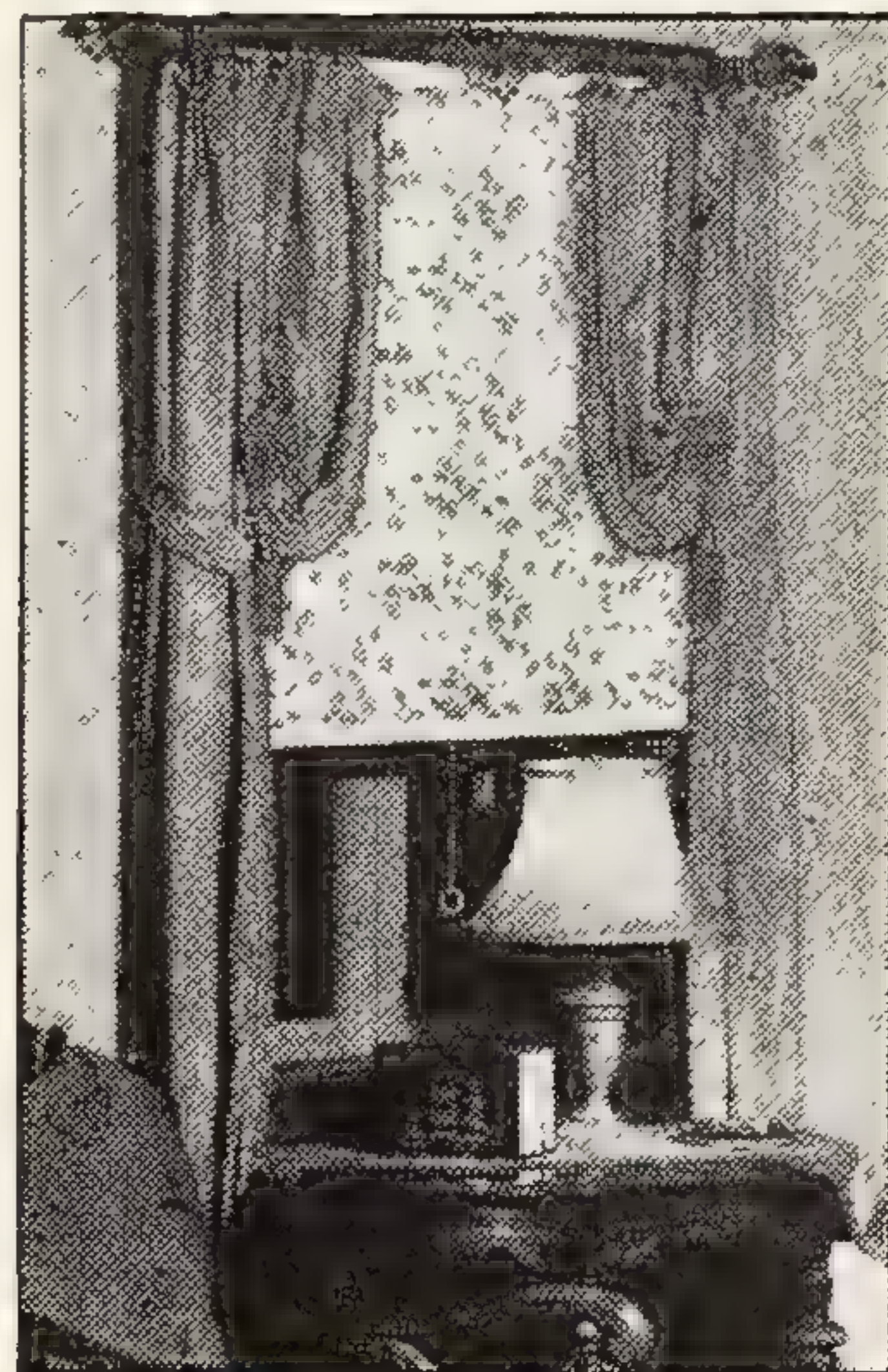
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Illustrated above: The Shadow Chintz Pattern. Available in soft tones of either green or blue on ecru background.

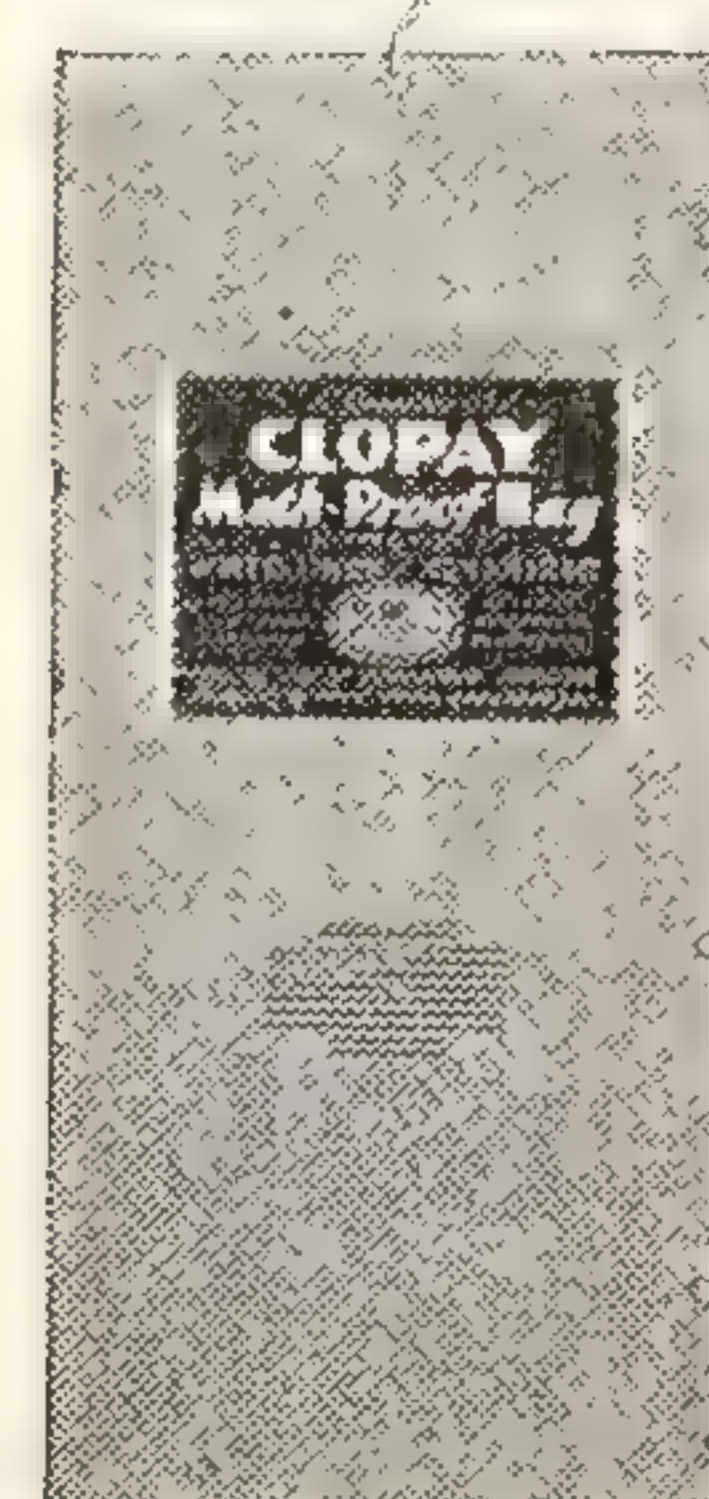
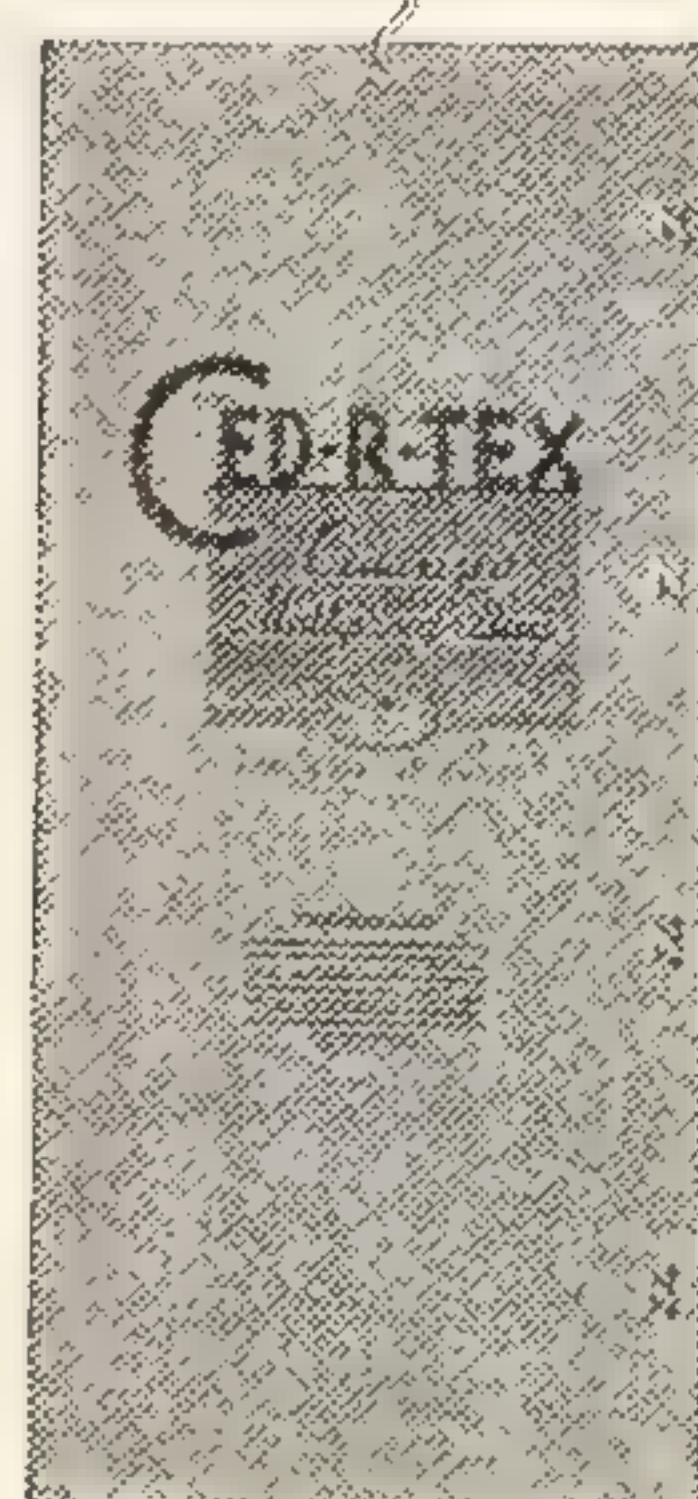
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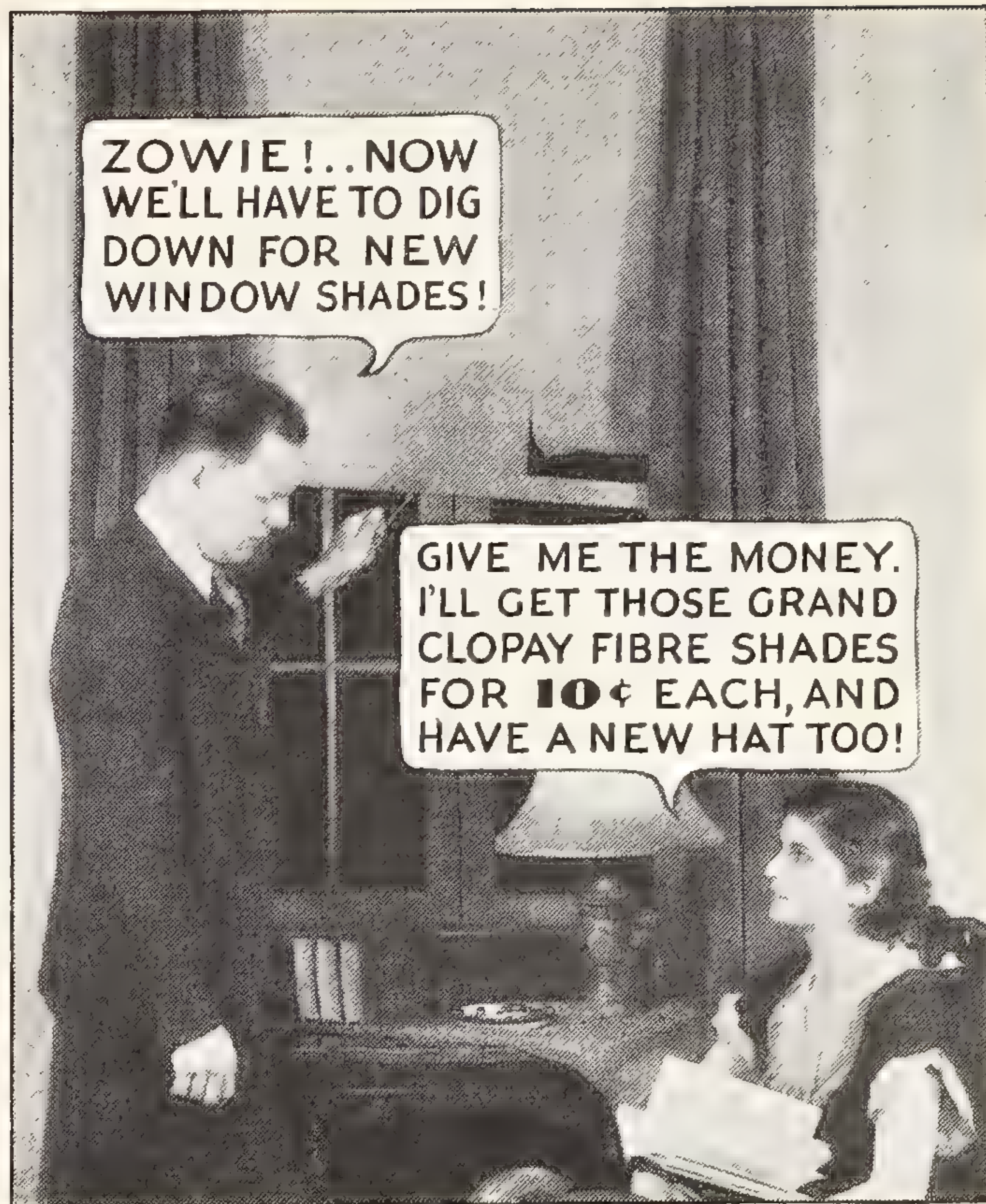
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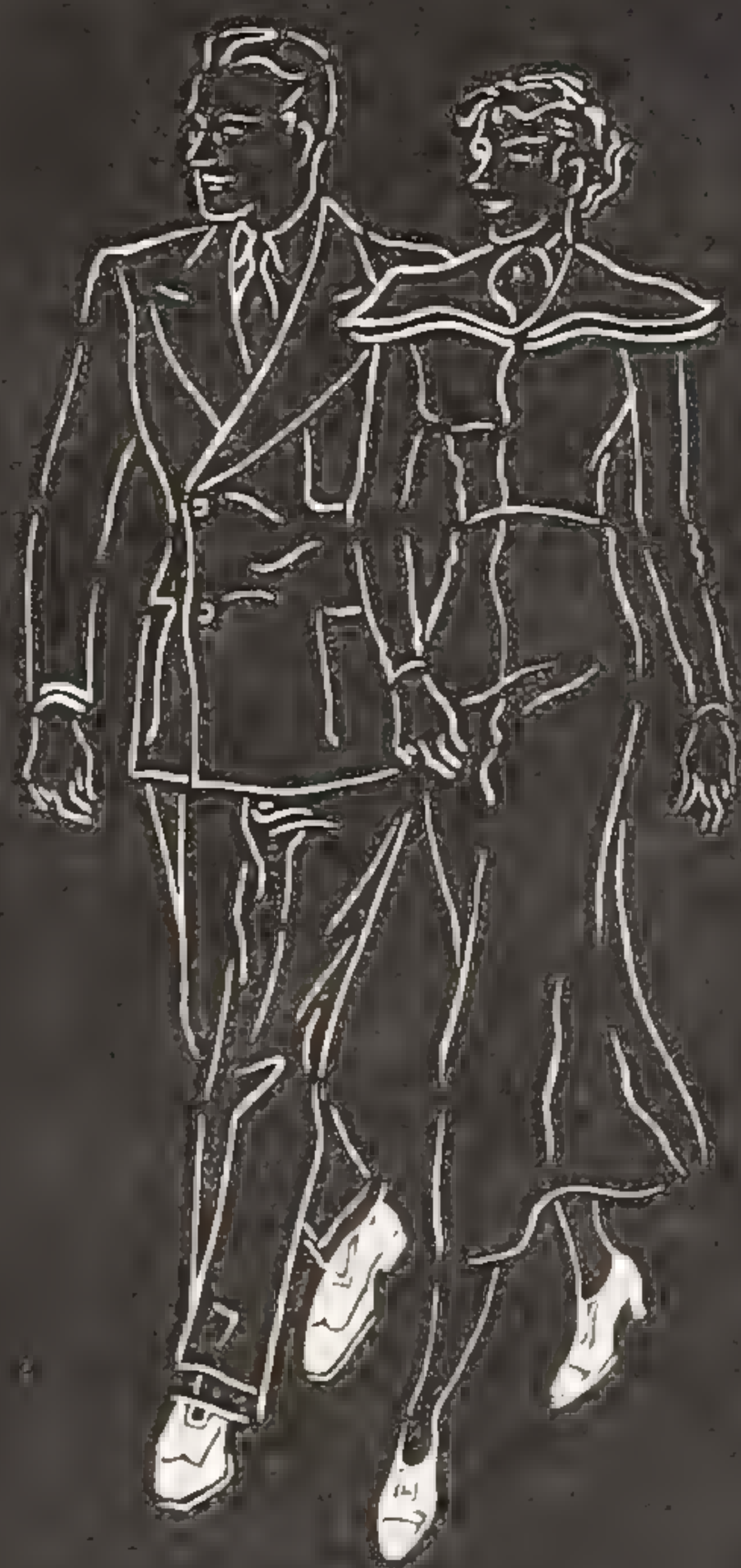
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A Director's Bird's-Eye View

(Continued from page 95)

he's being sent up for ten years just to find out whether Mary loves him. When he does find out, he looks at her and says:

"That's all I want to know."

And turning to the fake detectives, he shouts in triumph:

"You guys are fired!"

They tried it a dozen different ways, and finally got it right. LeRoy has infinite patience, and an ability to keep others on their toes—a sort of friendly leadership. There is a youthful enthusiasm about his work, too, a bustling excitement and vitality, which gives speed and clean-cut characterization.

"Good, isn't it?" he said, pleased as a school boy when the scene went right. "Just a gag, of course, but he"—indicating Jimmie—"thought it up himself."

JIMMIE was pleased, too. He was strutting off the set, with that far-from-worried, devil-may-care manner which has made him so popular with his fans.

"He's a lot more like Jimmie Walker than Jimmie Dunn is," I ventured, "and that, I can assure you, is saying a good deal."

"Walker—there's an actor for you! He missed it for fair going into politics."

"I daresay he probably is convinced of it."

"Well, a picture with him would clean up right now. I know, because I made a two-reeler with him once when he was on the coast. I'm always getting funny assignments like that. I guess it's because I look like the office boy. I had the job once of showing Harry Thaw the town! You remember when he came out here and brought—" he stopped short, his natural discretion leaping to the fore, and then added quickly—"some girl."

"Anita Page," I prompted somewhat hesitatingly.

"Oh, was it Anita?" he said, innocently—and I learned afterward that all of Anita's friends were in a conspiracy to make people forget she came out to Hollywood for the first time under the chaperonage of the notorious Harry Thaw.

HE turned the subject to how well Mary Brian looked in this picture in a blond wig. I didn't agree with him. I liked Mary better in her own hair. But LeRoy, I knew, had a weakness for blondes. He is like the Spanish revolutionist in the Charlie Chase comedy, who is about to be shot as a spy. When asked if he would like to make any last minute request, he replies naively:

"Yes, if there's a blonde in the party, save her for me!"

I accused him of this weakness, but he denied it stoutly.

"There's Mary Astor," he said by way of supporting evidence. "She was my first star."

"I've always liked Mary Astor," I said. "Why hasn't she got further in pictures? What has been holding her back?"

"Well, you see," he laughed, "Mary has always had to fight against the handicap of looking like a lady. She isn't that way at all—well, you know what I mean—she isn't the least bit

Ritzzy. She's a regular fellow. The only thing I've got against Mary is that she's named her baby Hauoli, of all names."

"Did you want her to name it Mervyn?"

"God forbid! It's a girl."

LeRoy wasn't at luncheon—he seldom eats when he is working—but Cagney was, and Mary. After the German pancakes—which they make on the First National lot as they do nowhere else in the world—Jimmie called over to me:

"You're coming back to the stage, aren't you?"

"Sure, that's just what I came out for."

"Good! You'll see some of the good old hoke. I'm going to smear cold cream all over Mother's face." Then, true to LeRoy's description, he added with a gleam in his eye, "I hope I don't miss her!"

ON the way home, LeRoy showed me the copy of a telegram from Brother Harry Warner in New York to Brother Jack Warner in Hollywood, telling him that "I am a Fugitive From a Chain Gang" had just broken the house record for attendance at the Broadway Strand—a record previously held by "Little Caesar."

My host wasn't anywhere nearly so elated as I should have thought he would be. He seemed almost sorry that the "Little Caesar" record had fallen. And I suspected that there might be a secret fondness, or at least a preference, for the great Edward G. Robinson. But I soon found I was wrong.

"They're both great actors," I ventured, "Robinson and Muni."

"Yes and no," he replied. "Eddie is a great actor, but Paul is a great artist."

He looked sidewise at me to see if I got what he meant.

"I am not saying that Robinson's 'Little Caesar' wasn't an artistic creation," he continued, "and an unforgettable one. That story they told about him being held up in New York traffic when he was trying to make a left turn, and his sticking his head out of the window, and the cop saying, 'Okay, Mr. Caesar!' and letting him make the turn, is true—and deservedly so."

"The difference between the two men is a subtle thing. Eddie is good, and he knows it. Most actors do. But Paul—well, he may know he's good; I don't see how he could help it; but he never admits it, even to himself. He is never satisfied with anything he does. That's what I mean about his being an artist."

"Of course, he had his own way of getting what he wanted. 'Show up in the morning, Paul,' I would say, 'in your brown suit.'"

"But, Merv, don't you think the striped suit—"

"No, Paul, the brown suit."

"The next morning, Paul would arrive, looking the picture of innocence, in his striped suit—and it was the striped suit that went into the picture!"

But, striped suit or no striped suit, LeRoy and Muni are the best of friends.

"Paul calls me on the telephone every night from New York," he said, "to tell me how everything's going. He's just like a boy. But that's the way it always is—with genius!"

What Happened to Lillian Gish?

(Continued from page 37)

sure to make money, no matter what."

That wasn't much of a "hand" for the woman who had held by almost unanimous consent—from that glamorous night when she emerged from the two-reel shadows of primitive pictureland into the glory of her *Elsie Stoneham* in "The Birth of a Nation," the premier position in the motion picture world.

But after I had cast up my totals, including those who said they had never heard of Lillian Gish, those who obviously recalled her name with difficulty or vagueness, those who confused her honestly enough with her sister Dorothy, those who could not remember a single part that she had played, and those who thought "that old Griffith crowd" was through, I wasn't so sure even about that one picture!

I called up the studio where she had made all but one of her last half dozen films to see if the films had paid. The first reaction of the studio executive to my question was more significant than any financial data he could give me.

"Lillian Gish? My God, that's so far back I don't know as we even have the records!"

Far back? Lillian Gish made her last picture on that man's lot less than five years ago! At that time, his company was paying her \$8,000 a week, \$800,000 over a two-year stretch. And today, he not only couldn't tell me whether the venture was a successful one—it *was*, as a matter of fact—but he had consigned it and her to the limbo of a forgotten past.

Yes, so far as Hollywood is concerned, the greatest actress of the screen might as well be dead!

THE result of all this inquiry is no reflection on Miss Gish personally, or on her art. I daresay the same thing would have happened if I had substituted Blanche Sweet or Mae Marsh. And if Mary Pickford doesn't succeed with "Secrets" and get back on that screen in a big way. . . .

You're laughing at me? Well, perhaps you're right. Perhaps the picture public will never forget Mary. I hope it doesn't. But if Mary is saved from the fate that has sooner or later overtaken every other member of the "old crowd" in pictures, it will be because she was more than a movie actress; she was a movie symbol; she was, to millions of people, a synonym for movies.

Lillian Gish, with all her artistry, was never that!

Chaplin was, perhaps is, in Mary's class. There are no others. Say "Douglas Fairbanks" to the average fan today, and he'll think you are talking about Joan Crawford's husband. Go see Fatty Arbuckle—give him a great big hand for his game attempt at a come-back—and then ask yourself, frankly, if the present day audience thinks he is funny. Laugh at Harold Lloyd—I hope I always will!—but even Harold, after three years' absence from the screen, returned to find a public mildly grateful that Constance Cummings had found a new and "really very amusing" leading man.

(Please turn to page 98)

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What Happened to Lillian Gish?

(Continued from page 97)

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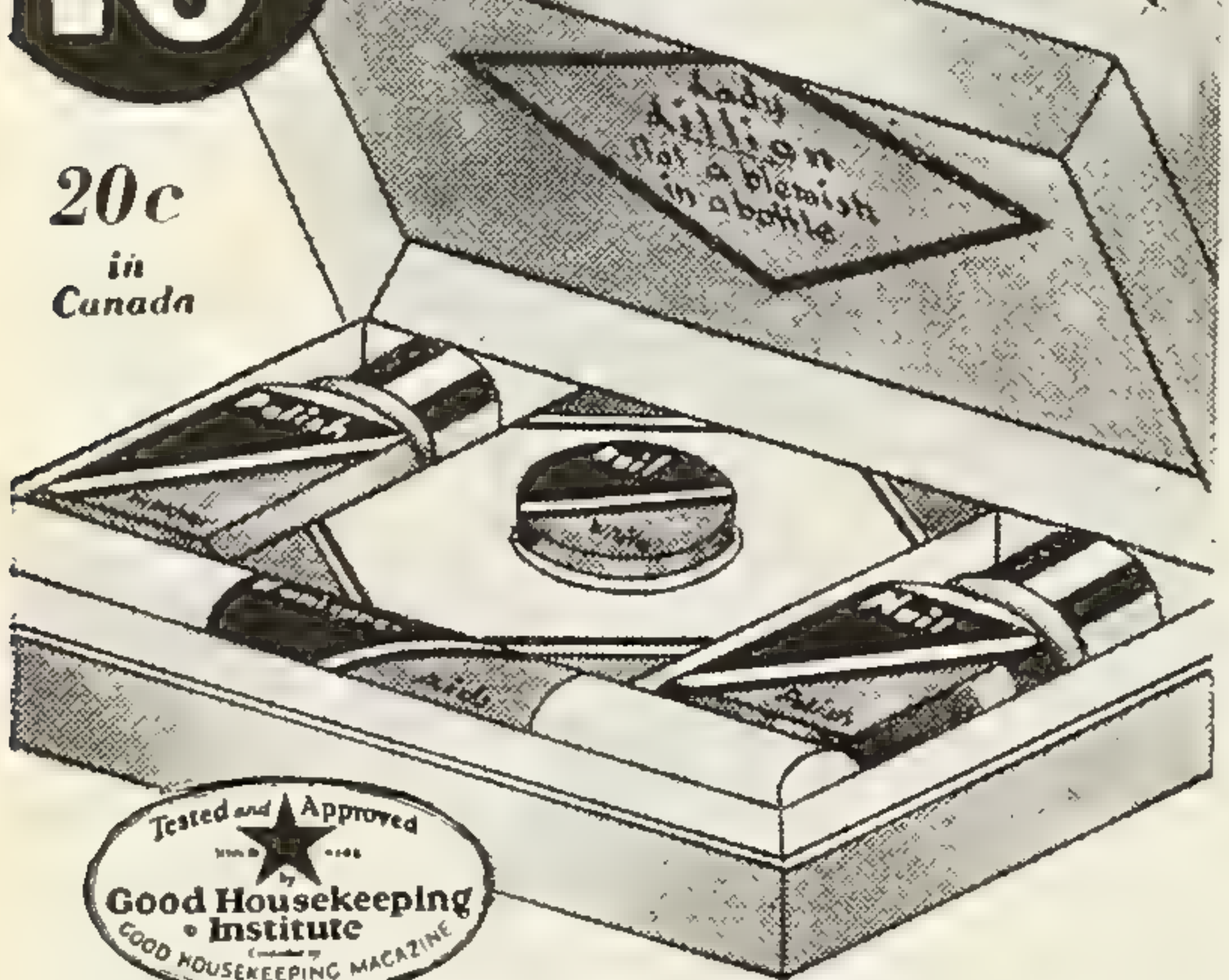
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TIME in Hollywood waits for no man—and for a woman, it doesn't even hesitate!

This fact alone may be sufficient explanation of why the once great Lillian Gish is no longer in demand for pictures. At the height of her career—although acclaimed artistically above them all—she was never so widely popular as Fairbanks, never so generally loved as Arbuckle, never so big a draw as Lloyd.

It was to be expected, therefore, that the passage of time—say, four years' absence from the screen—would have a more devastating effect on her box-office value than any of the others.

But no such simple reasoning is a complete answer to the real mystery of Lillian Gish—not the mystery of how things are with her, but the mystery of how they got that way.

Well, the answer most often heard in Hollywood is that Lillian, a creation of the great master, Griffith, was an instrument on which he, and he alone, could play; and that once she found herself far from the master's guiding hand, she realized her limitations and quit before her public should realize them, too.

This answer hardly holds water. She was a Griffith creation, just as Dorothy Gish was, and Blanche Sweet, and Mae Marsh, and even Mary Pickford. It is true that he stood over these youngsters and told them just what to do at every turn of the camera. They were, for years, clay in his hands—and none more successfully so than Lillian. But since that time, she had abundantly proved her ability to work with a variety of directors.

She did "The White Sister" and "Romola" with Henry King, "La Boheme" with King Vidor, "The Scarlet Letter" with Victor Seastrom, "Annie Laurie" with John S. Robertson. It would be difficult to name a quartet of first-string directors with more diverse methods. Yet Lillian had adapted herself with success to all of them.

No! *Hawkshaw* in Hollywood must find something more authentic than this oft-repeated Griffith canard to solve the mystery of the sudden disappearance from the screen of the screen's great actress.

There couldn't have been any moral reason. Not with Lillian! One thing alone is lacking in her rich fabric of charm, and this is the element of sensual lure. The only newspaper case in which she had ever figured enhanced her reputation for character and decency and resulted in the indictment of her opponent for perjury.

And surely she was not too old. She was less than thirty-two when she quit. She photographed eighteen. The only fault her admirers found in her work was that in some characterizations—for example, *Hester Prynne* in "The Scarlet Letter"—she looked too young!

Could it be that she was a talkie exile? No. She had shown in her one talking picture that she could act out loud as well as in pantomime. She had a good microphone voice. She had studied diction under one of the world's masters. She had been a speaking

actress long before she was a posing one. She is a speaking actress today.

And she couldn't have been dissatisfied with the treatment she was receiving from her employers. She exercised almost complete control over the choice of her stories. She had the pick of directors. She selected her own casts. She had everything most stars dream of having, and never get—plus \$8,000 a week.

IN short, none of the stock Hollywood explanations for movie nose-dives applies in the case of Lillian Gish. Described in the heyday of her screen popularity as "elusive," "baffling," "mockingly mysterious," she is all of these things—only more so—in the shadow of her retirement.

On the surface, there is no reason, so far as her friends see, why she didn't keep right on making pictures, why she shouldn't be making them today.

"She hasn't been ill," they say. "She hasn't dissipated. She hasn't even been married!"

There is, of course, the matter of dollars and cents. But it seems hardly probable that Lillian thought she was being paid too little. Eight thousand dollars a week salaries were rare in Hollywood even in boom times. It is possible, however, that the producers—considering the hectic uncertainties of those first microphone days—did think she was being paid too much.



The latest thing in make-up technique, demonstrated by Cecil Holland, greasepaint wizard, on Maureen O'Sullivan. In the upper picture Mr. Holland is shown photographing the winsome Maureen, using a double-lens camera. The picture in the center shows the double-image picture after it has been printed on a small slide. By the apparatus the features and contour and highlights can be carefully studied, particularly as to how the movie camera will pick them up.

What Happened to Lillian Gish?

You could hardly blame them. No one, in 1928, knew whether the talking picture was an institution or merely a fad. All anybody knew was that nobody knew anything. And \$800,000 contracts for five or six pictures from one star were just not being made.

MOREOVER, there were other expenses to Lillian Gish pictures besides the star's salary. Although brought up in a mass-production movie factory, although making her most satisfactory picture, "Broken Blossoms," in only eighteen days, Miss Gish had acquired in the years of her prosperity and preeminence the habit of leisurely production. And sound stages on the Hollywood lots were too few, and too much in demand, during these first months, for leisurely productions.

Miss Gish was a great artist, to be sure, and a nice girl; but the producers were fighting for their lives. The important thing at the time was to beat the other fellow to it with a picture—any picture—that talked.

And there was some question as to whether Lillian Gish pictures could continue to make money under the new conditions. Her box-office strength, like that of all the old guard, was in the small towns—in the little picture houses, where the new stars like Garbo were still scarcely more than names—and the little theaters in the small towns in 1928 and 1929 were not wired for sound.

It might have been possible to get Miss Gish to work for less; it might have been possible to get her to work faster; it might have been possible to get her to sacrifice elaborate production to speed. And even then, with her best public automatically cut off from her, it might not be possible to make money on her pictures.

Of course, in just the right kind of story, another "Way Down East," for instance, she might have got over financially. But show business waits years for a clean-up like "Way Down East." It was the hick "Ben Hur"—and first and last, it made almost as much money in the theater. But such stories are not made to order.

MISS GISH, when urged by producers to do more "Way Down Easts," might well have reminded them of the colloquy which took place between Lee Shubert and Augustus Thomas during the rehearsal of one of the latter's plays.

"What we need right there," shouted Lee from the pit, "are two or three sure-fire comedy lines."

"Yes?" replied Gus from the stage. "For example?"

But the truth of the matter is that Miss Gish probably wouldn't have played a "Way Down East" again if it had walked up and tagged her on her shapely shoulder. She was through with such things forever. She had, in the Hollywood phrase, gone high-brow. George Jean Nathan had said "the girl is superior to her medium, pathetically so." And she had believed it.

Here was where, movie-wise, the greatest actress of the screen made her greatest mistake. Here, and in the inevitable sequence, is to be found the

(Please turn to page 100)

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What Happened to Lillian Gish?

(Continued from page 99)

real solution to the Mystery of Lillian Gish.

The First Lady of the Screen had not ridden to the heights in a coach and four or in a padded limousine with sixteen cylinders to draw it. She had bumped along on the broad back of the donkey of melodrama. She had been helped over the rough places by the strong arm of hokum. Her master, Griffith, was master of both. He had never ventured into the untried fields of sophistication. But Lillian, taken up by Nathan, Dreiser, Hergesheimer, Lewis, Cabell, and Mencken, rushed in where her former angel feared to tread.

And what was the result?

People who had loved her in the Griffith days went to see her in "The White Sister." They sat in somewhat puzzled awe as they watched the frail, Dresden-china personality, which had stood out like a rare gem against the background of Griffith's inspired crudities, sink almost into unrecognizability under the uniformed pagaentry in which she chose to deck Crawford's simple, deathless story.

They still went to see her—though fewer of them—in her uphill fight against a plethora of authentic Florentine settings and an engulfing morass of George Eliot dullness in her even more ambitious "Romola."

THE faithful followed her—partly because of "The Big Parade" glamour that attached to the names of King Vidor, her director, and John Gilbert, her leading man—through the stormy mazes of "La Boheme."

The remnant remained to be shocked by "The Scarlet Letter."

Few but the critics cared one way or the other about "The Wind." Fewer cared about "The Enemy."

Tastes were changing, too. Admirers had always spoken of Miss Gish's work as poetic. "Something of the lyrical goes into whatever she does." But poetry, which had had its brief lyric fling right after the war, was going out. In fact, about the time Lillian began to lean most heavily on it, it disappeared completely as a salable commodity.

Poetry hadn't been a very salable quantity back in the old Biograph days, either. No one knew that better than Griffith. A Griffith picture, whether it ran to two reels or to sixteen, was a complete library. It contained poetry as all good libraries should—that was Lillian; but it contained humor—that was Dorothy; and drama—that was Walthall; and homeyness—that was Mae Marsh; and appealing young manliness—that was Bobby Harron and Dick Barthlemess.

The new slogan, "One will always stand out," had not been invented. It was all for one and one for all.

No Griffith picture in those days was a starring vehicle for Lillian Gish or for anyone else. No Griffith picture—and this is something which admirers of the old Griffith stars sometimes forget—was sold to the public on the popularity of any actor or actress who appeared in it.

The popularity of Lillian Gish had



Photo by Wide World

Betty Balfour, one of the principal shining lights of British pictures, came out to Hollywood to see her husband and look things over. So don't be surprised if you see her in some American-made films, too.

only the vaguest relation to the huge box-office success of "Way Down East." It had nothing to do with the success of "The Birth of a Nation."

In other words, nobody ever tried to sell a picture to the public on the strength of Miss Gish's poetic personality until she tried it herself in a market where poetry had reached what was probably an "all-time low."

Another thing, critics were always writing about "the profound mysticism of Miss Gish's playing." "The mere clash of earthly passion—the quality most frequently and most picturesquely exploited in the theater—is simply not for her." . . . "She seems to float on the screen,"—this from her worshipper, the Northern professor, Edward Wagenknecht—"like a remembered vision of Botticelli's women."

Well, if you recall the prevailing feminine costumes and behavior of the later Twenties, you will also recall that Botticelli, like poetry, was out, and sex appeal which Lillian admittedly never had, was in.

"Give us Clara Bow!" the fans were crying.

And they got her—while the first actress of the screen fled back to Broadway to do Chekhov's gloomy *Helena* and Dumas' still more gloomy *Camille*.

The question naturally arises, in view of her precipitous flight, whether she was ever the great actress that she was supposed to be. Personally, I think she was and is. But it should be recorded in any attempt to solve The Great Gish Mystery that the best critical opinion, based on her recent stage appearance, seems to be quite up in the air on this point.

After her *Helena* in "Uncle Vanya," the learned Mr. Krutch declared that "we are no more sure than we were in the days when she was the particular star of the great Mr. Griffith whether she has real talents or merely certain odd deficiencies which a skilful direc-

What Happened to Lillian Gish?

tor can utilize after the fashion of the marionette master and the character doll." After her *Camille*, the equally erudite Mr. Woolcott asked: "Was she a good actress? Was she an actress at all? . . . I went to see 'Camille' with an open mind. It is still open."

She *should* succeed on the stage, and I believe she will. She *should* reach heights which she never could reach on the screen. And for the very reason that made critics acclaim her as the greatest of all film actresses. "The particular genius of Lillian Gish," wrote George Jean Nathan, at the height of her screen success, "lies in making the definite charmingly indefinite." True. And this quality should be infinitely more valuable on the stage than on the screen.

"All of which," said my friend, the Hollywood wise man, when I told him the result of my sleuthing, "does not alter the fact that Lillian Gish, so far as pictures are concerned, is dead."

"I wonder!"

THERE suddenly came back to me a true story of Lillian's first days on the Fine Arts lot, which illustrated more graphically than anything I could say that marvelous Gish spirit which might—if the Gish spirit ever willed it—still stage a picture comeback for the First Actress of the Screen.

Lillian and a girl friend were out walking. They walked, and walked, and walked—until they were fairly dragging one foot after the other. Finally, the other girl said:

"I'm tired walking. Let's sit down."

"I'm tired walking, too," said Lillian. "But don't let's sit down. Let's run!"

Then I recalled to my friend that Winter, back in 1913, when Lillian Gish, threatened with pernicious anemia, took the long trek westward for the first time—and arrived in California, given up for dead.

He remembered, as well as I did, how Lillian willed herself to stay alive, how she built up her strength on milk and sunshine, how she dieted and exercised until she could stand, as well as any of those other hardy youngsters, the rigors of even a Griffith rehearsal.

My friend was ruminatingly silent as he went through the intricate process of clipping and lighting a fresh cigar.

"She *might* come back," he said, at last. "It all depends—"

"Yes," I said, "it all depends on Lillian Gish!"

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

We asked the men to tell us just what foods they liked and how they liked them. And they told us—straight from the shoulder. The results are in our food circular, **WHAT MEN LIKE TO EAT**. If you would like a copy, send your request with ten cents to Rita Calhoun, The New Movie Magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York.

"It's **SO** Marvelous"
declares

CONSTANCE CUMMINGS
COLUMBIA PICTURE STAR

GIVE YOUR HAIR the allure of shimmering color tones—youthful, vibrant brilliance—natural lustre and charming softness. Simply add Nestle ColoRinse to the after shampoo wash. Twelve true tints to choose from—all harmless, for ColoRinse is just vegetable compound. Two rinses in each 10c package. Buy a package today—and you will use it always!

THE NESTLE-LEMUR COMPANY

New York :: Toronto, Ontario

Originators of the Permanent Wave



Nestle
ColoRinse

NOT A DYE . . . NOT A BLEACH

10c At all your 5 and 10c Stores—
COLORINSE, SUPERSET, HOT OIL
SHAMPOO and the new Nestle GOLDEN
SHAMPOO and HENNA SHAMPOO

If your Child is Fussy about Meals send for these Menus

FAVORITE BREAKFAST MENUS

—with a simple novelty touch that stimulates appetites . . . like peaches stuffed with cereal!

SCHOOL BOX LUNCH

—that five-times-a-week bugaboo is solved for you.

PARTY REFRESHMENTS

—wholesome foods made festive.

LOW COST LUNCH AND DINNER DISHES

—easily prepared recipes which save the food budget.

FAVORITE CANDIES

—the youngsters can follow these successful recipes themselves.

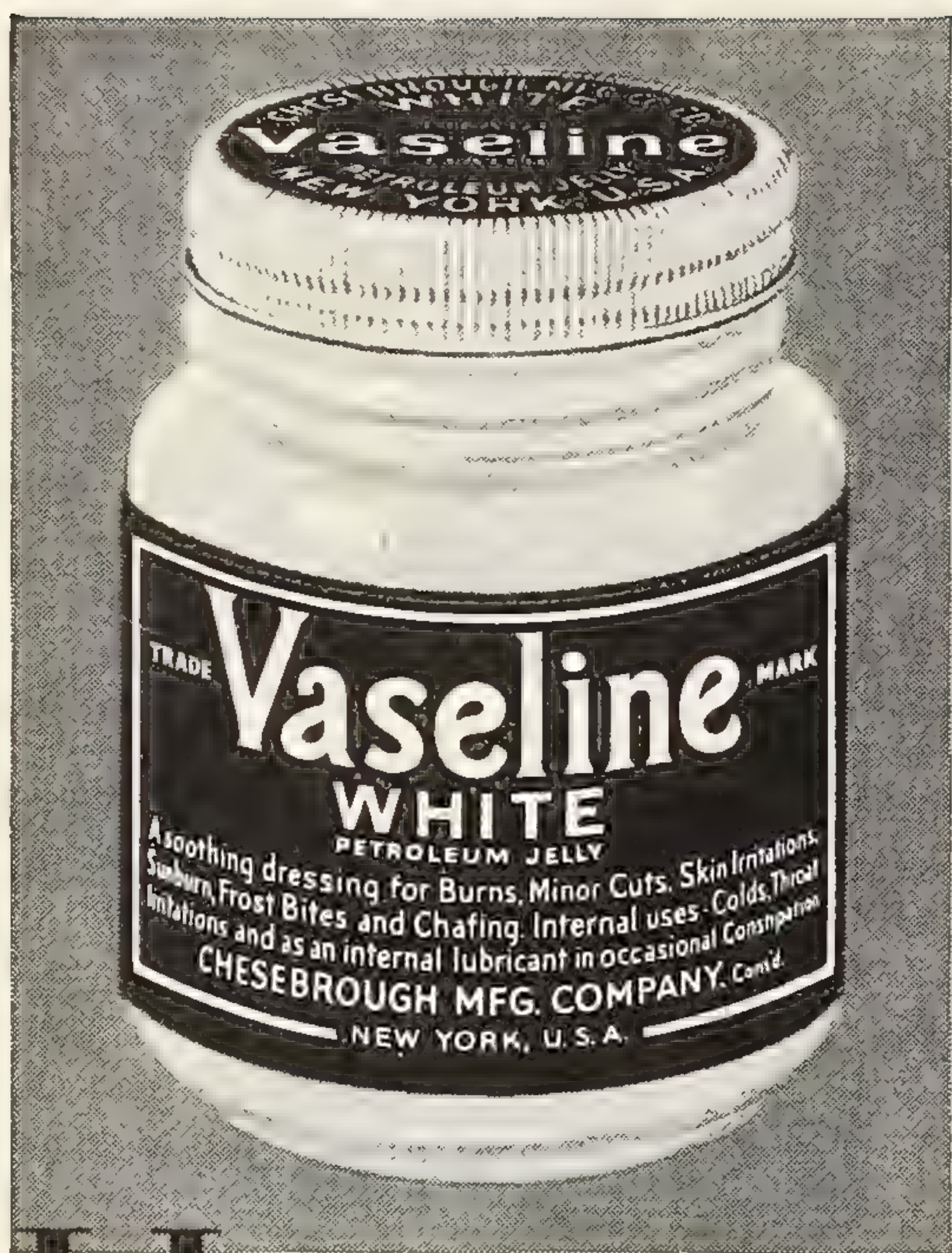
FAVORITE DESSERTS

—all manner of good things, popular with the whole family.



It's quite possible to feed children what they like and still give them healthful food.

You'll get lots of ideas . . . time and trouble savers . . . from this circular "Food Children Love to Eat." Another helpful circular is "Feed Your Children the New Way." Send only 10 cents for each complete set to Tower Magazines, Inc., 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.



Handiest Thing in the house

Every home needs 'Vaseline' Petroleum Jelly. It comes in handy for so many things—the children's bumps, bruises and burns. Helps to heal sores, prevent scars. Softens chapped skin; relieves wind and sunburn. Eases head colds, raspy throat. And 'Vaseline' is what the doctor recommends for keeping baby's tender skin from chafing. Get a jar or tube today. You'll really find it the "Handiest Thing in the House."

BE SURE YOU GET THE GENUINE LOOK FOR THE TRADEMARK VASELINE WHEN YOU BUY.

If you don't see it you are not getting the genuine product of Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd., 17 State St., New York.



Her Frank Answer Taught Me How To Keep Skin White in 10 Minutes a Week

In three days my skin, too, was gorgeously smooth—clear—white. No more redness, sallowness, freckles or blackheads. I keep it flawless, too, by simply spending ten minutes a week with Golden Peacock Bleach Creme—just rub the lightest film imaginable over my skin twice a week. It's so quick—simple—economical! Get a jar of Golden Peacock Bleach Creme today, yourself—simply ask for it at any drug store or toilet-goods counter.

Wuxtry! Big Baby Show!

(Continued from page 43)

two thousand when he's seventeen. This will provide a college education providing he chooses to spend it foolishly. Personally I feel young Leroy will not need it. If his charm holds out he'll be able to retire at seventeen a wealthy, blase old *Lothario*.

CHEVALIER was holding the baby in a pool of water the day I visited the set. The baby splashed hilariously. Then, at a call from the assistant director, looked up to the camera and laughed.

I saw him repeat the scene four times. Each take was virtually the same. He responds to direction like a veteran.

The young assistant director who adores him says, "I think it is because we all love him so."

A born comedian, obviously a heart-smasher, Leroy has no feeling for tragedy. He can't cry. Only by wiping his nose vigorously can the assistant eke a tear. Then I suspect it's more indignation than grief.

"What do you mean depression?" he gurgles kicking his feet in the air. "It's a great world!"

NO star was ever treated more royally. When he falls asleep on the set work stops. He chose to sleep three hours one day. The company sat around in a reverent hush.

Distilled water is used in the swimming pool where he performs. Twenty-six hundred gallons at four cents a gallon is an expensive baby bath. And it was changed four times.

He also has a portable dressing-room. When he finishes a scene the assistant carries him there, gives him a brisk oil massage and wraps him in a blanket. He has a companion and secretary in the person of Miss Smith, a charming Australian girl who cares for children appearing in Paramount pictures. She informed me I was especially privileged in being received in the dressing-room; only three others have been so honored.

You should have seen the Cheshire grin on the face of the redeemed sophisticate.

THE Babe has two doubles to "stand in" for him in long shots and while lights are trained. These infants share his dressing-room as his guests. Beautiful babies, yet they get little attention from visitors. I remarked that here was proof positive of the power of personality. I would rather have What-A-Babe's personality than the brains of our industry's greatest magnates. And you would, too, if you had seen Peggy Joyce tickling his little tummy.

TURNING from What-A-Babe, who will undoubtedly start an infant cycle in Hollywood, I decided to pick the Prize Babies of our town. Here's the bunch I'd like in *Our Gang*:

Spanky Cagney, Mazie West, Angel Child Lupe, Tongue-Tied Tracy, Panties Dietrich, Peggy-Weddy Joyce, Screamy Weissmuller, Don't-Care Hep-
py, China Baby Wong.

What a picnic you could have with a gang like that. Just good wholesome fun. Maybe we could coax bashful baby West to chirp "Frankie and Johnnie."

SPANKY CAGNEY was adopted on sight as the favorite child of this department. Some of the neighbors have written in protesting at his behavior. But I think Jimmy is just right as he is. Don't believe in inhibiting a child.

I have made it a point never to meet Jimmy. If all parents were as considerate I think children would get ahead faster. But I read everything written about the boy. Is that the fond parent? I was amused the other day to read he said that any man who would strike a woman is a cad. He must have meant, except for amusement and three thousand a week. Still I think he's a little severe in calling cad. Noel Coward, who frequents Buckingham, pals with the Prince of Wales and admires Jimmy as I do, is author of that lovely line: "Certain women should be struck regularly, like gongs."

KATHARINE HEPBURN, sometimes called Don't-Care Heppy, the do-as-she-feels girl, is reported slapping a man she never met simply because she didn't like his looks. If I had been he who got slapped I would have given Heppy a good swift cagney right in the derriere of her dear little denims. Then gone about carolling: "I'm the guy that put the patch on Heppy's overalls."

And I'll bet I would have won her. I'll bet she's like Peggy Joyce in detesting a man who sits and takes it. That's probably what was the matter with the bird she socked.

LITTLE Tongue-Tied Lee Tracy is herewith adopted into our home as playmate for Spanky Cagney. There's a pair to enliven any household. Young Lee bounced into Hollywood in an old car all by his little self and proceeded to wreck records that old-timers had spent years setting up.

I went to Long Beach to preview "Private Jones." Long Beach is a long-haired town. But when the old Tracy name kissed the screen the boys went wild. Hasn't been such commotion hereabouts since Iowa pitched horse-shoes against Kansas.

When Tracy is on the screen no one else counts. He might as well be a monologist. What a Fuller brush salesman he'd make! I'd go anywhere anytime to hear Tracy. Went to Long Beach, didn't I? And so did the whole darned fleet.

JUST why Babe Dietrich, female plus, wants to look the little man is beyond me. She says pants are comfortable. Actually there's nothing more comfortable than the kilts of Highlanders. Most comfortable of all is nothing at all. For Gossakes, Marlene, be comfortable!

MY pet cherub Lupe let forth a coo not long ago that she'd mend socks and sew on buttons for the man she loved. I was alarmed by this sudden naivete until I saw my sly bambina dancing around with Johnny Weissmuller. *Tarzan* hasn't a sock or a button in his wardrobe.

Now there's my idea of a perfectly matched team: *Tarzan and Wild Lupe*. The most honest, di-

Couldn't Eat Her Own Delicious Cooking..



..until "TUMS" Ended FUSSY STOMACH

SHE liked their compliments, but she watched with envy while they enjoyed her cooking. Not a bite for her—too much afraid of the acid indigestion, gas and sour stomach she often suffered from eating her favorite foods. Then she learned about TUMS and tried these delightful new candy-like antacid mints. Now she eats what she likes without regrets. Just a few TUMS after meals—and excess acid is neutralized, gas dispelled, Fussy Stomach quickly relieved. TUMS are safe, agreeable, handy to carry. At all druggists—only 10c.

FREE Package of Nature Flower Garden Seeds—also samples of NR and TUMS—Just send name and address, enclosing stamp, to A. H. LEWIS MEDICINE CO., Dept. 8-P, St. Louis, Mo.



TUMS ARE ANTACID—Not a Laxative
For a laxative, use the safe, dependable Vegetable Laxative NR (Nature's Remedy). Only 25 cents.

KEEP LAMP & RADIO WIRES OFF FLOOR

JUSTRITE PUSH-CLIP

10 Cents

At Most Woolworth Stores

New Easy Way

A neat job instantly. No damage to woodwork. No tools needed. Set of eight colored clips to match your cords, 10c.



Cosmetics Can Never Hide the Truth

If your cheeks are sallow, eyes dull; if you're always dead tired, don't try to hide the truth. Take Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets. A safe substitute for dangerous calomel. Non-habit-forming. A pure vegetable compound that helps relieve constipation, cleanses the system, removes the greatest cause of pallid cheeks. A matchless corrective in use for 20 years. Take nightly and watch pleasing results. Know them by their olive color. At druggists, 15c, 30c and 60c.

Wuxtry! Big Baby Show!

rect and likable pair you could find in Hollywood or anywhere.

Speaking of Pal Weissmuller, I have received several fretful letters from women asking, "Why don't we see more of Mr. Weissmuller?"

LADIES!

AN editor recently queried subscribers to learn whether they preferred pictures of girls or men in his newspaper. The replies were almost 100 per cent. for the male sex. (Ladies are subscribing.) Satisfying this popular demand Paramount presents in his entirety Mr. Buster Crabbe advertised "the most perfectly-formed male." I can remember when girls got that play. It's about time the American boy was glorified.

SOME years ago Mr. Paul Swan, dancer, was advertised the most beautiful male in captivity. Ladies had aesthetic raptures but on the whole the description got *framboisé*. There is naught of the ballet about Mr. Crabbe, who incidentally belongs to the Gang. He and Weissmuller are the best samples of American athletes who, in turn, are the Olympians of the earth today.

In the days of the virile old Greeks they would have been immortalized in marble by Phidias and Praxiteles. As it is they are being immortalized in celluloid by Mr. Cohen and Mr. Mayer. This seems to indicate our country is masculine, after all, not Follies. A good sign says my friend, Anna May Wong, who, inheriting the wisdom of the Chinese, declares that feminine countries die young, the masculine endure.

CHINA BABY WONG is about the only actress who hasn't been implicated in the recent Oriental cycle of pictures. That's fortunate for her. They were all lousy pictures. There is something pathetically home-talent about white actors playing Orientals, excepting always, my pal Warner Oland, who I have reason to believe, is a heathen Mongol. On beholding them you realize how childish the art of acting is. Kiddies playing Indian or, in this instance, Chinese, and fooling nobody but themselves.

MAE WEST'S style is too subtle for Hollywood, it seems. They don't get her. After seeing Babs West in "She Done Him Wrong" I went around shouting like a fan fanatic. Is that being sophisticated? Well, Richard Cromwell joined me. Thank God for youth and the finer susceptibilities. As I say, Hollywood couldn't make Mae out. One of my favorite women protested my bubbling enthusiasm. "Why," she exclaimed, "Mae West hurls sex at you like a pie in the face!"

"Yeah!" I scream. "And isn't it funny!"

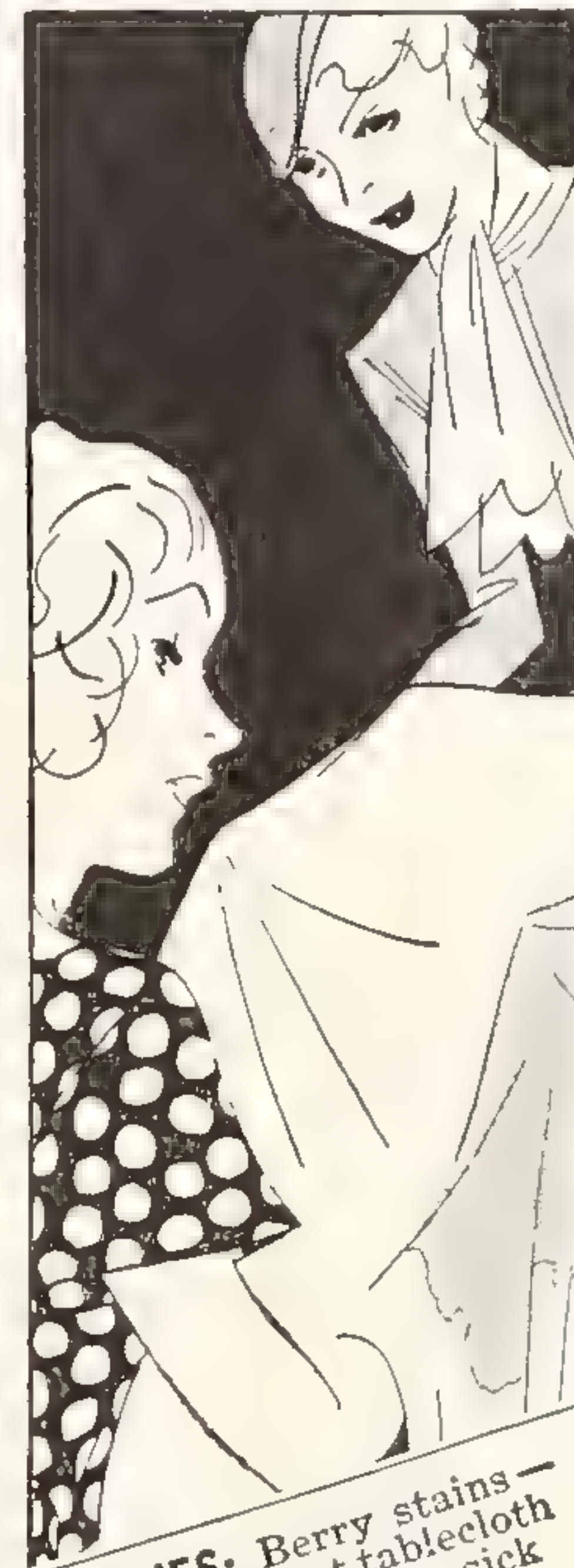
HOLLYWOOD takes its sex seriously. No sportive smiles like the French or guffaws like the Germans. Sex is real and sex is earnest. Mae burlesques the bosom-heavers. Cleanest sort of thing because she makes the

(Please turn to page 104)

New Discovery Takes Out Stubborn Spots and Stains

Harmless as Boiling Water

Quickly, easily, harmlessly, you can now take out those stubborn spots and stains from tablecloths, napkins, sheets, towels,



AGNES: Berry stains—and my best tablecloth too! I'm simply sick about it!
CLARA: But why, my dear? White Rit will take out every spot and stain in a jiffy.

children's white blouses or dresses. Even berry stains, so hard to remove, are dissolved instantly—thanks to an amazing discovery by RIT chemists. It is called White RIT.

Simply drop a White RIT wafer in boiling water, put in the white goods you want to restore, stir with a little stick, and in a jiffy every spot and stain will disappear. Even the water stays colorless!

Marvelous for removing mildew, yellowness caused by washing, ink spots, grass stains, rust . . . never harms the fabric. Diapers come out soft and snowy white.

Use White RIT to take old, faded color out of dresses, hosiery, underthings, curtains, draperies—any article unevenly faded, sun-streaked or spotted.

After the color has been removed it is easy to put in any fashionable new color you like with Instant RIT. See RIT color card with its 33 smart colors at your dealer's. White RIT and Instant RIT are on sale everywhere.

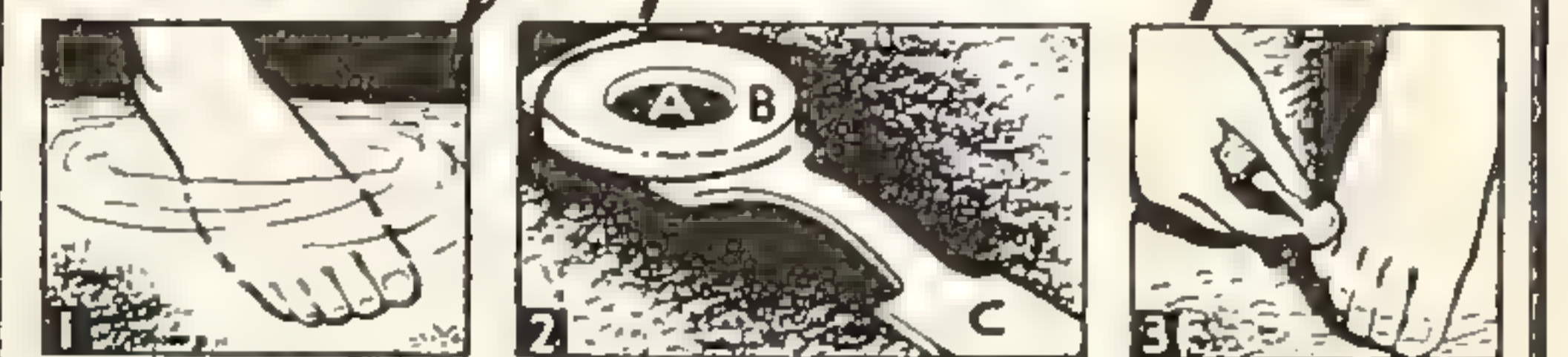
WHITE RIT

Removes All Colors — HARMLESSLY

CORNS?

STOP PAIN!

Remove corns this safe, gentle way



1. Soak foot 10 minutes in hot water, wipe dry. 2. Apply Blue-Jay, centering pad directly over corn. How it works: A is the mild medication that gently undermines corn. B is felt pad that relieves pressure, stops pain at once. C holds pad in place, prevents slipping. 3. After 3 days, remove plaster, soak foot, lift out corn. Used by millions. 25c at all druggists.

BLUE-JAY CORN REMOVER BAUER & BLACK'S

Castle CURLERS
THE NEW HAIR-CURLING SENSATION



Curls THE ENDS
ROLL IN BACK or RINGLET ENDS
NATURAL WAVE ON TOP
ALL IN ONE OPERATION

4 CURLERS 10¢
Set of 12 curlers 30¢

The new hair curling sensation. They curl the ends as well as the crown. Fascinating roll in back, or charming curled ringlet ends—with always a beautiful natural wave on top. Soft pliable leather, light, easy to use. Wonderful for long hair, too. Also for Children. At some Woolworth's, or send direct to Osmun Co., Florence, Ky.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—WITHOUT CALOMEL

And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

IF YOU feel sour and sunk and the world looks punk, I don't swallow a lot of salts, mineral water, oil, laxative candy or chewing gum and expect them to make you suddenly sweet and buoyant and full of sunshine.

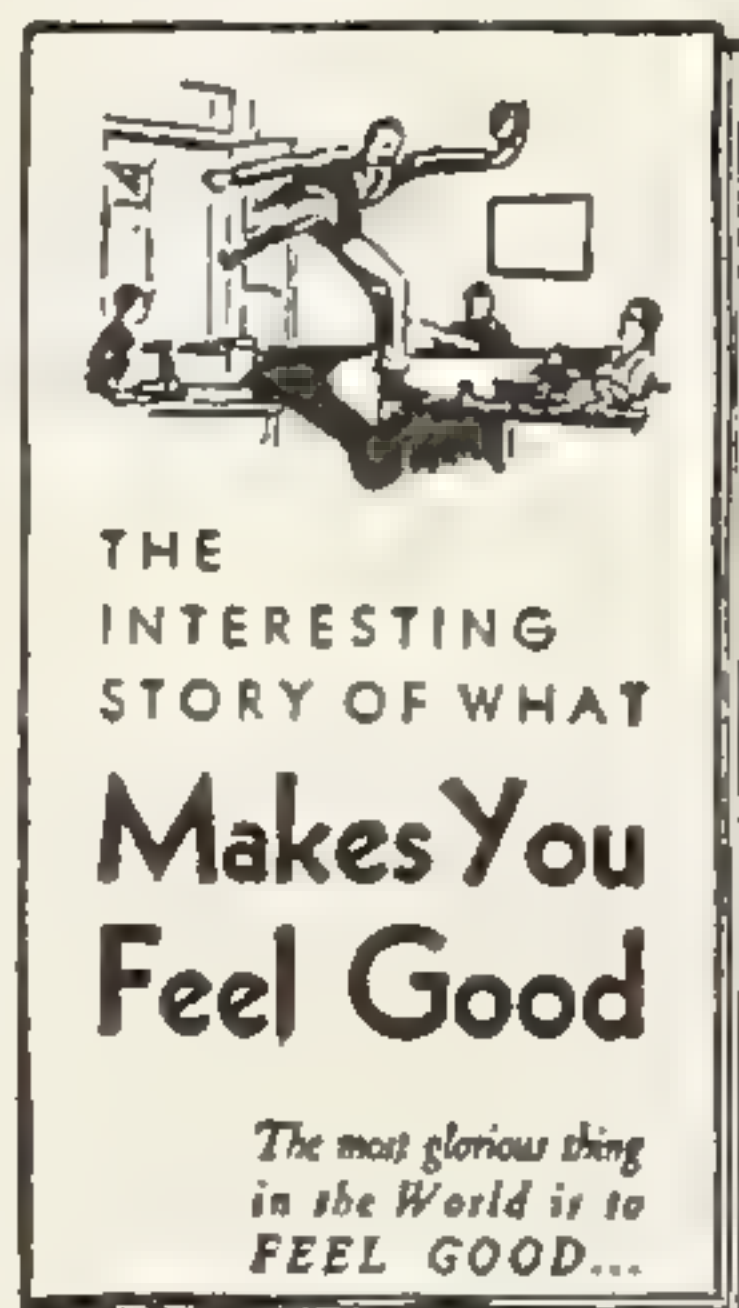
For they can't do it. They only move the bowels and a mere movement doesn't get at the cause. The reason for your down-and-out feeling is your liver. It should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily.

If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You have a thick, bad taste and your breath is foul, skin often breaks out in blemishes. Your head aches and you feel down and out. Your whole system is poisoned.

It takes those good, old CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." They contain wonderful, harmless, gentle vegetable extracts, amazing when it comes to making the bile flow freely.

But don't ask for liver pills. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. Look for the name Carter's Little Liver Pills on the red label. Resent a substitute. 25c.

If you are not satisfied with the way you feel, send this coupon for your free copy of this extraordinary book entitled "The Interesting Story of What Makes You Feel Good—The Most Glorious Thing in the World is to Feel Good." With it we will also send you a free sample of Carter's Little Liver Pills. If you would do the best thing you ever did for yourself and your family, send for this free book before you forget it.



Carter Medicine Co.,
53 Murray Street,
New York City

Please send me my copy of your FREE book entitled "The Interesting Story of What Makes You Feel Good," also free sample.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

Wuxtry! Big Baby Show!

(Continued from page 103)

whole business funny. Mae in person likes to be thought lurid.

Actually—and she'll burn me for this—the neighbors can't say a word. She swears she isn't married but there's a constant Mr. Timony. She calls him her manager. He's been her manager for years and wild West friends say the dark secret of her life is long-term matrimony. Mae doesn't go for parties. She doesn't drink. She doesn't smoke. She works like a mad woman, acting, writing, producing.

She told an interviewer she was twenty-three. Meant it for a laugh. It was too subtle for Hollywood and got those superior smiles. At that, the flesh could pass for twenty-three. Not a line, not a wrinkle, the school-girl complexion.

She may be forty—no one has seen the West family Bible. But what's forty when a girl has led a good girl's life?

WITH our stars dressing like men and assuming male prerogatives some think those scientists are right who predicted that the sexes would one day merge. Hollywood has had so many big mergers.

Personally it appears to me a revolution. Men are dressing gayer and claiming women's rights. One of the extra boys recently sued an elderly woman for heart balm. He alleges she promised to marry him.

"She asked me to marry her," he testified, "and told me she would buy me motor cars, a big house and a trip around the world . . . She wrote me two

hundred letters and I saved them all."

Sounds like the plot of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" with a modern twist.

FAR be it from me to say a word concerning any act of heroism performed by me at the time of the earthquake, so I have asked an eye-witness to state the true version of what happened. Eye-witness chooses to be anonymous.

This is what started it:

And Hollywood is not a little amused at Herb Howe, who, after pulling numerous bricks off a blond head at Long Beach, discovered he had rescued a department store dummy.

—Item in Los Angeles newspaper.

HERB HOWE—HERO.

Disregarding Earthquake, Boulevardier Goes For Blonde Under Pile of Bricks
By EYE-WITNESS

One of the greatest feats of heroism during the harrowing scenes of the Long Beach earthquake was performed by Herb Howe, The New Movie Magazine writer. Stepping from a bus in the very heart of the business section as buildings toppled to the pavement Mr. Howe noted a beautiful blonde being hurled through a plate glass window. Oblivious to falling bricks and shattering glass Mr. Howe seized her in his arms and rushed her to his hotel under the impression she was Mae West, only to discover she was a clothing store dummy. When he recovered from the shock several hours later his only comment of his heroic act was, "What a lousy break."

You're Invited

(Continued from page 67)

allows the beans to become thoroughly seasoned without additional cooking. Heat when ready to serve. If mixture seems too thin, thicken with corn starch. Serve hot.

"Sometimes we get tired of having our picnics in the front yard and go on a real picnic where we have to take a lunch along. Of course we take all the ordinary things that everyone takes on a picnic but I have a few of my own special brand of sandwiches that carry well and taste good after they have been jolted about for several hours.

Liverwurst and Sweet Pickles

Chop sweet pickles and mix with liver sausage, which has been worked into a soft paste with mayonnaise. Spread generously on buttered rye or whole wheat bread.

"And here's a good stunt for people who take their picnics seriously and want to cook over a fire on the beach or wherever they are. Lift the top off your kitchen stove and prop it over your picnic fire with stones. It's grand to broil steaks or chops on and will also hold your coffee pot or other cooking utensils. "I'm just an old pick-

nicker at heart myself," Bob laughed, "but I don't like my coffee spilled into the fire instead of in my cup."

Shrimp Sandwich

Chop shrimp fine and add celery salt, mayonnaise, a little lemon juice and some finely chopped green onions. Make a soft mixture and spread on thin slices of white bread.

Roquefort Cheese

Mix cheese with butter, salt, pepper, Worcestershire sauce until it is right consistency to spread. Make sandwich with two slices of thinly cut date or nut bread.

Tomato and Horseradish

This sandwich retains its moisture but does not get soggy. Spread quite thick slices of white bread with butter, one leaf of lettuce, one slice of peeled tomato, cut thin, over which is spread mayonnaise mixed with horseradish, salt and pepper. This is a grand sandwich for a hot day.

EASY TO GIVE YOUR HAIR
THAT "MOVIE STAR" LOOK



1¢ per week buys
lovely lasting waves!

THINK of it! A typical "movie star" wave only 1¢ a week. Done right at home, too, without fuss or bother. It's the new Hollywood way. All you do is mix a tablespoonful of Stylset in half a cup of hot water. Dip comb in, apply to hair. Then set your waves. You will be amazed and delighted at the lovely lasting results. Watch flat, stringy hair come to life in soft, alluring waves. Greasless, non-alcoholic. Try it today. 10¢ buys a big 4 oz. bottle. Garry & Co. 104 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C.

STYLSET

sold at
5 & 10¢
stores 10¢

THE ST. CHARLES

An Entire Block on the
Boardwalk, Atlantic City

"A Smart Hotel in America's
Smartest Resort"

When planning your vacation, this famous hotel offers you the maximum in hotel comfort and service.

Longest Sun Deck overlooking Boardwalk and Sea. French and German Cuisine.

Bathing from the Hotel. American and European Plans. Ocean view Lounge. Dancing and Entertainment. Garage

RATES GREATLY REDUCED

POLLYGRAMS

VICTORY TIP

SHOE LACES

LIKE POPULAR MOVIES
HAVE HAPPY ENDINGS

RAYON

SHOE LACES

Popular Shades

with

TASSEL TIPS

Sold at

WOOLWORTH'S

INTERNATIONAL BRAID CO
PROVIDENCE

Sexy Peel

(Continued from page 53)

forward with intellectual voice.

"Mrs. Madam, hark," I say it. "In Hollywood is where Chinaman got plus 14 times more chances than in China."

"You says?" That from her.

"I says." This from me. "Or else why is it that all white ladies & actors in this location put on laundry face & pigtail haircut to get photographed with love and murder? I ask to know. All of a suddenly Hollywood have went chop suey. Borax Karloff and Myrna Loy have kicked away their white an-sisters so they can make Fu Manchu appearance. Yes, and observe how Hon. Helen Haze stop being Irish so she can be just as Chinese as Ramon Novarro in that gojus film-drammer name of The Female Son. O also! What you think about Hon. Nils Asther squeezing up his eyes to look awfully Pekin in that play called The Bitter Yen of General Tea? What you think, ha?"

"I do not need to think," decry Miss Caramel Sweet. "I am an artist."

"NOT only those," dictate Hon. Geo. F. Ogre, "If a white lady do not wish to be a Chinaman, then okay. She can be a Jap. Observe how Miss Sylvia Sidney (white) have scored a huj triumph in Japanese play of title Madam Butterbug. That are better than all Chinese plays boiled together."

"Banzai!" I narrate. "All Japanese goods are 13 times more superior than Chinese. See how we can drop explosive bums from airplanes right on Shanghai. Japanese play are awfully noble, by golly."

"Hon. Ogre, you cheap skat!" shreech Miss Caramel Sweet, "if you was not so stingy you would buy me a Japanese play."

"Mrs. Madam," I snuggest, "I will make you one free."

"Goody!" yall Hon. Ogre. "Togo, how long will it require you to write this Jap-sho?"

"No time," I manage. "It will jump right out of my brains."

"Take her to Stage 23," he commit. "I will present you with all the electricity, picture-shooters, actors and costumery you require."

"Thanks so awful!" I decry. "How long could I have those?"

"Until she drive you crazy like I are now," he expunge, and shoot off a gun to show that the intervue were over.

MR. EDITOR, was you ever a Capt. of Industry, or ever a Sergt.? I was, by golly, standing on Stage 23 that next day, surrounded by all the expense you ever saw. Nearly 200000000\$ in actors stand around awaiting for their kew. I was smart. I know that Rule of Hollywood; choose actors because of their high price and you cannot lose anything but money. Among them present were following list:

Hon. Chas. Ruggles, dressed up like old-fashion Emperor of Japan, name of Mamie Yuma.

Hon. Sari Maritza in costumery of a Japanese Policewoman.

Hon. Marie Dressler in kimono wrapper to look like Queen of all the Geishas.

Hon. Walli Beer in dishguise to represent O-no-Yay, infant daughter of Icky-Kicki, a politician.

(Please turn to page 106)

Don't be an AIREDALE



IN the merciless slang of Hollywood, a girl with hair on arms or legs is "an Airedale." That's why film stars take hair off and keep it off with X-Bazin, the safe, efficient, and reliable hair remover.

Spread mild, creamy X-Bazin over your limbs and under arms. With beautiful certainty it destroys the hair swiftly, completely, avoiding the blue look — and the irritation — that comes from shaving. X-Bazin leaves your skin virginally white, smooth and hair-free — and definitely discourages re-growth.

Be sure to get genuine X-Bazin today at drug or department stores — 50c for the new Giant Size tube; 10c for good-sized tubes at five-and-ten cent stores. X-Bazin also comes in powder form.

HALL & RUCKEL, Inc., Est. 1848, Brooklyn, N. Y.

X-BAZIN

removes hair

WHITENS, CLEARS THE SKIN QUICKEST WAY



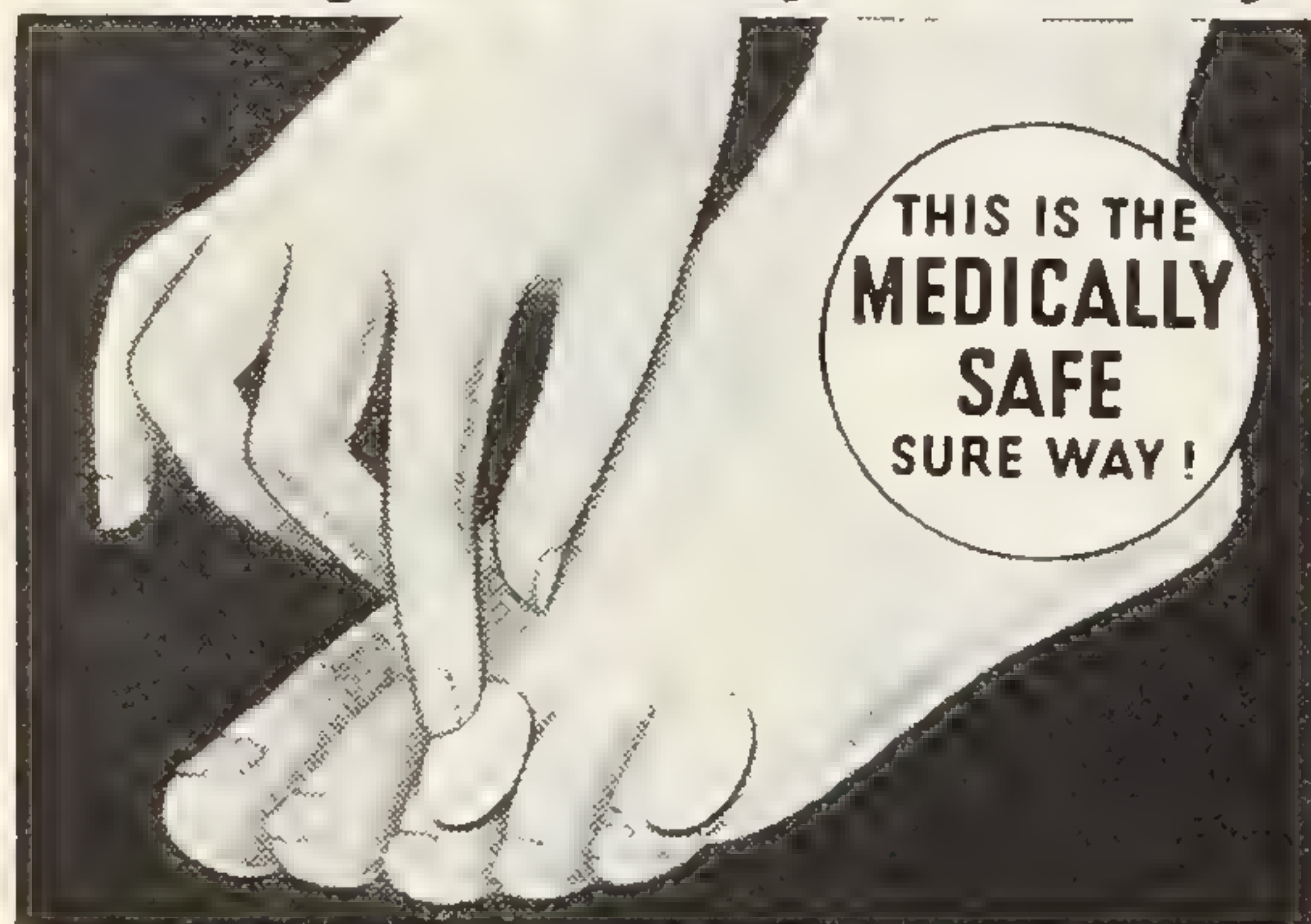
No matter how dull and dark your complexion; no matter how freckled and coarsened by sun and wind, Nadinola Bleaching Cream will whiten, clear and smooth your skin to new beauty quickest, easiest way. Just apply tonight; no massaging, no rubbing; Nadinola begins its beautifying work while you sleep. Then you see day-by-day improvement until your complexion is all you long for; creamy white, satin-smooth, lovely. No disappointments; no long waiting; money back guarantee in every package. Get a large box of Nadinola Bleaching Cream at toilet counters, or by mail postpaid, only 50c. Nadinola, Box T, Paris, Tenn.

Generous 10c sizes Nadinola Beauty aids at many 5 & 10c stores

Nadinola Bleaching Cream

CORNS

Quick, Safe Relief



Stops Pain INSTANTLY!

Be done with old-time methods that neither remove the cause nor prevent corns coming back. Use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads and be safe and sure. These soothing, healing pads stop pain instantly and quickly remove corns; end the cause—friction and pressure; heal sore toes; prevent blisters. Sold everywhere—cost but a trifle.



Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

WANT A NEW HOUSE?

Then you'll want to see house plans for a Colonial House, Swiss Chalet, Spanish, Italian or Normandy House. Send 3c postage for each plan to Tower Magazines, Inc., 55 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

SHE DRIVES AN \$8000 CAR



BUT SHE ONLY SPENDS 50c FOR HER FACE-POWDER

SHE has discovered that for such a small sum she can buy the finest (and the most becoming) powder made. She uses Luxor.

She likes its silk-sifted texture. She likes its purity. She likes its perfect shades. She finds its caressing fragrance pleasant and expressive of her personality. (Luxor is perfumed with La Richesse, for which she pays \$16 an ounce.)

You can enjoy Luxor's loveliness too. Get it at stores, or send us coupon below.

Luxor Complexion POWDER



FIFTY CENTS THE BOX
but we couldn't make it better for \$5

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TM-6 Radiant _____ Sunglow _____ Pastel _____

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Address _____

Sexy Peel

(Continued from page 105)

Hon. Dug Fairbanks Jr. in part of Obo, the oldest trolley conductor in East Tokyo.

And

MISS CARAMEL SWEET, in part of Sen-Sen, the Goddess who invented rowboats.

Quite a lot of others, from 3\$ upwards.

"With cast like that," suggest Hon. Ogre, who dropp in ½ minute before his wife see him, "you cannot fail unless you go broke."

WELL, Mr. Editor, we get started pretty darnly okay, by gollies. I recall all them actors to surround me while I told them.

"Story of this play, if anything," I say-so, "are about this Goddess Sen-Sen who go work in a chew-gum factory at Yeddo, so she can meet all sorts people. She get long pretty salifactory, till one (1) day Hon. Obo, very oldly trolley conductor, he take look at her and say-so, 'Why you never get no change under 5\$? Hay, why not? Honest chew-gum girls get nickels & dimes. I smell rats. I tell Police.'"

"Lissen!" holla Hon. Dug Fairbanks Jr., "in all my lifetime I have never acted like a oldly man. Even my Old Man is still disabled to do that."

"Shux!" holla Hon. Walli Beer. "Never before had I took the part of infant daughter of a politician. Yet I shall get away with it. Why so? Because I are Champeen Character Actor of Hollywood. You see me in Grandy Hotel? You see me in The Bug House? You see me in Pony Express? Lissen to my motto. Take what you got & you will got what you take. Go on with skenario."

"Nextly," I explain, "upcome Hon. Sari Maritza in costumery of Japanese Policewoman. She shoot Hon. Sen-Sen 4 times, but that Goddess don't do nothing but spit out bullets."

"I object!" yall Miss Caramel Sweet. "How can I seem beautiful while spitting out bullets?"

"I SHALL arrange that in picture,"

I dictate. "When you spit bullets they change to strawberries. Not charming? Well, go on with my story. Hon Policewoman tie Sen-Sen all up with buckles, and when they start for kuli-san (or jail) long come Marie Dressler, Queen of all Geishas. What she do then? She start dance and look so enjoyable that everybody stop, look & lissen. This are pretty nice time for Sen-Sen to escap, by golly. She escap on horses, elephants, steamboats. She escap up tree, down smoke-pipe. And pretty soonly she escap into hotel room of Icki-Kicki, Japanese politician. (This will be fine part for Robt. Munghumery, of possible to hire.)

"Now come the big seem."

"Sopha!" holla Icki-Kicki. "Pretty one(1) I see you! Why for you visit my room & bath at midnite without even a ticket? Give me 43 kisses while I poison you with shampain."

"No, no," she shreech. "Not those! Not them! Who will save me, do you think?"

"Then outside you can hear galloping of baby feet. And income O-no-Yay, infantile daughter of him. 'O Hon. Pa,' she narrate, 'you ker & vip-per. Handout that woman at oncely, I say!'

"Shall not!" he corrode.

"Then all righty for you. I shall run and tell the young and beautiful Emperior of Japan who are a very pure man and will fire you out from the Democratic Party, by goshes!"

THE scenery changes to Royal Hotel, where the Hon. Emperor stays. 'O Mr. Sire, come with all your feet,' holla O-no-Yay. 'My Pappa got a girl'. 'What, again?' snarrel Hon Emp, 'Give me my gold ice-pick and we shall see what he do.'

"Therefore he chass rapidly to that room where Hon. Icki-Kicki are shooking up a awfully poisoned ginricksha drunk for to nearly kill Miss Sen-Sen (goddess). Ouch, what a battle! Burst of door, smashy of umburella stand, table & sectional pieces of glass. O horrus! Pretty soonly down go Politicks to floor with goldy ice-pick in the seat of his stummick.

"He lays there, going dead while little O-no-Yay corrode weeply, 'Father, how many times I mention this. You can't win.'

"I done it for your mother's sake, he narrate & die off."

I tell this play dramackilly to all that Beverley of great actors.

"Are that all, perhapsly?" report Hon. Walli Beer.

"Slightly more," I say it. "Hon. Emp stood there looking familiar at Miss Sen-Sen. 'Where didst I meet thou before?' he ask out. 'Maybe it were in the Moon', she suggest, 'I were goddess there in the last Administration'. 'I are very stupid about remembering faces', he glasp, 'So let us get married and turn you into a honest woman'. 'O George!' she derange while dropping into his arm.

"This are about the last of that play. But there are one big seen, showing a wedding. All Japan are there, when suddenly Miss Sen-Sen turn into goddess with magic stick. She swing stick, and what you think happen?"

"I'll chew," say Hon Beer. "What did happen?"

"She wave stick, and of suddenly all air are filled with paper. And what are that paper? A free ticket for everybody in Japan."

"Ticket to which?" ask all actors together like chorus girls.

"Ticket to ride to a row boat, no charge."

"For why should ride in row boat?" require all.

"You no see that, foolishness?" I gubble. "She are goddess of rowboats. What could be happier than to get free ride off from her?"

"Are that all?" Require Hon. Marie Dressler.

"Why should be more?" I startle.

"It are too much, perhapsly," sippose Hon. Ruggles.

"What title it got, if anything?" require Sari. Maritza.

"I am a Refugee from the Water Wagon' might be pretty nice for it," I say-so.

"Good actors saves bad plays," decry Hon. Dug Jr. "We are wunnerful actors and this is the worst play I ever did seen."

ONCE I seen a worse one," say Walli Beer. "That were when I was training elephants in Sitka, Alaska. Folks walked in and killed the

GLO RIFY YOUR HAIR

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TINTING RINSE!



While he walks at your elbow—adoring—be sure that you have made the most of your hair—whatever its shade. You, yourself, can easily make it glint and gleam with lovely color. Just use Lovalon—the rinse that tints the hair as it rinses.

Just now brunettes are darlings of fashion. To them Lovalon presents six becoming shades over which to dally. To blondes Lovalon offers five accenting shades. To red-heads—three shades in which to glory. To dignified gray or white haired women—one; platinum, the shade of regal beauty.

This harmless vegetable rinse is not a dye, not a bleach—merely a temporary tint that will wash off in your next shampoo. It will banish the dry, brittle look caused by waving, dyeing and bleaching. It removes the yellowness from gray or white hair.

5-rinse packages 25¢ at drug and department stores. Small packages at five and ten cent stores. At smart beauty shops, or send direct to Lovalon Laboratories, Department T-36, 281 O'Farrell Street, San Francisco, California.

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DEPILATORY CREAM GIANT TUBE**
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ZIP Epilator—IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT only \$1
Permanently Destroys Hair

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BUT
Dry and Odorless
UNDER THE ARMS



Check perspiration and destroy unpleasant underarm odor the simple, effective way. A dab or two of Carolyn HECK'S Instant Deodorant applied to the clean skin with convenient applicator or cotton—that's all. Use day or night. Good Housekeeping approved. Trial size will be sent postpaid upon receipt of 10c U. S. Stamps.

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Kansas City, Mo.

Instant!



Carolyn HECK Deodorant
25¢ & 50¢
10¢ size at 10¢ stores

Sold at all Toilet Goods Counters

Sexy Peel

house manager in that theater."

This talk were all pretty loving from those tame actors. But Miss Caramel Sweet got so much turpentine in her temper that she commence to get boiled at me.

"Species of hairless porcupine!" she snaggle. "What you mean by fetching my vallible time here and feeding it all this dullskuggery? You call that a Play? Hay? What you got in it?"

"I got everything but Chris Columbus. In fifteen minutes I can—"

"You got nothing in it. You not even got Sexy Peel."

"What you mean by Sexy Peel? I ask to know."

"If I told you you couldn't make anny of it. What this so-call play about Mikado & McAdoo & other politicians? I ask for love, Love, LOVE—and that what you give me."

"O Mrs. Madam, I get you some of that—"

"I must be loved, I tell you! That are my hobby. Folks what write for me must unnerstand that. I are made for love. Now get to Hal out from here. Where are a brick or even a door-knob?"

"But, Hollywood's Sweetheart, let me explan—"

Boops!!!! That noise was on my head. Mr. Editor, did you ever see a lady pick up a new Hijax Neumonia Ray No 44-G Sillimatrass Projacking and Dejecking Focus Tricolor Self-Reducing Camera and spill it all over the brain of Japanese boy trying to get along?

Well, yes, that must of happen. For when I awoke from there I find myself all wound up in motion puxtures with the frame around collar button and some teeth somewhere else. Thank you, I am entirely clubbed.

Hoping you are the same,

Yours truly,

HASHIMURA TOGO.

IF WINDOWS COULD TALK

They'd ask you to choose your curtains carefully because curtains tell so much about you and your home. If you would like help in making your window draperies do you justice, send for our booklet, WINDOW TREATMENTS, which tells precisely how to select and make appropriate and attractive drapery for the windows in every room of your house. Send ten cents plus three cents postage to Home Beautiful Editor, care of Tower Magazines, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

EYES GROW CLEAR AND SPARKLING

When Cared For As
Movie Directors Urge!



JOAN BLONDELL
a Warner star, soon
to appear in "Gold
Diggers of 1933"

It's *care* that makes the eyes of movie players so alluringly clear and bright. Care like that urged by directors of Warner Bros. Pictures, who keep *Murine* always in the studios for use by Joan Blondell, Kay Francis, Barbara Stanwyck, Loretta Young, Bebe Daniels, Bette Davis and other famous stars.

An eye specialist's formula, *Murine* contains 10 ingredients (no belladonna) which quickly and safely brighten the eyes and clear up any bloodshot condition. Get a 60c bottle from your druggist and apply a few drops each night and morning. You'll note an *immediate* improvement in the way your eyes look and feel!

MURINE

FOR YOUR
EYES

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Send for **FREE** booklet

"HEALTH FOR BABY AND YOU"

New mothers! Expectant mothers! Send for helpful baby booklet. Tells of: • Preparing for baby • Layette • Baby's bath, sleep, sunning, bowel habits • Weight and height charts • Bottle feeding—latest findings • Supplementary foods • Pages for baby's biography. Write The Borden Company, Dept. 52, 350 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y., for FREE copy.

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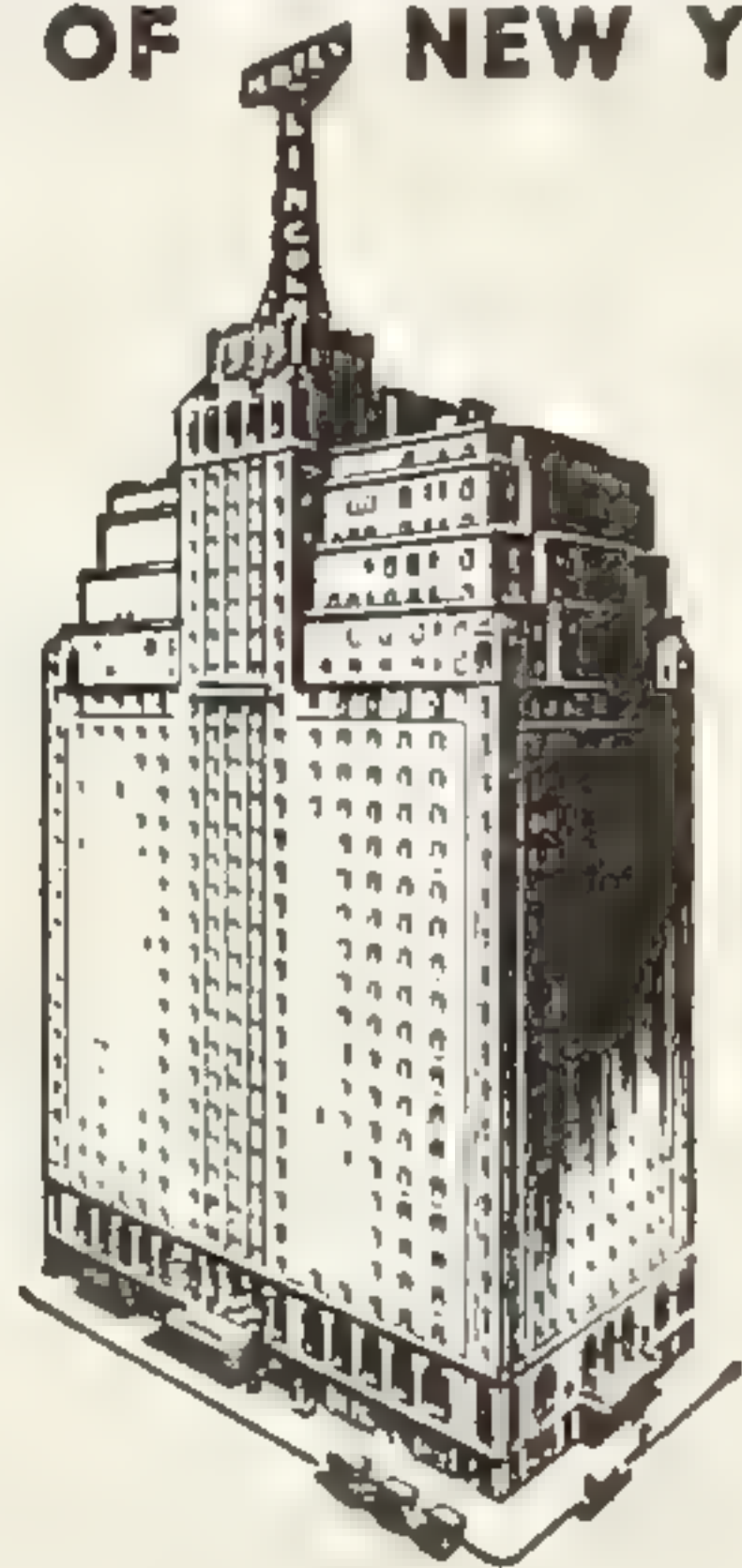
YOU'LL never go back to coarse powders after using the new Betty Lou Face Powder. It has been sifted through fine mesh silk... not once... but three times. Betty Lou adheres to your skin longer, will not clog delicate pores, and gives your face that much-desired youthful complexion.

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NEW YORK

"A RELIANCE HOTEL"

Movie Wise Cracks

(Continued from page 48)

Ladies rated not so good
On the lot in Hollywood
Home, in Kansas, on vacation
Become stars by acclamation.

This Month's Questions and Answers Department

Q.: Is it true that Joan Blondell and Ruby Keeler have always worn their wedding rings in every scene in which they have appeared?

Rappaport McEtchells,
Puyallup, Washington.

Ans.: Yes. But they've never been cast in a DeMille spectacle.

Q.: Just what is a supervisor in the motion picture studios?

Dashleigh Horsfall,
Auckland, New Zealand.

Ans.: A supervisor is a fella who looks as if he knew nothing and talks as if he knew everything.

Q.: I read an article in a film magazine which said swearing is less common among Hollywood actresses than it is among women generally. Is that so?

Club Women,
Berwyn, Illinois.

Ans.: On the other hand, swearing among motion picture actresses isn't exactly refined.

AND what makes motion picture executives gray is trying to please the better element with better pictures and the customers with customary pictures.

OBSERVERS of the Hollywood scene have decided that rival producers just can't cooperate on anything—except the same idea—and, of course, that's plagiarism.

Back in the last days of 1931 things were going to be different. With shoulders sore from slapping and hands limp from shaking, the producers agreed to what was gayly called "a producers' agreement." It stipulated that they would not go about stealing each other's talent.

The idea was to let bygones be bygones and profits be profits and everything would be dandy. But, unfortunately, they all went home and began to think it over. The brotherly love agreement withered like a cafeteria salad.

Now, in spite of past experience, Jesse Lasky wants to give all the producers another chance to cooperate. He asks them to unite against a new menace to the industry. He is appealing to executives to squash the female-in-pants evil.

"Because of a few publicity seekers," says he, "the romantic structure of the motion picture business is tottering."

Of course he should have said: "The romantic structure of the business is covered up."

AND before the boys go too far in this matter they should sit down and remember what mystery did for Garbo.

Maybe it will do the same for the

romantic sub-structure, of the m.p. industry.

Imagine how business would boom if you had to go to a shift to see a gal without pants!

SINCE this seems to be menace-month, we might as well take up sex. We hesitate to bring the matter up again, nothing startling having been discovered since April. But the delicate subject of sex seems to worry the Fifth Industry.

Perhaps you've seen the regular advance announcements to the effect that people are tired of sex pictures and that, hereafter, there will be less sex than censors can shake scissors at.

Of sexy pictures, Samuel Goldwyn, with simple eloquence, says: "They are out."

If you get around much, you've probably noticed that they are out. In droves.

But for a well-wearing, all-around, moving picture business there's nothing like the Women's Clubs. Either they disapprove of a picture and get it censored or they publicly approve of it and everybody stays home with a bad book.

Tinkle, tinkle, little star

At your private bar so swanky
But don't cut no monkeyshines
Or Pa Hays will have to spanky.

THOUSANDS, yes hundreds, of ambitious young souls write and wire us for advice on how to get into the movies. Much as we like to spend the long winter evenings writing letters, we cannot answer each and every individual request for information. But we can say—in fact, we do say—that there are certain fundamental rules that help anyone to gain recognition in the studios. For example—

1. Those who insist on being actors must know how to tap a cigarette on the wrist to denote sophistication.

2. Leading women must learn to raise foot slightly and wiggle the fingers while being kissed.

3. If you want to be a screen writer it is good training to compile a working list of words of two syllables or less.

CHANCING by pure good luck upon the theme-of-the-moment, Paramount is dashing into a wide-open field with a picture laid in an insane asylum. It will be titled "Straightjacket."

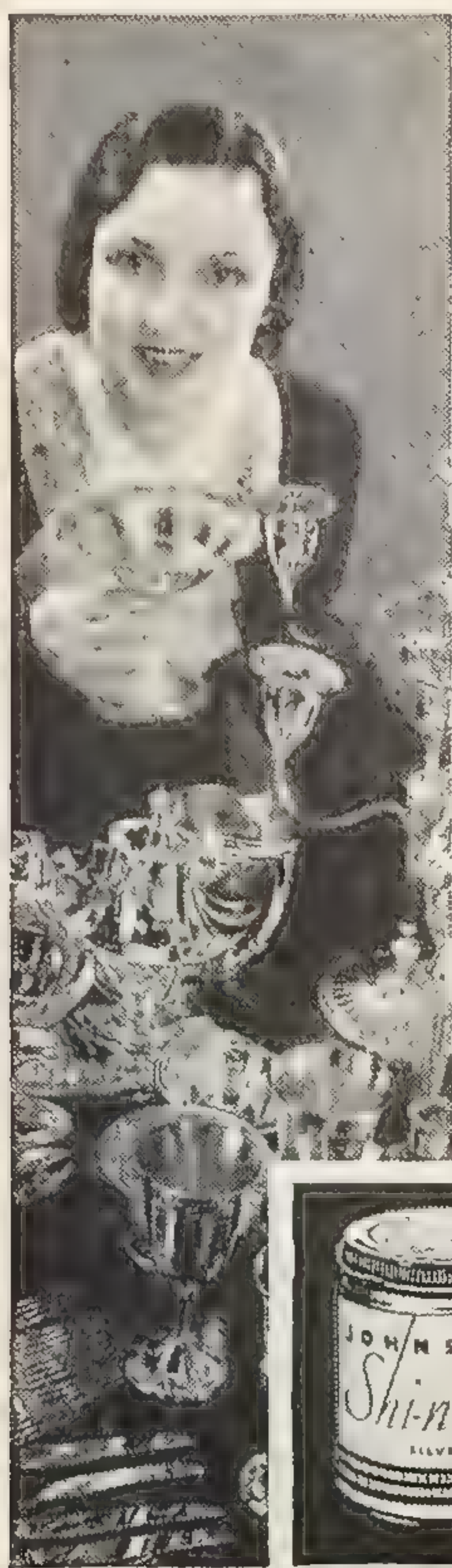
That's what people need at a time like this. Something that will show them the way out of the depression.

Perhaps there are a number of actors and actresses you'd like to see in Paramount's "Straightjacket."

Or anybody's straightjacket.

Jean Harlow is issuing solid gold cards which permit holders to visit her new Colonial home in Holmby Hills and use the swimming pool when she's not there.

It would be more to the point to issue a card which permits the holder to visit the swimming pool when Miss Harlow IS there.



"—cleans old
tarnished silver
with so **LITTLE**
EFFORT"

•You'll say it is the finest silver polish you have ever used. Shi-Nup brightens everything it touches—enamel, nickel, pewter, silver, gold.

3 sizes—10c, 35c, 60c. S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc., Dept. ST6 Racine, Wis.

**JOHNSON'S
SHI-NUP**

for silver
Enough to polish 118
pieces—flat silver,
trays, tea set,
candle sticks for
10¢

ODORLESS HAIR REMOVER



Not a razor, liquid, **25¢**
paste or powder

Baby Touch Hair Remover is the new, amazing way to remove hair from arms, legs and face—quickly and safely. Used like a powder puff.

Odorless, painless, better than a razor. Baby Touch leaves the skin soft, white and restores youth and beauty to the skin. Should last a month. Satisfaction guaranteed. At drug and department stores or send 25c for one in plain wrapper. Baby Touch Hair Remover Co., 2386, Olive, St. Louis, Mo.

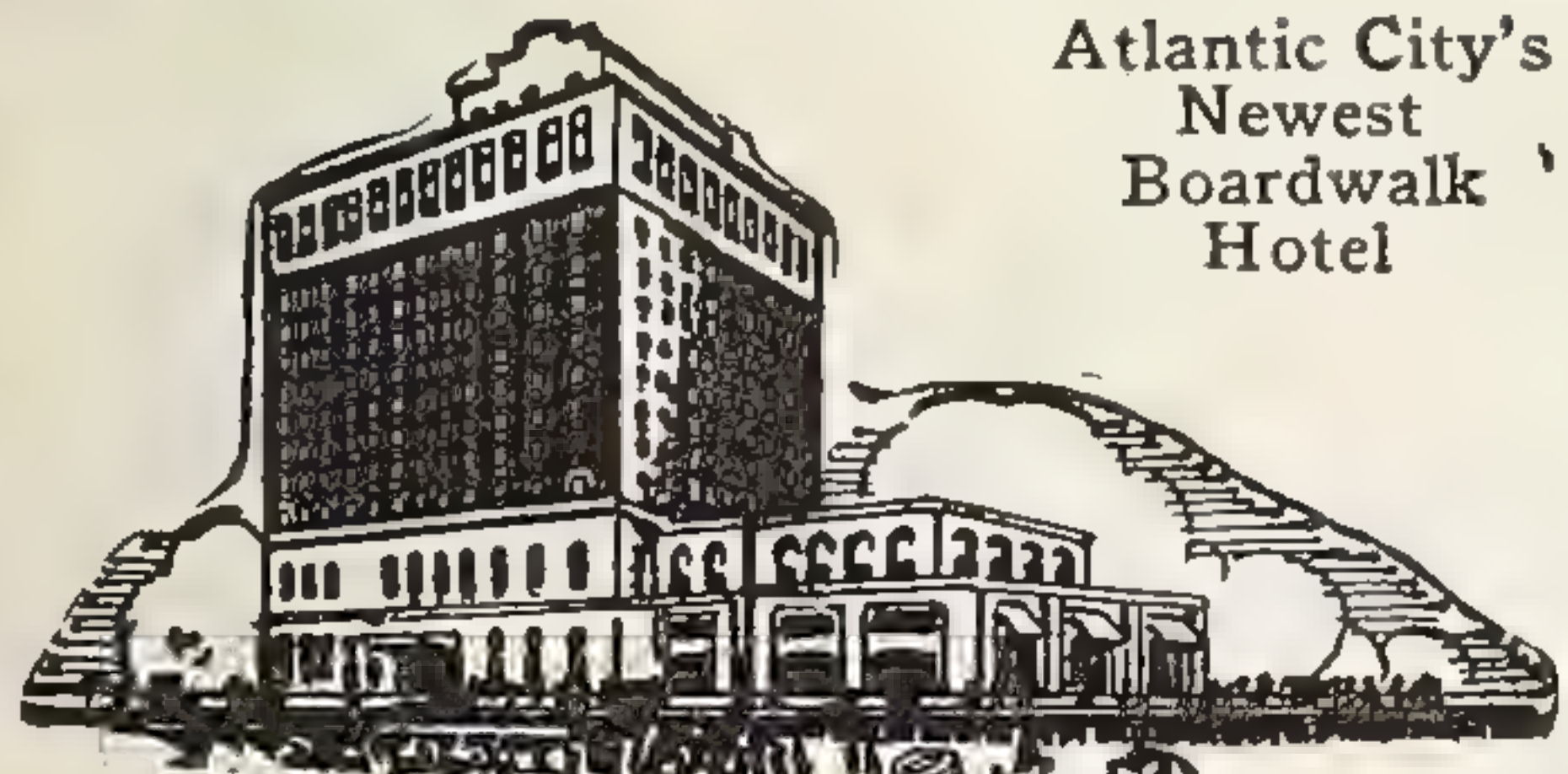
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SEA WATER SWIMMING POOL
MARINE SUN DECK TURKISH BATHS

Radio Rambles

(Continued from page 47)

"Dear Mr. Allen:

"Do you take all the parts on the program yourself? If you do that upside down talking oh boy."

To which Fred authorizes me to publish the following reply direct from him.

"If there's any justice, Mr. Diddee, you better put a lightning rod on your house before something strikes you dead, oh boy!"

Incidentally back in the days of skull caps and scorchers Mr. Atwell was a champion bicycle racer and one of the five members of the famous E. C. Stearns Cycle team.

Of course one of the greatest distinctions ever paid an entertainer was when Chevrolet replaced Al Jolson—sixth ranking performer on Variety's national radio poll—with Jack Benny. But Jack, whatever he may have thought when we saw him at the studio, seemed unimpressed by the honor.

In fact his only comment on the ether that night came in the urgent telegram he read, a purported message from his high-priced tailor.

"GLAD TO HEAR YOU BACK ON THE AIR STOP YOU KNOW WHY."

Mothers! Do you want your sons to grow up to be tenors? Well, then, buy them a football TODAY! Not that I myself have any to sell but I've just heard that two of America's foremost tenors—Mario Chamlee and Jimmy Melton—were well known college half-backs a few years back.

My tireless lieutenants report that a Mr. Archer Cholmondeley, who used to knife through tackle for the University of Southern California, and Mr. Mario Chamlee, Metropolitan Opera tenor, are one and the same person. So though he may be Archer to the boys in the orange belt, he's still Mario Chamlee to us music lovers.

On the other hand Jimmy Melton, the Moultrie (Ga.) Mocking Bird, used to carry the ball for the University of Florida Alligators on the offense, and on the defense played guard.

ANOTHER pal of mine has worn the same pair of shoes in every public appearance for the last twenty years. That's Fire-chief Ed Wynn.

They've been repaired and patched so many times that practically none of the old leather remains.

Pat Kennedy claims that Wynn even has the original shoe strings locked up in a safe deposit box where he keeps them for good luck.

Now he'll probably need them, says Pat, to start that third network.

FRIENDS of Phillips (Seth Parker) Lord claim that he's just a natural born money-maker and can't help it.

Back in 1921 Phil enrolled as the poor but honest son of a clergyman at Bowdoin College, Maine. He looked about the campus for a means of self support.

In buying his college books he noticed that in almost every case the professors used text books which they had written themselves, printed by one of two or three Boston publishers.

So Phil hopped a train for the Bean center, called on each of the two or (Please turn to page 110)

It's Easy to keep Your **WHITE SHOES** **WHITE**



COLORSHINE White Kid Cleaner

keeps white kid shoes white, with little effort. Will give high polish or dull finish, as you desire. And for buckskin or cloth shoes use ColorShine White Cloth Cleaner. It cleans perfectly—and does not rub off. Or use the new ColorShine in tube for White Kid, Cloth or Buckskin. Only 10¢ for a

big bottle or tube on the hardware counter at any Woolworth store.



SEND POST CARD

for my free directions showing how I keep all my shoes smart looking. Address: Irene Marchant, The Chieftain Mfg. Co., Dept. T-6, Baltimore, Md.

The **BEST**
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LASHBROW Eyelash Grower is absolutely harmless to the eyes. Use nightly for 30 days and you will thrill at the result.

To darken and beautify eye-lashes, use LASHBROW Eye-Lash Darkener.

At the toilet goods counter of your favorite 5 and 10c store or send 10c direct

Lashbrow Products, Dept. 1, Bronx, N. Y.
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Make You Look Old
Try This Secret...**



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SEM-PRAY** "The 3-Minute Beauty Treatment"

Use SEM-PRAY COMPRESSED CREME 3 minutes before going out and be amazed by new loveliness and delighted with compliments on your pretty skin. Use at bedtime and see further wonderful improvement by morning.

SEM-PRAY ends these erasable age-lines and crows-feet. Ends pimples, blackheads and other blemishes due to clogged pores. Takes shine from oily skin. Freshens dry skin and faded skin. Softens, clears, whitens skin. The only creme of its kind in the world. Prove it. Accept trial offer.

Amazing New Beauty Overnight

Use SEM-PRAY just 3 minutes instead of elaborate course with anti-wrinkle, nourishing and cleansing creams, packs, pore pastes, muscle oils, skin tonics and blemish removers.

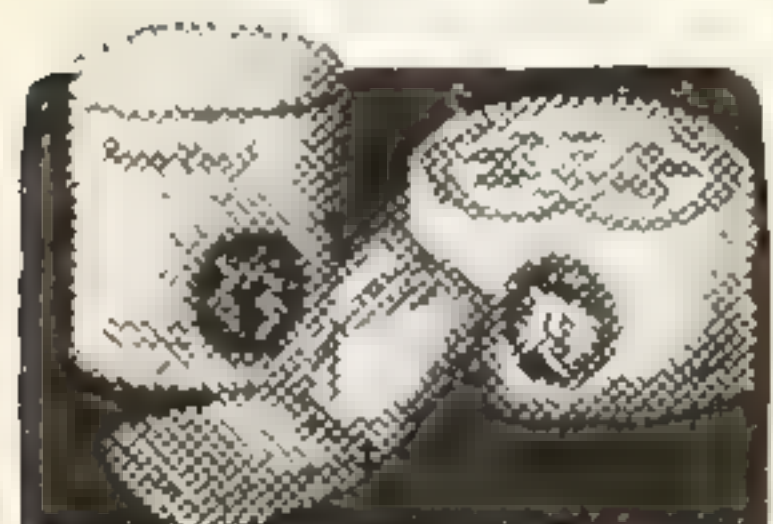
Takes Place of Elaborate Methods

Dorothy MacKail says: "Sem-Pray takes the place of elaborate treatments." Estelle Taylor says: "Sem-Pray is so quick a way to obtain results unsurpassed by elaborate beauty treatments." Betty Compson, Pauline Starke, Lila Lee, Marie Prevost and others, noted for beautiful, smooth, girlish skins, all praise Sem-Pray.

Sem-Pray container has push-up bottom. Used easily as a lip stick. Fingers don't touch. Carry SEM-PRAY with you. Gives you MANY 3-minute beauty treatments a day, any time, anywhere. ALWAYS LOOK AS IF YOU HAD JUST COME FROM A BEAUTY PARLOR. A wonderful foundation creme, too. Will Not Grow Hair. Large economical 60c size at drug and department stores.

Convenient purse size at 10c at all five and ten cent stores

For New Beauty
OVERNIGHT—
New Youth—
Ask Today for



Sem-Pray
(FREE Send Today)

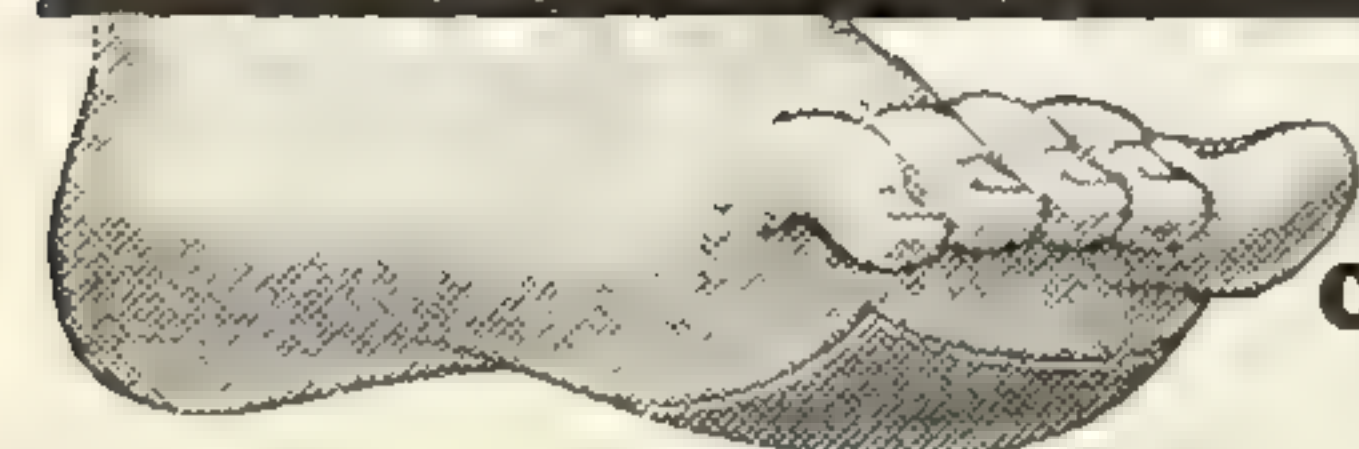
Mail coupon now for generous size package Sem-Pray Creme. Will include introductory packages Sem-Pray Rouge and Face Powder FREE

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MOLESKIN
Cushions, Absorbs
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REMOVE
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Simply apply Delatone and wipe away all superfluous hair. White, fragrant, economical. Used by millions of women for 25 years. Delatone Cream 50c and \$1. Delatone Powder \$1 at drug and dept. stores. 10c tubes at 5 and 10c stores. Descriptive circular free. Write Mildred Hadley, The Delatone Company, Dept. 116, 233 E. Ontario St., Chicago, Ill. Also makers of Nul Deodorant. Ask your dealer.

DELA-TONE
The Best Hair-Remover

Radio Rambles

(Continued from page 109)

three publishers and, in return for certain considerations, secured exclusive rights to represent them at Bowdoin.

Phil returned to the campus with almost complete control of all the textbooks in the entire college curriculum.

This, of course, constituted what the Wall Street boys would call a virtual corner on the Bowdoin College text book market.

Small wonder then that the faculty was up in arms when they heard what Phil Lord had done.

A high official of the University summoned the enterprising young man to his private office.

Freshman Phil waited until he had been thoroughly reprimanded, then said:

"But I thought the purpose of a college was to prepare you for life—show you how to make a living. Here I am trying to get experience and what happens? I get put on the carpet. I'm content with a fair profit—but in the meantime I want to support myself and equip myself for the future."

The elderly professor chuckled.

"Well, young man, if that's the case, I guess we'll just let the question drop."

So during his four years Phil Lord continued as the exclusive and self-supporting text book representative of Boston publishing firms on the Bowdoin Campus.

The Ping Pong Crisis: Have you heard about the great big ping-pong scandal?

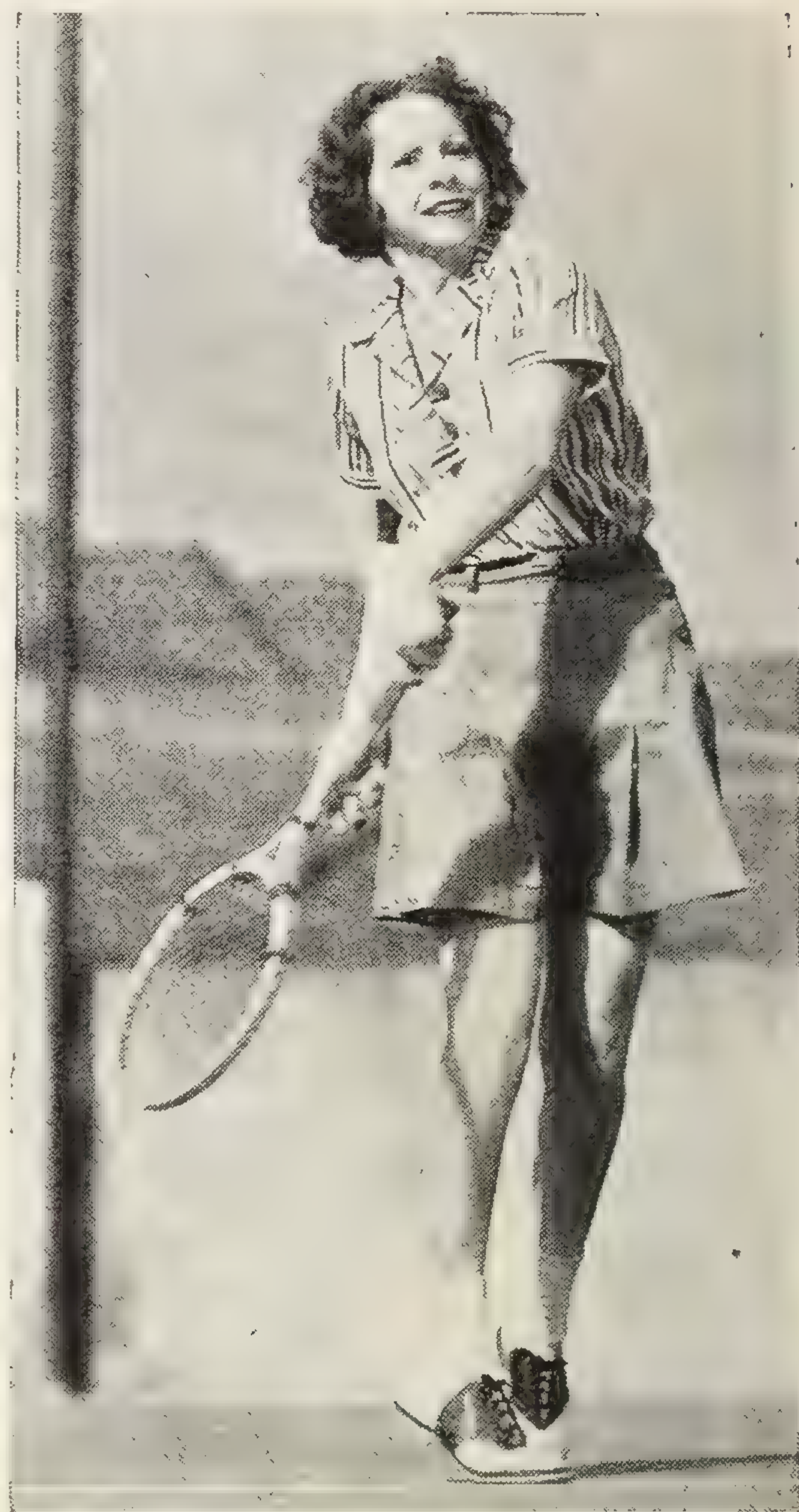
The craze for the parlor tennis game has hit the announcing departments of both big broadcasting companies with a vengeance.

CBS was first to install a ping pong table for the relaxation of its spielers. Then, through devious under-ground channels, word reached rival announcers at NBC.

At first the National staff was hurt—hurt to think that their executives hadn't given them every advantage that the other fellows had. There were murmurings, then ominous words of discontent. Finally space was set aside and the NBC announcers were given a nice ping-pong table for their very own.

Again the underground channels got to work. Word soon reached CBS that the boys at NBC had a ping pong table and were playing. This was shortly followed by a challenge from the Columbia staff to a tournament. Six months have now passed and the CBS announcers have yet to receive an answer. Columbia's official spokesmen aren't saying anything, but their lofty silence looks as if they thought that when it comes to games of brawn like ping pong, the NBC announcers have conclusively proved they can't take it. As a matter of fact the whole ping pong situation is, at the moment of writing, delicate—nay, tense. Yowza. Yowza.

THERE are at present no official ratings available on the ranking ping pong artists of both networks, but the Blue Ribbon Malt whispering committee submits the following rating to the two teams of the network announcers.



Muriel Kirkland, one of M-G-M's best bets among the younger players, is a tennis devotee—and she, too, has gone in for the new sports shorts fad.

NBC

1. George Hicks
2. Clyde Kittell
3. John Holbrook
4. Lyalle Van

CBS

1. David Ross
2. Harry von Zell
3. Frank Knight
4. Andre Baruch

This schedule effective immediately is subject to change without notice.

Now that Jack Osterman is on the air on Sundays maybe I can tell about the time he was asked by a comedian friend to catch his debut on the air. Jack and Mrs. Osterman tuned in. The comedian's voice came roaring through the loudspeaker like a pick-up from the Bronx Zoo at feeding time.

"I think he's standing too near the mike," said Mrs. Osterman.

"Say, there's nothing can help him," cracked Jack. "His chief trouble is that he's too doggone near the station."

FOR our next writing job we think we'll try out that new ink Colonel Stoopnagle invented. It's a great time-saver—already blotted before they put it in the bottle. Let us know if you see any difference.

This is the old maestro speaking. Au revoir! A fond cheerio and a bit of a tweet tweet.

Lost Treasure

(Continued from page 44)

convicts from Devil's Island. Mine tunnels and officers were housed in similar buildings that quickly covered the laboriously cleared jungle space. Soon the mine was going full blast with the ore showing fine grade.

A MONTH after the couple's arrival in Paramaribo, Diane was born. Her mother died just a few minutes later.

The shock to her father was terrible. But he bore up bravely, placed his daughter in the hands of a faithful nurse and an interested Dutch family and then turned to his mine to seek forgetfulness.

Diane is particularly reticent about this phase of her life. In fact, she prefers to remain silent about her early years and future plans. A quiet sort, is Diane.

"You see, I was too young to remember what took place during this time," she will tell you. "In fact I hardly remember my father. Two years after my mother's death he left for the mine—and disappeared. All I know about him I learned from friends and the family that took care of me and then legally adopted me.

"After my father's disappearance every effort was made to learn what had happened to him. The country down there is very wild. He may have met death in any one of a hundred ghastly ways—from a renegade white, bush negro, or any one of the numerous fierce animals and reptiles that abound in the jungle. None of his friends was ever able to ascertain what happened."

That her father was well liked by the country's inhabitants, Diane is certain. However these jungle denizens are apt to be particularly vicious. The native Indians have never been fully conquered and the bush negroes, descended from African slaves brought over generations ago, are equally wild and fierce. In fact, they are more feared by the whites than the native Indians. All seem descended from African chieftains or warriors. They are easily offended by the whites and very quick to right even a fancied wrong.

As for the escaped convicts from Cayenne, Diane has this to say: "Many of them worked in my father's mine. From what I've been told, they would

come to his office, ragged, unkempt, with heavy beards and covered with the slime of the swamps and jungles that edge the Maroni River, the border for French and Dutch Guiana. The crocodile-, fever-ridden river that must be crossed before freedom is reached on the Dutch side.

"Dad would feed them and then wash them down with a hose. Afterwards he would give them an old suit and, if they wished it, put them to work.

"One day he cleaned up one of these convicts only to discover in him an old Paris friend. An attorney, who in a moment of weakness had succumbed to temptation and embezzled public funds. Incidents of this sort weren't uncommon, as many of the convicts were political prisoners, men of high station sent down to this devil's spot after some slip that was contrary to the law.

"Naturally my father's reputation among these men was good and it is hardly possible that any of them would have killed him, even if they came on him suddenly in the jungle. But then these jungles are also full of renegade whites, French, Dutch, English and other nationalities, any one of whom would kill a man for the clothes he wore. I guess only the jungle can give me the answer, and even though it seldom talks, I live in constant hope of some day getting from it this one secret.

"With my father's disappearance his mine was lost, for soon afterwards the vein he was working petered out and his employes scattered when efforts to find another vein failed. I was left practically penniless as my father had turned most of the gold he had taken from the mine back into improvements. It was then that the family, whose daughter I now am, formally adopted me.

"Of course all this I learned from them. They brought me to the United States when I was ten years old.

"From them I also learned that the jungle undoubtedly rotted away the mine buildings, huts and tunnels and attempts to locate them would be like trying to find a bottle in the Pacific Ocean even though one knew it should be there.

"It was several years after I came to this country and we settled in Philadelphia that I gained the first inkling of where this mine might be. I was going through a trunk belonging to my dad when I found an old map in a pocket of one of his coats. My foster father, with some excitement, told me it probably showed the location of my father's mine.

"At first this impressed me little outside the natural interest attached to anything of my father's. But as time went on I began to think more of it and then to dream of some day going back, re-locating the mine and possibly learning what had happened to Father. The idea soon became a near obsession.

"Then I gained interest in acting. I joined a Little Theater group in Philadelphia and, on being encouraged, came to Hollywood. I felt that if I succeeded on the screen I might obtain sufficient funds to go back to Guiana—find the mine and then learn the rest of the secret."

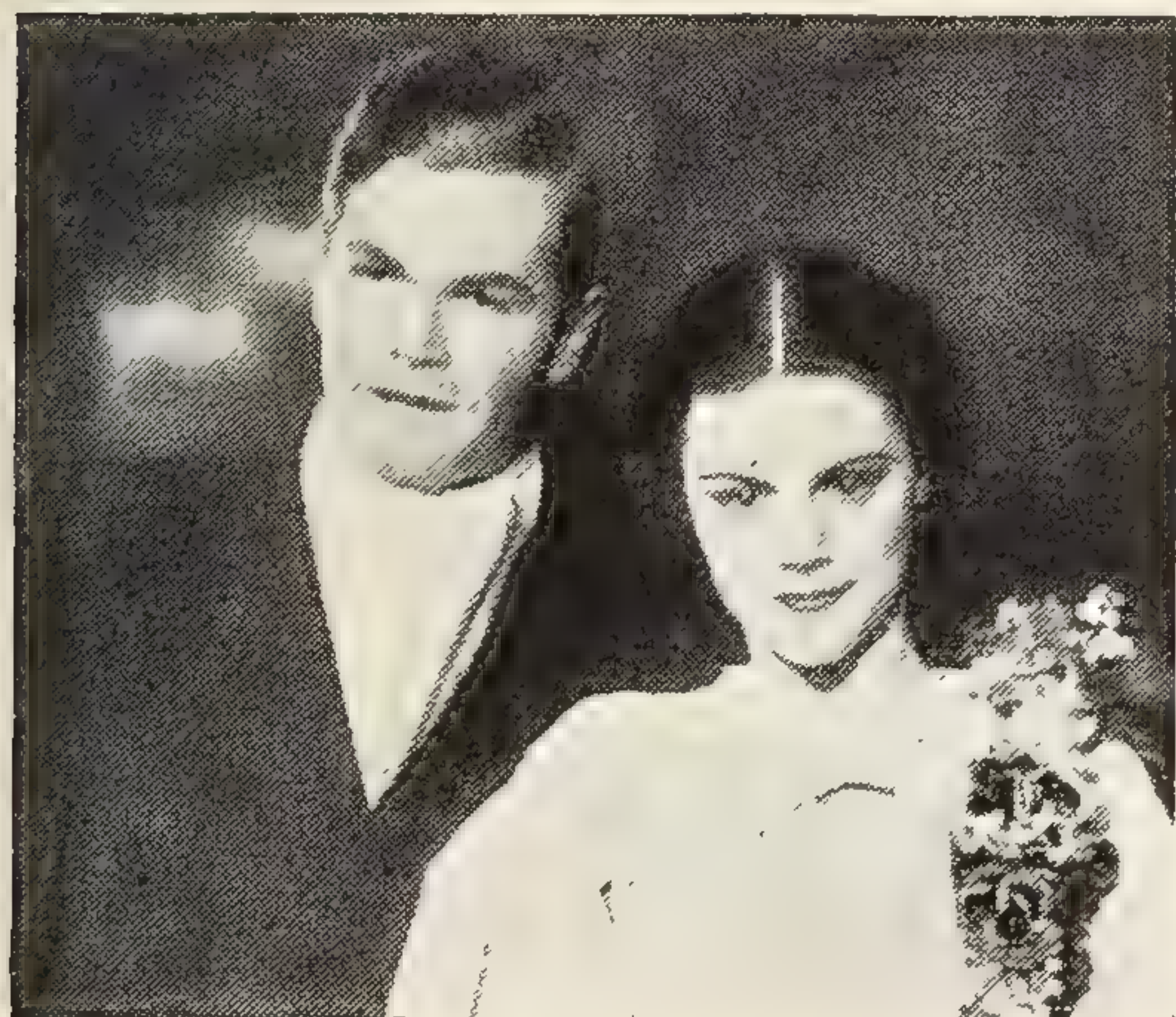


Photo by Wide World

William Janney and Helen Mack attending a Hollywood opening. Helen is one of the latest movie raves. We shall probably see a lot more of her.



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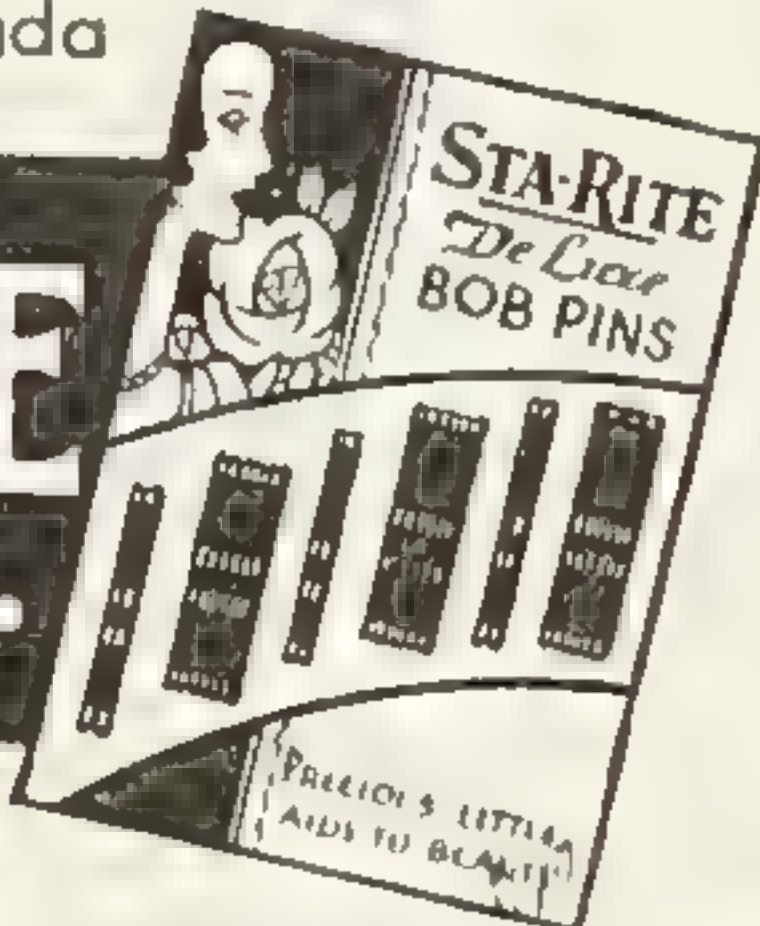
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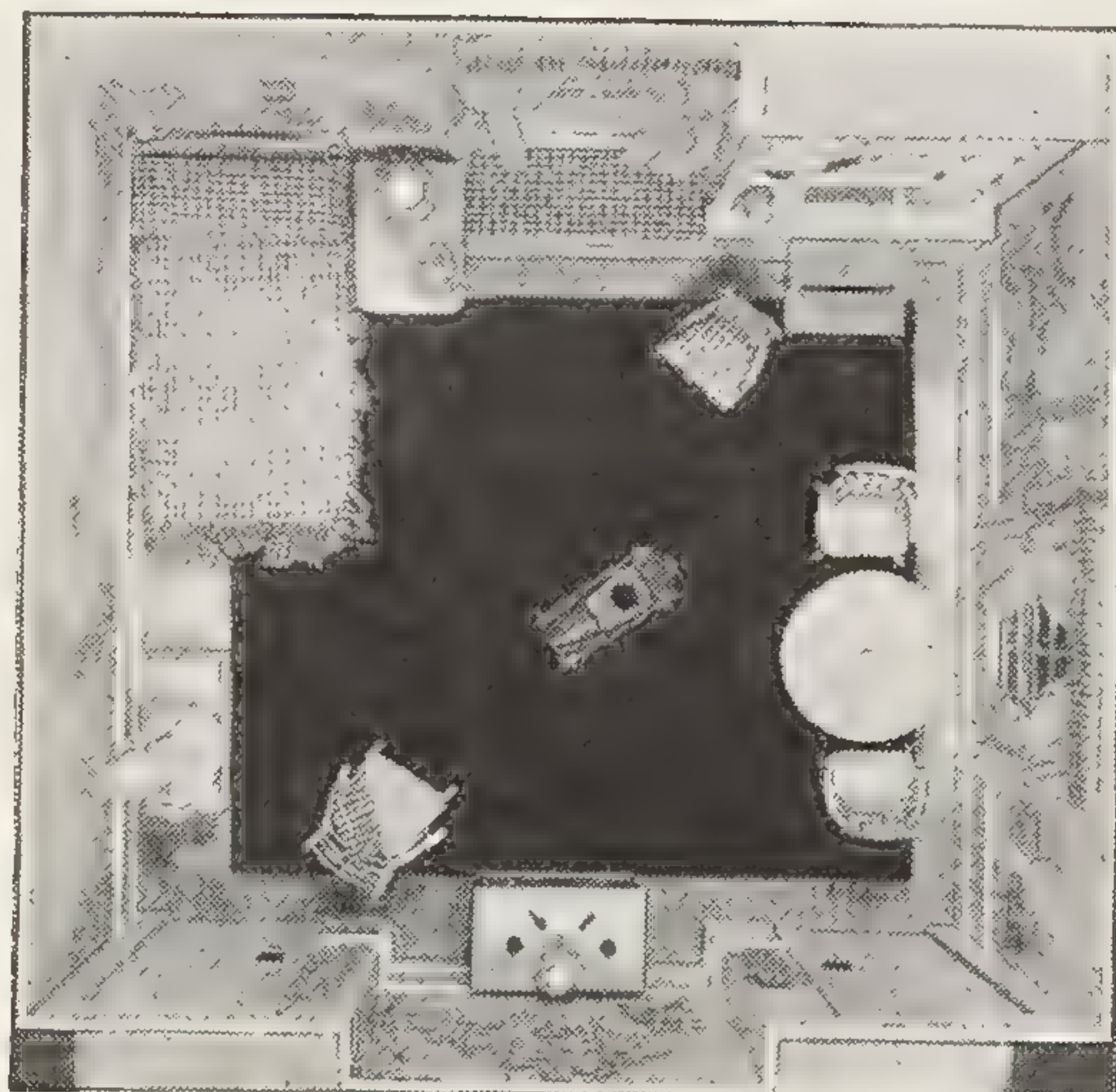
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A bottle of FREEZONE costs a few cents at any drug store. Try it.

FREEZONE

A Colonial Room for the Children

(Continued from page 68)



A view of the room looking down gives a very good idea of the arrangement.

the distance. Over the bed is Simple Simon fishing quite seriously in a pail of water. Little Bo Peep is watching him and near by the canny Fox is enticing the gullible Raven to drop his piece of cheese. On the other wall are the Cat and his Fiddle, the Cow jumping over the Moon, the Old Lady's shoe and Jack and Jill tumbling down the hill.

Handy shelves and cupboards where toys and books may be kept in order occupy one corner of the room.

The furniture is pine and, with the exception of the rocker, is small in scale. The bed has the simple low posts with no footboard and is covered with a practical spread of blue and white

checked gingham. Next to the bed is a small drop leaf table. A small round table with two Windsor arm chairs are placed in front of one of the windows. The chest of drawers is of simple design and is low enough for the child to reach his own tiny comb and brush. At the foot of the bed is a pine toy chest with painted wooden soldiers marching around its sides. A small easy chair upholstered in blue and white checked gingham and a quaint Colonial slat back rocker complete the furnishings of the room.

The curtains are very simple, made of white ruffled organdy with a scalloped valance and tiebacks of blue and white checked gingham.

Fifteen or twenty years ago so charming a Colonial room for children might have been beyond the reach of most mothers. But now well built small furniture in good period design may be had at most reasonable cost and bedspreads, window drapery and chair cushions can easily be made at home from inexpensive durable material.

The value of a room of this sort lies deeper than your own personal satisfaction in having it in keeping with the rest of your house, deeper even than the joy and satisfaction that it brings to the children to whom it belongs.

If you are interested in watching the development of our little Colonial house you will be glad to know that the recreation room in the basement of the house will be shown in miniature in the next issue of this magazine.

New Pictures You Should See

(Continued from page 61)

seem to me to be the type of show that anyone would enjoy if one just went to the theater to be amused. I suppose there are thousands that do.

INDIA SPEAKS—(Radio)—The golden spires and mosques of India form the fairy tapestry upon which Richard Halliburton has pictured some of the strangest scenes that have ever come to the screen. It seems strange that India has not been made to give up her romance to the movie camera until now and it is hard to believe that all you will see is absolutely true.

Yet it is true and if the producers had seen fit to confine themselves to India and the myriad dramas and dreams that make up each of her days, ours would have been the pleasure of looking at one of the most unusual and interesting pictures ever filmed.

For five reels it is all of that . . . then it becomes a movie, a strange one, perhaps, and a true one, I believe, but the charm of India vanished in the snows of Tibet.

If there is a shred of romance in your soul you'll like this picture. It seems hard to believe that today, these

strange things we see are part of the daily life of a civilized country for India seems civilized on the surface and it is only underneath that strange passions seethe.

"India Speaks" is packed with thrills. A fight between a lion and a tiger a la Frank Buck, strange holy rites—and some unholy—lovely buildings, that breath-taking scenery—all combine to make this something that we hope you will take the time to see.

DIPLOMANIACS—(Radio)—(Tentative title)—Wheeler and Woolsey are back with RKO. A few years ago Wheeler and Woolsey made some excellent comedies, "Rio Rita," "Half Shot at Sunrise," "The Cuckoos" . . . then they slid a little and a sliding comedian is something most of us don't want to see at any price.

While the layoff from RKO doesn't seem to have cured the evil completely, their current Radio comedy is the best that they have had for some time. Both Bert and Bob need clever lines. Given these they can be extremely funny.

Your reviewer misses Dorothy Lee

New Pictures You Should See

but Marjorie White joins the boys and is good for more laughs than Dorothy used to give. Hugh Herbert, who hasn't been seen much of late, appears in a supporting rôle and acquits himself satisfactorily.

This time the double W's end up at a peace conference in Geneva and there is one sequence that is genuinely funny. The gags are fast and snappy and there are a couple of scenes that you'll have to see twice because of audience laughs, unless we miss our guess.

Anyone who can use a laugh should make a note of this one.

VOLTAIRE—(Warners-First National)—To those who like them, a poor George Arliss picture is still a treat. "Voltaire" is a smooth, sparkling story of a man who was too clever to be entirely happy. And by the time that Mr. Arliss is through . . . there will not be anyone, in any theater, who will not appreciate the price that genius sometimes has to pay.

From those of you who feel that George Arliss is but an excellent character actor, (and I also include those who go to movie theaters merely to be amused), I beg the privilege of asking this: Is there one of you who has seen a George Arliss picture without being interested from start to finish? I don't think that there is, and for the sake of those who find in his brilliant renderings of famous stories, or sparkling delineations of good characters, something that to them is perfect entertainment, I ask you to think about George Arliss.

He represents something that may be valuable to movies. He justifies some of the silly things they do. Everything that is good isn't funny; everything we enjoy doesn't amuse. And so, your reviewer, who does the best he can to guide you toward the selection of the best shows, asks this of you—that you will see "Voltaire."

ADORABLE—(Fox)—"Adorable" was supposed to star Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrel. It doesn't . . . and it leads your reviewer to wonder whether this most famous of movie teams is destined to disappear.

"You remember "Sunnyside Up." It came at a time when movies were making up their minds which way they were going. And it was pretty definite in what it proved. Well, "Adorable" comes close to being another "Sunnyside Up." Not quite, though the halo of these few departed months since we first saw it may give it a value in your reviewer's eyes that isn't quite honest.

It doesn't matter anyway. "Adorable" is a swell show and, unless my memory fails, the dances in the new show are just as good as they were in "Sunnyside Up." Remember the "Esquimaux" number? And "I'm a Dreamer"? I don't think there'll ever be a show with better songs, but I think you'll like "Adorable" and the newcomers you'll find in the cast. One named Henry Garat bears watching.

Janet doesn't have as much to do as she had in "Sunnyside Up." In fact, it's not quite fair to compare the two shows. But she proves again that there quite certainly isn't another actress in Hollywood who can approach the dreamy-eyed—right-close-up-to-you little heroine of "Seventh Heaven."

The whole family should see this.

FELLOW PRISONERS—(First National)—It's a toss-up as to whose picture "Fellow Prisoners" turned out to be. Your reviewer is tickled to death to report that Doug Fairbanks, Jr., finally got a good enough rôle to enable him to give that grand actor, Leslie Howard a real run for his money.

Nor are Doug, Jr., and Leslie Howard all that this picture has to offer. Paul Lukas is excellent, Frank Reicher also, and a newcomer, to your reviewer, by the name of Margaret Lindsay, looks as if she is going to go places.

No star has had harder luck in stories than Douglas Fairbanks, but "Fellow Prisoners" should go a long way toward squaring the bill. "Outward Bound," in which Leslie Howard also appeared, is not unlike this story, but while "Outward Bound" was somewhat imaginative as to theme, this new show is down-to-the-ground drama that gives the excellent actors in the cast a chance to give you the sort of entertainment that I think you want to see.

Roy Del Ruth directed this story by Sir Phillip Gibbs and together with "The Narrow Corner," another Fairbanks story, this time by Somerset Maugham, it leads us to believe that possibly Mr. Fairbanks, the younger, may get an opportunity to get to the spot in star-ranking that his ability warrants. You'll like this.

LOOKING BEHIND AND BEFORE:

Behind. . . . It seems as if your reviewer muffed a little on "Men Must Fight." While possibly not quite the show for audiences everywhere, it still has a new idea and basic drama that most films lack.

But we didn't muffle "King Kong," "Cavalcade" or "The Great Jasper". . . . Mr. John Public seems to be getting lots of pleasure out of proving your little old prognosticator (a lovely word) to be quite all right. And though the censor boards got together to cut much that was grand entertainment out of "Gabriel over the White House," this picture may help people to know what Mr. Roosevelt was up against.

And let's give another little curtain call to the following shows that seem to be pleasing people: "The Half Naked Truth," "She Done Him Wrong" (an extra special), "42nd Street," "The Big Cage" (Clyde Beatty co-starred with a flock of lions and tigers), "Secrets," and not quite so good but still worth seeing, "Private Jones" and "King of the Jungle."

Before. . . . And glancing over the lists of shows to come I think we're going to like these best: "The Christian" with John Barrymore and Jean Harlow, "When Ladies Meet" with Robert Montgomery, Ann Harding and Alice Brady (this ought to be especially good), "The Eagle and the Hawk" with Fredric March, Cary Grant and Jack Oakie (an air story by the author of "Wings" and "Nikki and her Warbirds"), also "Design for Living" if M-G-M can find someone who knows the design. It is currently reported that Director Lubitsch (slated to handle it) decided that Mr. Noel Coward was too much for him . . . and if ever a stage show needed deft handling in its voyage to the screen, "Design for Living" is certainly the one.

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Let's Celebrate

(Continued from page 65)

Al Rockett and Mrs. Rockett, Eric von Stroheim and his beautiful wife, Ivan Lebedeff, Genevieve and Vivian Tobin, were among the guests, Genevieve looking exquisite in a cloth of gold gown, tight-fitting and plain except for a tiny jacket, while Vivian was beautiful in a white princess lace dress over taffeta.

Maurice Chevalier came late, as he had been working. He entertained with some of his songs.

Other guests included Mr. and Mrs. Jean Hersholt, young Jean—who is working in the theater, and is very enthusiastic about it—Alice Joyce and Clarence Brown, Grace LaRue, William O'Bryen, Miriam Hopkins and Mr. and Mrs. George Wasson.

James Campbell played and sang one of his songs, and his wife, Betty Balfour, explained that he always got the idea for a song about fifteen minutes before leaving home for a party, so that they were always late. But, at least, she said, by the time they reached the party the song was usually finished.

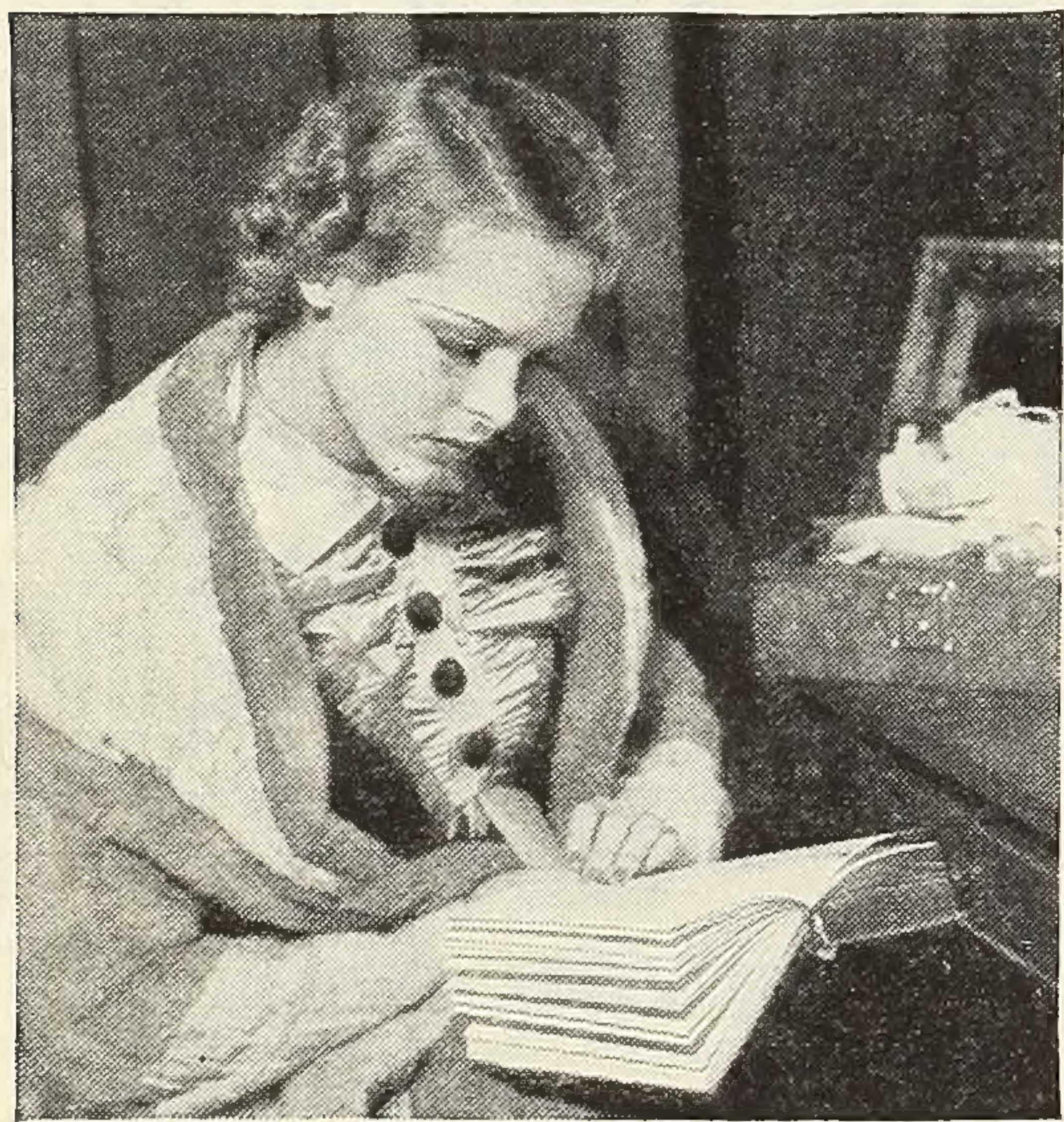
THE Live Wire game is popular in Hollywood, and we found it amusing at the party given by Una Merkel and her husband, Ronald Burla. Everybody sings a verse of some song into a phonograph, and at the end the voices are played back.

John Arledge played and sang some amusing negro chants with Una with her Southern accent joining in. Anna May Wong recited in German and Chinese—she speaks excellent German, her German friends tell me—and Ramon Novarro sang.

Una and Ronald live in a picturesque hillside house in Hollywood, and we found Una looking unusually pretty in a black chiffon frock studded in brilliants. She carried a huge square handkerchief of black chiffon.

She had been the first leap-year bride of the film colony and we asked her how she proposed. But she said she didn't. Her husband told of Una's first film kiss. It seems she has appeared in twenty pictures and that Lee Tracy was the first to give her a kiss, in "Clear All Wires."

"And of course I was such an am-



Sally Blane, sitting on the set, was so intent upon her book that she didn't know—and probably won't until she sees this—that a picture of her was being snapped.



Someone once said that if all girls were slender, millions of men wouldn't be interested at all. But what about Jean Carmen, of RKO? That company is wagering she'll stir up interest in millions all over the world.

ateur, they had to retake it," Una remarked.

Greta Nissen and Weldon Heyburn were very attentive to each other, so that we decided they have made up again.

Mrs. Wallace Ford was mistaken for Ann Harding. She wore a black gown and, with her fair hair drawn closely to her head with a low chignon at the back, she looked like Ann's double. As understudy for Miss Harding on the stage, Mrs. Ford, who is the daughter of Joseph Hallworth, who created the rôle of *John Storm* in "The Christian," fell in love with Ford, when he was playing in Abie's Irish Rose."

Ginger Rogers arrived with Howard Hughes, who seemed attentive to her. Ginger looked cute in a sea-green chiffon frock that showed starched ruffle trimmings.

Jean Harlow proved that gray belongs to platinums. Her dinner frock, of shell gray crepe, was modishly and modestly high in front, with long sleeves, and was bare at the back—and she has a back that challenges Kitty Gordon's.

David Manners chose the arbor for the evening, alternately squiring Jean Harlow and Marcella Knapp. But he came to grief at last by sitting down on a cactus, one of the sixty varieties which compose the Burla's cactus gardens.

Billy Bakewell made himself popular with the ladies by telling them they are more charming than the European maidens whom he met in his travels abroad.

Finally we all gathered around Anna May Wong, who told our fortunes.

Guests included, besides those mentioned, Lew Ayres, Rita LeRoy, Mr. and Mrs. Clark Gable, Mr. and Mrs. John Juston, Mrs. Joe E. Brown, Andy Devine, Joseph Strassner, Eddie Buzzell, who brought Elizabeth Wilson, George E. Stone, Jerry Asher, and others.

EVERYONE in Hollywood is jig-saw puzzle crazy, and so Julia Faye decided she would give the passion full

sway by providing puzzles that were seven by twelve inches, and contained two hundred pieces each.

Even the place-cards were jig-saw puzzles. We were to dine at tables for four, and the place-cards were composed of four pieces each. The pieces were deposited in a basket, and when dinner was announced the guests were supposed to find and fit the pieces together, each four for their own table. But everybody was so intrigued that we all gathered around the basket and had our cards put together long before dinner.

Jose Crespo, star of Fanchon Royer Productions, was my escort, and also was my dinner partner, while my other dinner partners were Robert Vignola and Mrs. Ida Coverman, the last named a powerful but silent factor at one of the major studios.

Charles Ray, Jeanette Loff, Cecil DeMille and Katherine Dale Owen formed another table; while Julia Faye, Ivan Lebedeff, Virginia Valli and Allan Connor made up a third. William K. Howard and his wife, Peggy Hamilton and John Flinn were at another.

After dinner our puzzles were given us. Mrs. Coverman and Jose Crespo proved brilliant players, and our table won the first prize, two-dollar-and-a-half gold pieces, which we treasured for their rarity. Mr. Crespo insisted on giving me his gold piece.



Ralph Morgan and his daughter, Claudia, after a swim at their Hollywood home. Mr. Morgan's last picture was "Trick for Trick"; Claudia's "Broadway Bad."

Jeanette Loff came alone, too. She smiled gratefully at Cecil DeMille, as she told us how he had given her her first picture job.

Mr. DeMille said that the jig-saw puzzle people were about the only people in the world making money now. And Mr. DeMille broke down and told his middle name—Brunt.

Our hostess was lovely in a white pebbly crepe evening gown with gardenia-rosette trimming around the low neck and back. The dress was princess.

Katherine Dale Owen's gown was a remarkably novel one. Of black velvet, it had a cape which fastened around the throat and at the back, at the shoulders, leaving glimpses of Katherine's white back.

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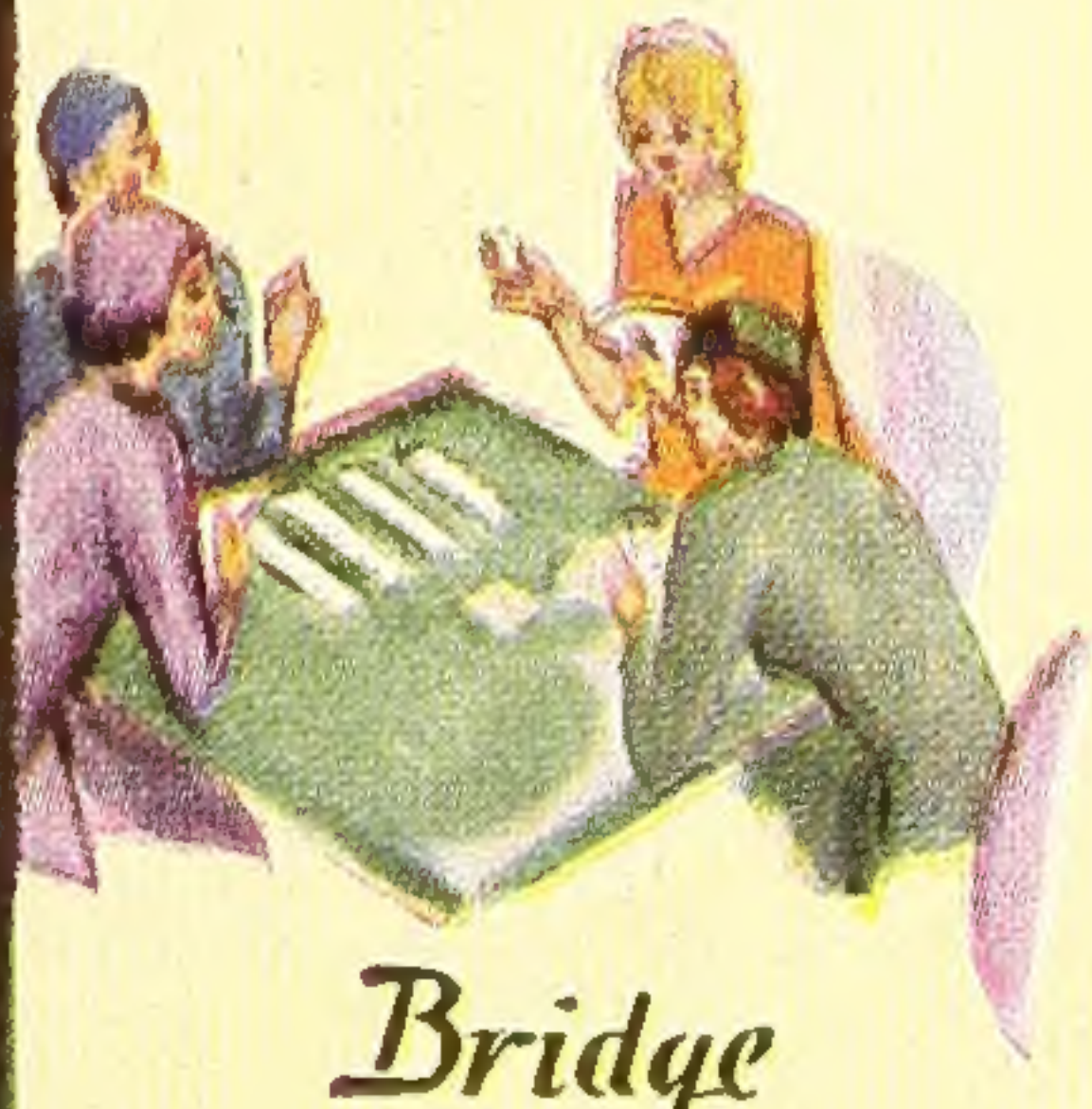
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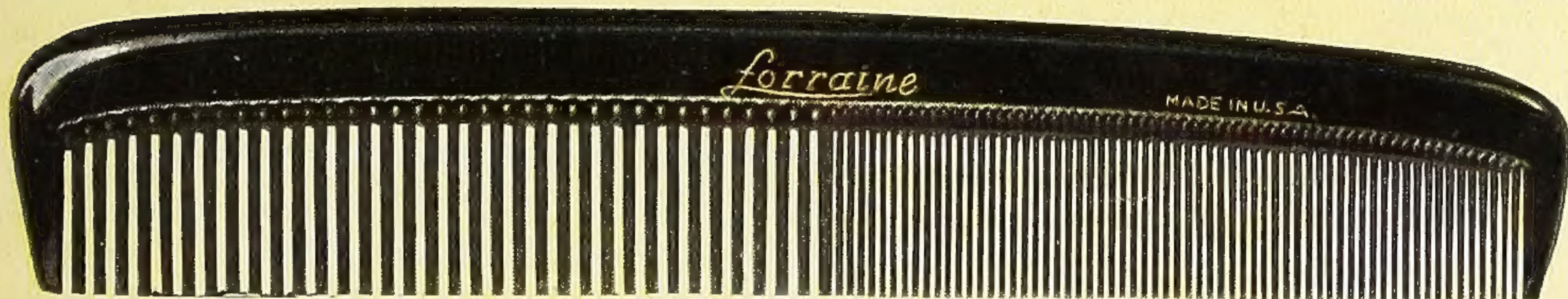
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